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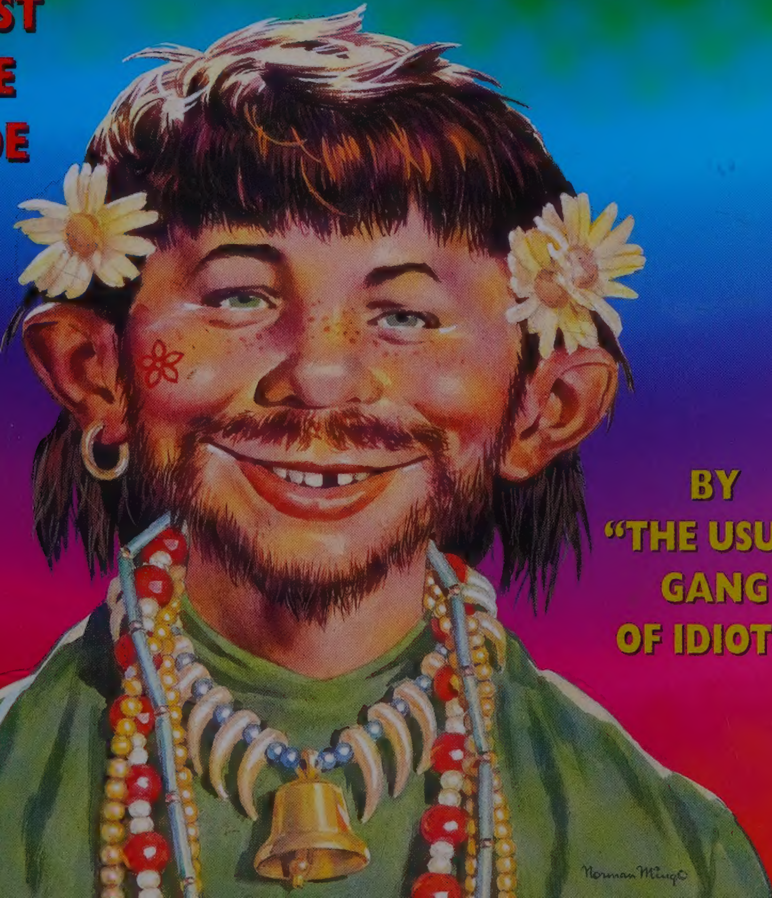
# ABOUT THE SIXTIES

## THE BEST OF THE DECADE

BY "THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS"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# MAD® About The Sixties

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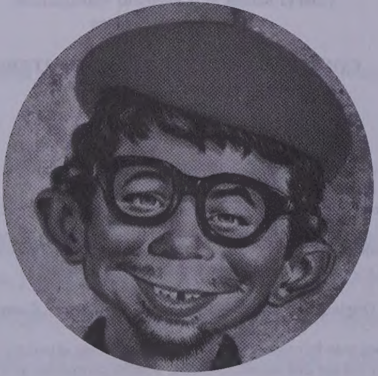

by "The Usual Gang of Idiots"

MAD™ BOOKS
NEW YORK

## MAD BOOKS

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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:**
**"The Usual Gang of Idiots"**

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*To William M. Gaines:*

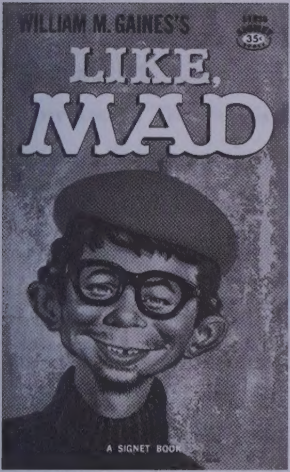
**"FUN AROUND THE CLOCK
YOU BET WE HAD OUR FILL!"**

—"The Usual Gang of Idiots"

Compiled and preliminary design by Grant Geissman

Special thanks to:
Charles Kochman and Sandy Resnick (DC Comics),
Nick Meglin, John Ficarra, and Joe Orlando (MAD Magazine),
Greg Tobin (QPB) and Les Pockell (Book-of-the-Month Club),
Mark Chimsky, Clif Gaskill, and Caroline Hagen (Little, Brown),
Ian Ballantine (the visionary who published
the first MAD reprints in paperback form),
and especially the talented writers, artists, editors, and
conspirators who have rotted the minds of MAD readers for five decades.

# FOREWORD



**I began reading MAD in 1961 after being turned on to the magazine by some older and wiser neighborhood kids. Having been weaned on milder fare like Superman and Batman comic books, I was amazed that such an outrageous magazine could exist, and even more amazed that it was readily available to an eight-year-old such as myself. I loved MAD; we all did. We bought every issue, devoured it, and discussed what we had read and seen within its pages. A few of us even had subscriptions and sent away for the pictures of Alfred E. Neuman that were advertised for a quarter. We knew the names of the artists and writers, the name of publisher William M. Gaines, and some of the more fanatical among us could even recite the names of its editors and production staff without knowing exactly what it was that they did. One name thus committed to memory, Nick Meglin, has appeared on the masthead of every issue for about thirty-nine years now. Of course, at the time I got hooked on MAD I had no idea that it would become a lifelong obsession with me. . . .**

*Nick Meglin: You? What about me, fella? You I think I planned it that my first professional full-time job, which I regarded as only a temporary position, would become my lifelong obsession?*

**Not if you say so. Where was I? Oh yeah . . . nor did I have the slightest idea that I would actually get to know many of "the usual gang of idiots." What**

**would have been even more incredible to my younger self is that I would now be writing an introduction to a book containing material that I first read then, and that my introduction would be interrupted by an original member of the "idiot gang."**

*N.M.: Think nothing of it, my good man. I'm honored to do so.*

**Excellent. Can I go on now?**

**Although MAD was born in the 1950s, it was in the 1960s that the magazine came of age. The decade began quietly enough as a continuation of the Eisenhower fifties, but this proved to be just the calm before the storm. The sixties would bring, among other things, protest singers, an escalating Vietnam war, a new but altogether different invasion by the British, hippies, sit-ins, slogans ("Make Love Not War," "Flower Power"), Pop Art, and the Generation Gap, almost all of which served as prime fodder for the MAD satirists. The MAD message, almost from its inception, was not to believe everything you see, that authority might need to be questioned sometimes, and that absurdity abounds—a message that was not lost on its readers. By the end of the 1960s, MAD found itself in the position of not only being able to comment on the changing scene, but also of having played a part in causing those changes. If the sixties came in like a lamb and went out like a lion, then MAD—which always came in like a lion—had by the end of the decade grown a new set of bigger and even sharper feline teeth and been provided with a staggering number of lambs for the satirical slaughter.**

*N.M.: That MAD "rotted minds" becomes obvious when I read evidence of gray matter decay in words like the preceding. "Satirical slaughter" indeed. Hey, all we were doing was having fun. As a veteran of the trenches I assure you there wasn't a day* *when we took ourselves seriously, which probably explains why we're still around and over a hundred wannabes that surfaced through the years aren't. Pretension was always our target, never our frailty. Hmm, did that sound pretentious?*

**Ahem, well, a bit.**

**MAD began in the fall of 1952 as a ten-cent comic book published by William M. Gaines's EC Comics group and written entirely by Harvey Kurtzman. The first issue looked little farther than Gaines's own horror and science fiction comics (*Tales from the Crypt*, *Weird Science*, et al.) for its objects of parody. The second and third issues consisted mostly of "probing fire" at none-too-clearly-defined satirical targets. The fourth issue, however, carried a brilliant parody of Superman ("Superduperman"), and the die was cast. Comic books, comic strips, movies, television shows, literature, and various aspects of modern living became grist for the MAD mill. MAD was a success, but after nearly three years and twenty-three comic book issues, Kurtzman, who had always wanted to try his hand at slick magazines, convinced Gaines to let him reinvent MAD as a twenty-five-cent magazine. This first magazine (issue #24) appeared in July 1955 and flew off the newsstands, prompting Gaines to go back to press for extra copies—an unheard-of practice in magazine publishing. Converting MAD to a magazine proved to be an almost miraculous bit of serendipity, for Gaines's horror and crime comic books were rapidly being forced out of business by vociferous and reactionary civic leaders and politicians who had become convinced that such comic books were the cause of juvenile delinquency.**

*N.M.: One of my earliest articles for MAD lampooned Dr. Frederick Wertham, a child psychologist who, armed with his book* Seduction of the Innocent, *became the vanguard of a small but high-profile movement espousing comic books as the primary cause of juvenile delinquency—a movement that ultimately drove Gaines's comic books out of business. The article "Baseball Is Ruining Our Children" (MAD*

*#34, July–August 1957) broadly presented "Dr. Frederick Worthless's" evidence that since all juvenile delinquents have been exposed to baseball,* this *must be the cause of juvenile delinquency. The parallel absurdity of this "cause and effect" should have escaped no one.*

**By 1956, all that remained of Gaines's publishing empire was MAD. After Kurtzman had produced five magazine issues of MAD he found that he had also attracted the attention of a young Hugh Hefner, who had achieved phenomenal success by starting *Playboy* magazine several years earlier. Hefner made Kurtzman an offer that must have seemed like the chance of a lifetime: to take the concept Kurtzman started in MAD and flesh it out with more risqué subject matter and a big budget, printing in full color on expensive, slick paper. With Hefner's offer in his back pocket, Kurtzman went to Gaines and demanded 51 percent of MAD. Gaines refused, and Kurtzman walked, taking with him most of MAD's artists. Gaines was distraught, convinced that MAD could not continue without Kurtzman. On the advice of close friend Lyle Stuart, Gaines enlisted Al Feldstein to take the editorial helm. Feldstein had been heavily involved with Gaines's horror, science fiction, and crime comics and had found himself an unemployed casualty of their demise. Feldstein came aboard with issue twenty-nine (September 1956).**

**Shortly thereafter, the public-domain face of a grinning idiot boy that Kurtzman had peppered through the magazine under various names was married together for all time with the name Alfred E. Neuman.**

*N.M.: There was a brief moment when Alfred was considered dispensable. After starring on two successful covers (we ran him for President on issue #30; he was enshrined on Mt. Rushmore on issue #31), I argued that we had in Alfred the equivalent of* Playboy*'s Rabbit,* Esquire*'s Esky, and* The New Yorker*'s Whatsisface. Gaines challenged: "If you want to keep him on the cover, come up with five good Alfred cover ideas by tomorrow morning and I'll consider it." That night I loaded* *the deck. Knowing Bill's interest in and enthusiasm for ancient Egypt, I topped my five offerings with an ancient Egyptian tomb idea. "I love it," he chuckled, and the Egyptian tomb cover of #32 marked the issue in which Alfred became the official mascot. He has graced the cover of almost every issue since.*

**Little by little, a new team of staffers was put into place, including a young writer named Nick Meglin (listed on the masthead under "ideas"), who helped Feldstein gather together a new group of freelance artists and writers. Among the new artists: Don Martin, Mort Drucker, Norman Mingo, Kelly Freas, Dave Berg, Bob Clarke, George Woodbridge, and later Antonio Prohias, Paul Coker, Sergio Aragonés, and Jack Rickard. Returning veterans were Wallace Wood (who maintained a working relationship with both Kurtzman and MAD) and Joe Orlando, who had worked on Gaines's EC comics. New writers included Frank Jacobs, Tom Koch, Arnie Kogen, Gary Belkin, Sy Reit, Larry Siegel, and later Phil Hahn, Stan Hart, and Dick De Bartolo. Jacobs would go on to become MAD's Poet Laureate and one of its most prolific contributors. Kogen, Belkin, Hahn, Siegel, and Hart would go on not only to work for MAD but also to do highly regarded (and sometimes Emmy Award–winning) work in television. Art director John Putnam (who had worked on Kurtzman's MAD and was the only full-time staffer who remained after Kurtzman's departure) was something of an unsung hero: possessed of an encyclopedic knowledge of typefaces and a quirky artistic sensibility, Putnam added the final typographic design to the magazine's parodies.**

*N.M.: The term "the usual gang of idiots" has endured as the self-imposed name of the team comprised of the handful of stars whose divergent talents and personalities fortunately blended into a solid unit. Of us all, I've always felt that John Putnam received far too little acknowledgment for his outstanding contribution to MAD's success. He was a quiet, gentle man, intellectually brilliant, culturally sophisticated,* *and creatively understated. As much as he was a perfectionist on the printed page, John's unkempt appearance rivaled only that of Bill Gaines. But unlike his beloved boss, his dishevelment was not limited to his wardrobe (Gaines was anal-retentive dealing with his papers, wines, and various collections), and we were always amazed that such a precise layout could emerge from John's drawing table, surviving the spills of today's olives, yesterday's salami, and tomorrow's sardines—not to mention the paints and glue he used for his model military figures. Sometimes just finding the final pasted-up pages under the stacks of French poetry books and strewn issues of* The Realist *(for which Putnam wrote a sardonic column for many years) became a morning's work.*

**By about 1958, MAD was selling a million copies a month, and by the dawn of the 1960s, the magazine was regarded by many as a national treasure and by some as a national disgrace. Gaines, after being vilified for his horror comics and abandoned by Harvey Kurtzman, had emerged triumphant. He began to reward his staffers and the freelancers who had met a minimum yearly page count by taking them on lavish, all-expense-paid group trips to exotic locales.**

*N.M.: The MAD trips serve as the best example of Bill Gaines's ability to provide a context for creativity and unity while at the same time rewarding his loyal band with incentives unheard-of in this freelance-oriented profession. Artists and writers joined the staffers in these yearly sojourns, which were also attended by MAD's legal and accounting teams as well as various others who had contributed to the magazine's success in that particular year. For instance, before he had achieved worldwide fame as the author of* Ragtime *and other award-winning literature, E. L. Doctorow edited MAD's first four paperback anthologies (published by Ian Ballantine) and thus found himself trekking Virgin Island beaches with Gaines and his motley crew. Starting with modest trips to the Caribbean, the list soon included Mexico, South America, England, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Greece, Germany, Morocco, Austria, Switzerland, Denmark, Africa, Tahiti, Japan, and more. Perhaps MAD's greatest achievement remains that not one of these countries broke off diplomatic relations with the U.S.A. after a MAD invasion of their soil.*

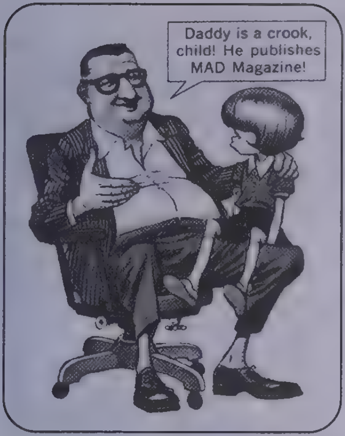
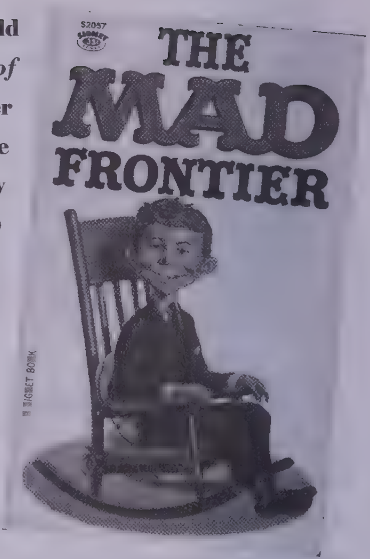

Daddy is a crook, child! He publishes MAD Magazine!

Illustration by Wallace Wood/MAD #68, January 1962

A large, gruff-but-affable man with a paternal nature, Gaines had an unusual policy regarding office deportment: as long as the work got done, the deadlines were met, and the magazine made money, he didn't care how long the lunch hours were, about the staff punching a time clock, or about any certain code of dress. Paradoxically, Gaines was also as cheap as he could be generous and on one notorious occasion stopped work in the office for two days to track down a personal long-distance phone call no one would admit to. As a lark, he once filled up the office water cooler with wine and spent the day watching his staff get even nuttier than usual. "I create the atmosphere, the staff creates the magazine," said Gaines, in perfect summation. By the early 1970s Bill Gaines had come to be regarded as one of the world's great eccentrics, and by the time of his death in 1992 he had become a full-blown American cultural icon. Space prohibits an in-depth celebration of the man, but fortunately there are several books about Gaines and the unique history of MAD: *The MAD World of William M. Gaines* by Frank Jacobs in 1972, *Completely MAD* by Maria Reidelbach in 1991, and *Good Days and MAD* by Dick DeBartolo in 1994.

The MAD experience can be many things to many people. "MAD doesn't really create as much as reflect," says Nick Meglin. "We hold a fun house mirror up to life." But that's not the whole story. To us kids in the early sixties, MAD provided not just a fun house mirror but a two-way mirror into the *real* world, a world MAD-ly skewed, but one that would be unfathomable *without* MAD. What kept us buying the magazine (when the same money would have netted two comic books and a candy bar) was that MAD was a sort of first primer for adult life, a necessary ingredient and manual for the rites of passage. How many preteens, for example, would have seen films like *Lawrence of*



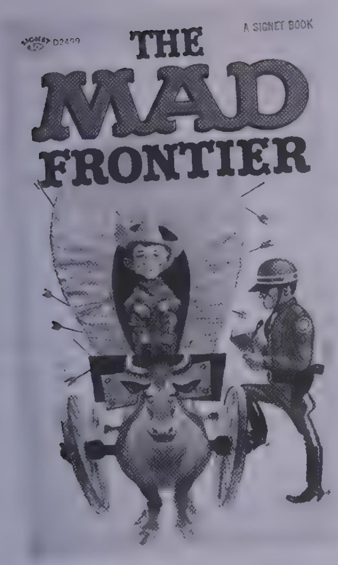
*Arabia* or TV shows like *Peyton Place*, or would have read books like *Lolita* or *The Tropic of Cancer* (both subjects of paperback book cover satires)? How many would have known all the political figures in MAD articles like "A Day with J.F.K." or "East Side Story" without MAD as the point of reference? We not only laughed at MAD, we gleaned from it things we never could have gotten from our school textbooks and learned by default things that we otherwise would not have cared to know (and all for a mere 25¢—cheap!). Because the MAD staff produced a magazine that they themselves enjoyed, MAD's humor had several layers. Some of the humor was aimed right down at our level where we could get at it, but, tantalizingly, much of it was a bit beyond us, which made the magazine all the more indispensable. When all was said and done, the really boss, tough, and bitchin' thing about MAD was that it *was* a magazine for adults (with a readership that extended from us to high school, college, and far beyond), but we "got it" too, and the guy in the drugstore didn't look at you funny if you tried to buy a copy.

*N.M.: It's interesting to note that . . .*

You again? Whose intro is this supposed to be, anyway?

*N.M.: What do you know? You were just a kid when we were doing the stuff you're now waxing so poetically about! Have you written even one article for the magazine? Drawn one line of artwork? Well, have you, boomer boy?*

(Humbled) Sorry, Mr. Meglin, sir. Please do go on with your enlightening commentary.



*N.M.: Now I forgot what I was going to say!*

Any discussion of what MAD is merits a discussion of what MAD is not. MAD is not now, nor has it ever been, mean-spirited. Some people (usually one's parents) may argue that MAD is in questionable taste, but that is a subjective argument at best. Although it may not appear so to the casual observer, there is a line MAD will not cross. You *won't* find in MAD, for example, pieces like "The Lighter Side of the Manson Family," "A MAD Look at Assassinations," or "A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at the Watts Riots." Furthermore, MAD has never shown a marked preference for either political party, although most of the staffers are self-avowed liberals. Being only human, members of both parties are equally apt to do idiotic things and therefore to leave themselves open to get the MAD treatment. MAD poked a fair amount of fun at John Kennedy, for instance, until his assassination brought a tragic end to the New Frontier. Out of respect, the cover to *The MAD Frontier* paperback (with Alfred E. Neuman in Kennedy's beloved rocking chair) was changed to a more generic one. No mention was made in MAD about the tragedy, and no further parodies of John (or Jackie) Kennedy were ever done.

As the sixties wore on and became The Sixties, profound and unprecedented changes were taking place. The Baby Boom generation was coming of age and consequently the youth of America had become empowered as never before. As Mods turned to Hippies and Hippies turned to Yippies, the MAD-men were there with pens in hand—no stoner was left unturned. Didn't this amount to biting the hand that feeds you? "Maybe it's not good business, but it's good MAD" was the typical Bill Gainesian reply. Just how right he was became clear

**in selecting the material for this book; it was not a matter of deciding what to put in, but rather of agonizing over what had to be left out.**

*N.M.: Who could have known that* Time *magazine's early appraisal of MAD as a "short-lived satirical pulp" would be so utterly inaccurate, and that that "satirical pulp" would one day become a part of their magazine empire? Hah? Who? Hoohah!*

**Who let him in here, anyway?**

**Students of history who might want to get a feel for the mores, attitudes, pop culture, and politics of the sixties could do far worse than to study the material herein, because the tenor of the times is all there, albeit seen through the eyes of "the usual gang of idiots."**

**So, if you lived through the sixties but can't remember them, or if you missed the sixties but wish you hadn't, join us for a MAD look at this Jabberwocky decade—a trip far stranger than even Jerry Garcia could have imagined.**

**—Grant Geissman, as interrupted by Nick Meglin**

**GRANT GEISSMAN is the author of *Collectibly MAD—the MAD and EC Collectibles Guide* (Kitchen Sink Press, 1995). Unfortunately, he has plans for other book projects.**

# 1960-1963

What is this thing called MAD? It is, for one thing, an example of a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. Which is not to imply that its parts are so shabby, either. The magazine has been fortunate to be able to draw upon a pool of absolutely world-class creative talent, people who also happened to be world-class misfits. Was the resulting *oeuvre* a catalyst for, or merely a reaction to, the tumultuous series of events encapsulated within, for example, the period of history we now refer to as "the sixties"? Who knows? Who cares? Least of all MAD's "usual gang of idiots"!

January 1960: Dwight D. Eisenhower is winding down his second term in the White House, the number one song in the country is "El Paso" by Marty Robbins, and the *new* little MAD family has been turning out the magazine for just over three years.

John Kennedy and Richard Nixon were gearing up for their respective campaigns in the upcoming presidential race. As you will discover, MAD had their own candidate in mind and threw Alfred E. Neuman's hat into the ring with the cover of issue #56 (July 1960); Kennedy, Nixon, Humphrey, Rockefeller, Truman, Eisenhower, and Johnson appear holding Alfred's placards. When the November election was held the race was considered too close to call, so MAD ran a double-sided cover on issue #60 (January 1961, but actually on the newsstands the previous November): one side congratulated Kennedy and the other congratulated Nixon. Kennedy also made the cover several issues after the election, with Alfred appearing as a press conference reporter from hell.

The "dog and totem pole" cover of issue #74 (October 1962) was the last cover done by Kelly Freas for MAD. Freas, who in addition to his MAD work was also a highly respected and Hugo Award–winning science fiction illustrator, felt he was getting a little stale doing Alfred and declined further work.

After a nearly five-year absence, Norman Mingo returned as MAD's cover artist. So great was the audience recognition factor to the magazine that Mingo's cover for issue #76 (January 1963) could feature a wildly distorted MAD logo; cover boy Alfred appears in rear view as well. The Mingo cover for issue #80 (July 1963) was the first use of a "panel gag" (sequential panels leading to a punch line) on a cover. Incidentally, Mingo's costuming of Alfred during this period makes him quite a bit younger than the earlier Freas version, more of an older boy than a young adult. In the years following, Alfred bounced back and forth between younger and older as the subject matter required: old enough for a shotgun wedding or young enough to ride in a baby carriage (the *Rosemary's Baby* movie satire).

Freas illustrated not only MAD's covers but also many ad parodies. MAD has never accepted paid advertising, so they were able to freely satirize any product's ad campaign without fear of retribution (the kind that hits other magazines hardest: loss of ad revenue). Freas's "Eastzone Kossak Company" ad was no doubt inspired by the U.S. trip made by Russia's Premier Khrushchev in October 1959. Khrushchev visited Hollywood, but security officials felt it was too dangerous for him to tour Disneyland. "Do you have rocket launching pads there?" Khrushchev angrily queried. MAD's ad has "tourist" Khrushchev using "Kossacolor" film in his camera. In true cold war spirit, if there *had* been rocket launching pads in Disneyland, Khrushchev would surely have tried to photograph them.

Curiously, the departure of Freas from MAD's pages roughly coincided with the end of the golden age of magazine illustration. By around the end of 1963, Madison Avenue's medium for its message became photography, not illustration. The "What Sort of Man Reads MAD?" photo ad is a takeoff on similar self-aggrandizing ads *Playboy* was running at the time. Appearing in the "Sucka Instant Coffee" ad is staffer Nick Meglin as the coffee grower. Staffers often played parts in MAD's photo parodies. Professional models were often unable or unwilling to pull the kinds of faces the parodies required, and the MAD-men found they could do it faster and better on their own. Other staff appearances: Jerry De Fuccio in the "What Sort of Man . . ." ad, Meglin and writer Frank Jacobs (in drag) in the "Do blondes have more fun?" parody, Meglin (trooper) and Al Feldstein (driver) in the "State Trooper/Texaco" parody, and production man Lenny Brenner in the "S'matter, can't you Dial?" ad.

"The MAD Madison Avenue Primer" is only the second "primer" (MAD's adult version of a children's schoolbook) the magazine did. Madison Avenue, and the advertising propaganda the agencies that were housed there turned out, was the source for much of MAD's humor. Another piece with a Madison Avenue theme, "My Fair Ad-man," is the first musical parody ever to appear in MAD and one of the few bylined pieces penned by Private Nick Meglin (who was then serving the last six months of his two-year U.S. Army draft requirement). Cary Grant, who became the archetypal ad man in Alfred Hitchcock's classic *North by Northwest*, appears as the "Higgenbottom" character. A goateed and bereted Frank Sinatra appears as the beatnik writer Irving Mallion.

"If Comic Book Characters Were as Old as Their Strips" is one of MAD's best-remembered premises. Rendered with a forger's eye by Wallace Wood, the piece was written by Earle Doud, who was enjoying great success at the time with a series of very MAD-like albums parodying the Kennedy family (*The First Family*, *The First Family Rides Again*). The charming "A Day with J.F.K." piece (MAD #67, December 1961), by Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker, is actually a spiritual cousin to Doud's *First Family* albums. Doud's work for MAD was part of a cross-pollination that was taking place: several MAD writers, including Larry Siegel, Frank Jacobs, Dick DeBartolo, and Nick Meglin, also worked on some Doud-produced comedy albums. The other Earle Doud piece appearing here is "Bananaz," MAD's parody of *Bonanza*. *Bonanza* is regarded by many as *the* TV western of the sixties and was the number one show from 1964 to 1967.

"East Side Story" is Frank Jacobs's and Mort Drucker's tour de force *West Side Story*/United Nations musical parody. Jacobs's parody lyrics fit seamlessly into the Leonard Bernstein melodies they were based upon. Drucker by this time was regarded by many as the country's best caricaturist. Apropos of his MAD political caricatures, he would later do several covers for *Time* magazine featuring political figures (as did Jack Davis).

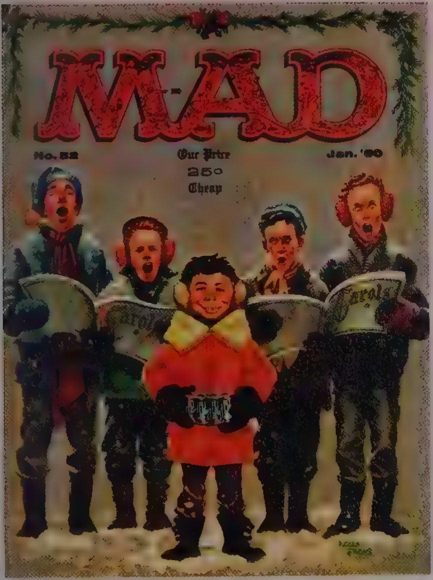
Don Martin ("MAD's maddest artist") contributed his only sixties-era MAD cover on the January 1962 issue: the wonderful painting of the hinge-toed fighting Santas. Most of Don's work appeared in black and white. The page appearing in this section, "In a 'Greasy Spoon' Diner," is a good example of early Don Martin: pre–sound effects, and looser and more kinetic than his later work. The subject matter also tended to fall into the category of what was then termed "sick" humor.

Artist Antonio Prohias fled Castro's Cuba several days before Castro took over Cuba's free press. Prohias was one of Cuba's most influential political cartoonists, but his anti-Communist cartoons had made him persona non grata with the Castro regime. He arrived in New York with little else but his talent. Once there, Prohias labored in a clothing factory in Queens for several months while putting together a portfolio of new material, and when he was finished he headed for MAD. One of the ideas he showed was "SPY vs SPY," which became one of MAD's best-known features. The strip that appears in this section is the very first to appear, from MAD #60 (January 1961). The other Prohias piece in this section, "Vengeance," is a sublime example of the pantomime cartoon and one of the few non–"SPY vs SPY" pieces Prohias ever did for MAD.

In 1962, Spanish-born (but Mexico City–raised) artist Sergio Aragonés arrived in New York's Greenwich Village, where he found work as a singing waiter. What he really wanted, however, was to work for MAD. And like Prohias before him, Aragonés worked up some samples and headed for the MAD office. Upon showing his wares, Sergio was stunned by the fact that the MAD editors bought material literally out of his portfolio. He was further stunned to get a check from Bill Gaines on the spot. "A MAD Look at the U.S. Space Effort" is Sergio's first two-page article and was among the work MAD purchased that day. Incredibly fast on the draw, Sergio has often kept fellow diners spellbound by creating amazingly detailed tableaux on tablecloths and napkins.

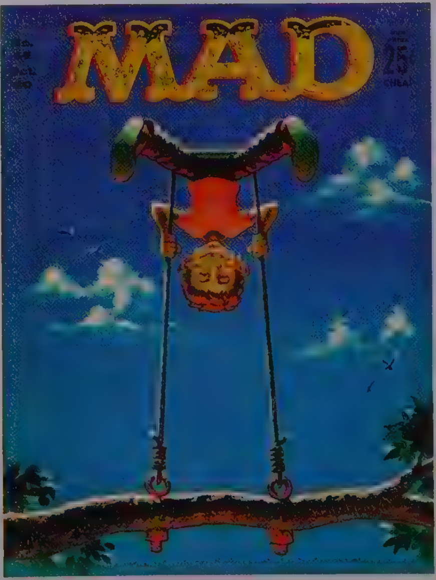
"If Kids Designed Their Own Xmas Toys" is one of the most ingenious pieces ever to appear in MAD. The article was written and drawn by Al Jaffee, who also built the models. Jaffee was one of the original MAD magazine artists who had departed with Harvey Kurtzman for browner pastures. Jaffee was back in the fold by 1963 and would go on to create many of MAD's best-loved features.

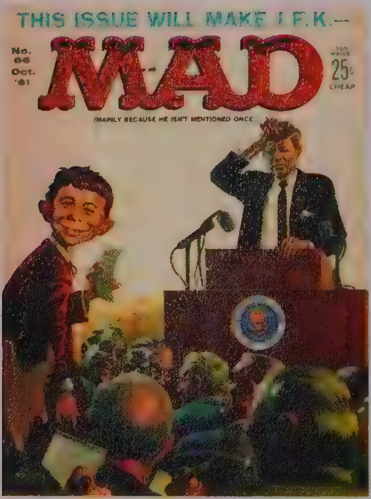
Ending this section is "The Parting Shot," illustrated by Joe Orlando. This was one of Bill Gaines's favorite pieces in MAD, so when the MAD art was being auctioned in the late 1980s his wife Annie bought him the page as a gift. Annie recalls that she and Bill had a deal that whoever died first would be "last-tagged" by the other; when Bill died at home in 1992 Annie, as promised, gently touched him and whispered, "Last tag."


MAD
No. 52
Our Price
25¢
Cheap
Jan. '60
Carols

In This Drippy Issue: SID CAESAR
June '60
No. 55
MAD
Our Price
25¢
CHEAP
FAIR
FOIL

NO MATTER HOW
YOU LOOK AT IT—
IT'S GONNA BE A
MAD
YEAR
No. 61
MARCH
'61
OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP
THE LAST UPSIDE-DOWN YEAR UNTIL 6009
1961
THE FIRST UPSIDE-DOWN YEAR SINCE 1881
YEAR
MAD
IT'S GONNA BE A
YOU LOOK AT IT—
NO MATTER HOW


MAD
25

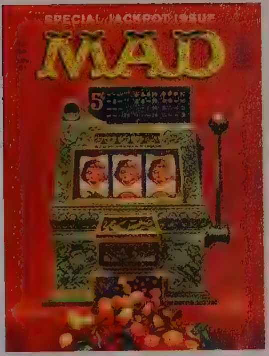

THIS ISSUE WILL MAKE J.F.K.—
No. 66 Oct. '61
MAD
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
(MAINLY BECAUSE HE ISN'T MENTIONED ONCE)

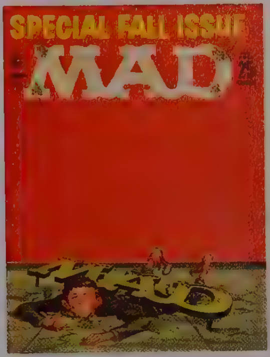
MAD
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
CONGRATULATES
John KENNEDY
KENNEDY
LIKE
upon his election as
PRESIDENT
We were with you all the way, Jack!

No 60
MAD
Jan. '61
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
CONGRATULATES
Richard NIXON
LIKE
upon his election as
PRESIDENT
We were with you all the way, Dick!

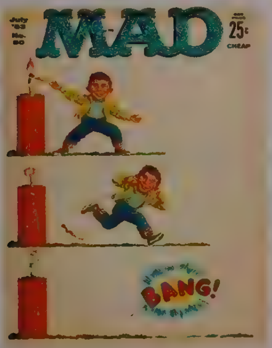
MAD
Our Price 25¢ CHEAP
No. 56
July '60
KANSAS
TEXAS
NEW YORK
LAUGH! ELECT NEUMAN
WE NEED A NEW MAN! WE NEED NEUMAN
ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT
PROSPERITY WITH ALFRED E.
I LIKE ALF

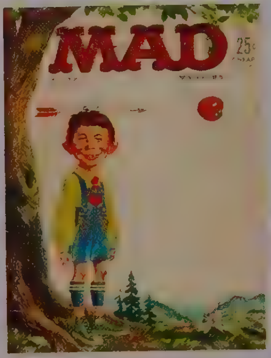
Season's Greetings
FROM
MAD
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
No. 68
Jan. '62
PEACE ON EARTH
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

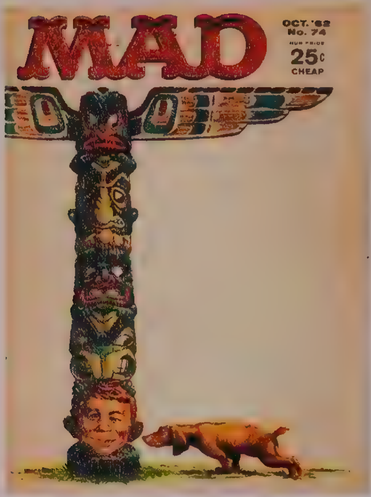

SPECIAL JACKPOT ISSUE
MAD

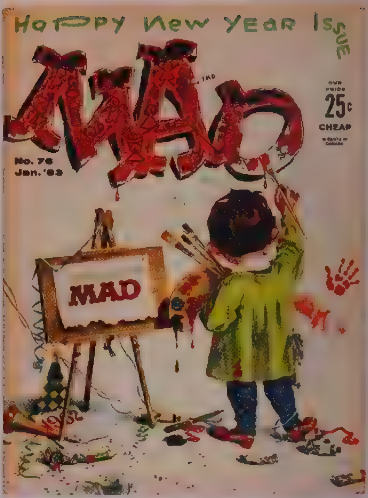

SPECIAL FALL ISSUE
MAD
25¢
MAD

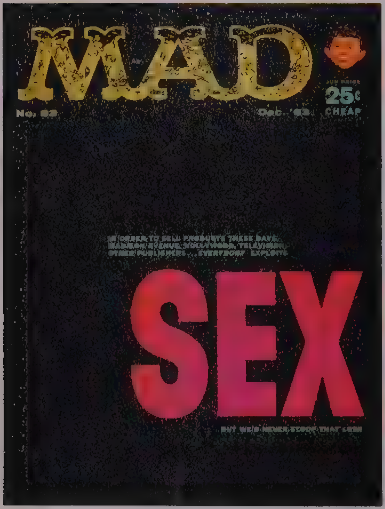
July, '62
No. 72
MAD
25¢ CHEAP
SPECIAL 10TH ANNI·VER·SARY ISSUE

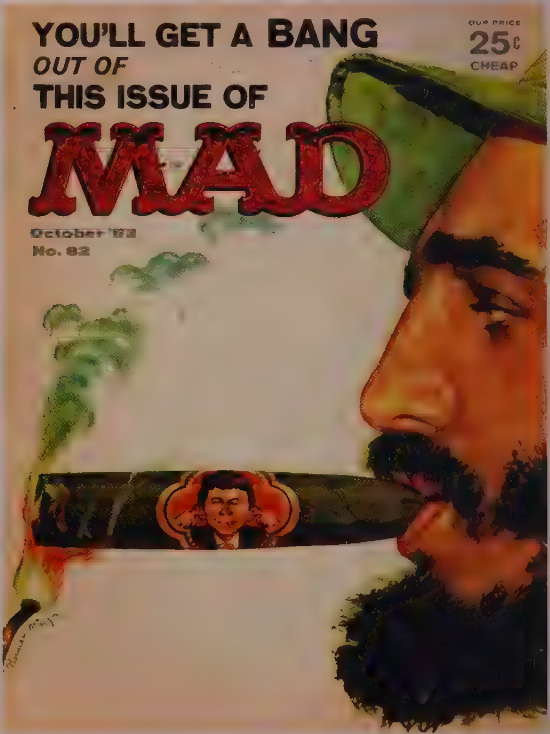

July '63
No. 80
MAD
25¢ CHEAP
BANG!


MAD
25¢ CHEAP


MAD
OCT. '62
No. 74
OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP


Happy New Year Issue
MAD
OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP
No. 76
Jan. '63
MAD
1962


MAD
OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP
No. 83
Dec. '63
IN ORDER TO SELL PRODUCTS THESE DAYS, MADISON AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD, TELEVISION, OTHER PUBLISHERS... EVERYBODY EXPLOITS
SEX
BUT WE'D NEVER STOOP THAT LOW


YOU'LL GET A BANG
OUT OF
THIS ISSUE OF
MAD
OUR PRICE
25¢
CHEAP
October '63
No. 82

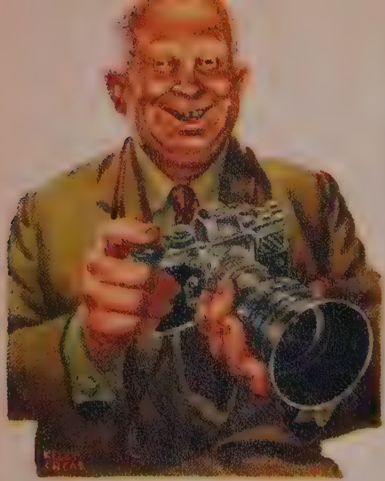
INSTANT PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

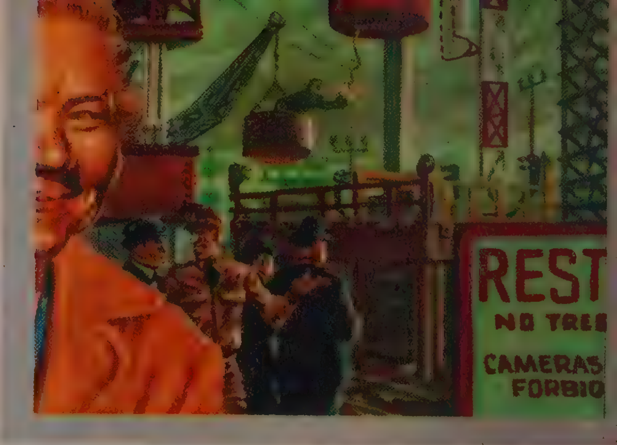
Why we always look angry in these ad? I tell you why! We work hard – 12, maybe 14 hour a day – grow finest coffee tree – pick ripest bean – lift heavy sack – carry to boat – sweat and strain – and for what? So big company can grind it into lousy instant coffee because American housewife too lazy to brew real coffee, and American husband too spineless to object!

**SUCKA INSTANT COFFEE...** for "sucka" husband.

GENEROUS
FOOLS
PRODUCTS

INSTANT
Sucka
coffee





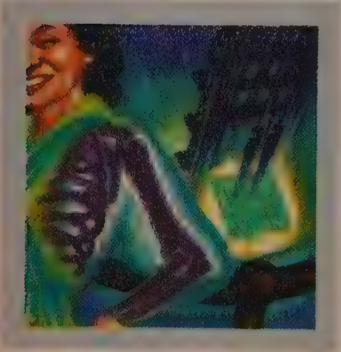
*"On our trip across the U.S.A.* I posed Mama against interesting backgrounds like this, and got 11-by-14 blowups for detailed study!"

## Nikita Khrushchev says: "It was easy as borscht taking Kossacolor pictures like these!"

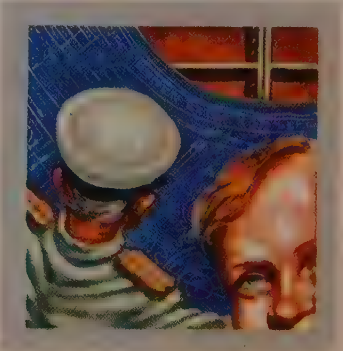
*Russia's Beloved Premier uses Kossacolor Film ... and shows the NKVD boys how easy it is to take pictures of interest!*

"It's natural for a tourist to carry a camera," chuckles Premier Nikita Khrushchev, "which made it *easy* for me to take wonderful pictures during my tour of the United States. And Kossacolor Film insured clear, sharp backgrounds for close scrutiny by our Intelligence Service. Yes, sir, Kossacolor made my trip to America *profitable!*"

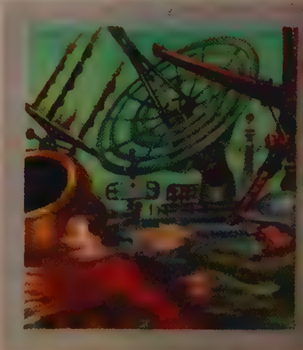
Kossacolor
Kossacolor
Kossacolor
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR
C-135



*"Here's Rada,* my daughter, standing beside a secret atomic pile. Kossacolor gave me the picture. The pile gave Rada blood-poisoning!"



*"I shot Alexei,* my son-in-law, looking over Admiral Rickover's shoulder. I shot him again when we got home for covering the blueprints!"

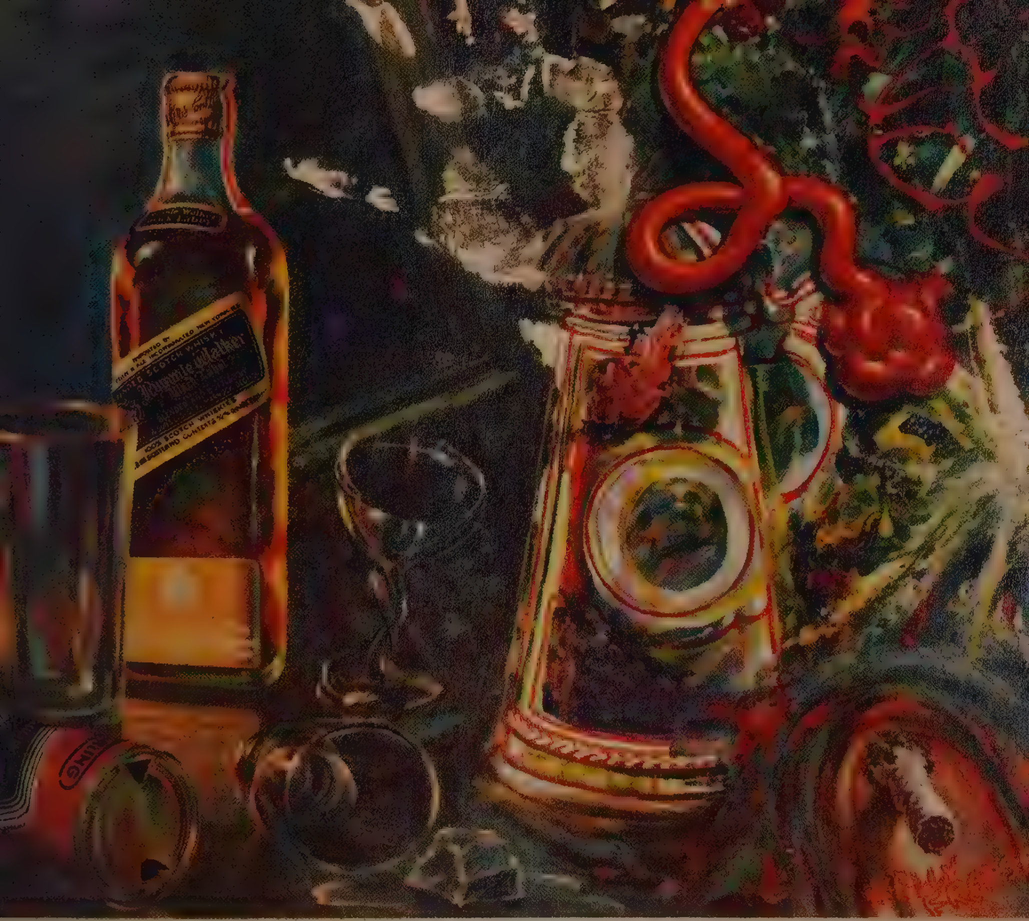


*"This is Julia,* my other daughter. She moved when I took this picture, but the Radar Installation didn't!"

*See Kossak's "What's My Party Line?" and "I've Got The Secrets"*

**EASTZONE KOSSAK COMPANY, Moscow 4, U. S. S. R.**

Kossak
Trade Mark



*ROM THE RUMMIE WALKER COLLECTION*

# Crocked” by FRANK KELLY FREAS

*ist·Illustrator·Drunk*

When we commissioned Frank Kelly Freas to paint his hobby for our ad campaign, we hoped he would come up with something as interesting as Harold Von Schmidt and Peter Helck and Robert Riggs had done before him. Unfortunately, it looks like Mr. Freas went a little astray after painting our whiskey bottle. Mainly, he killed the contents and ended up stewed to the gills.

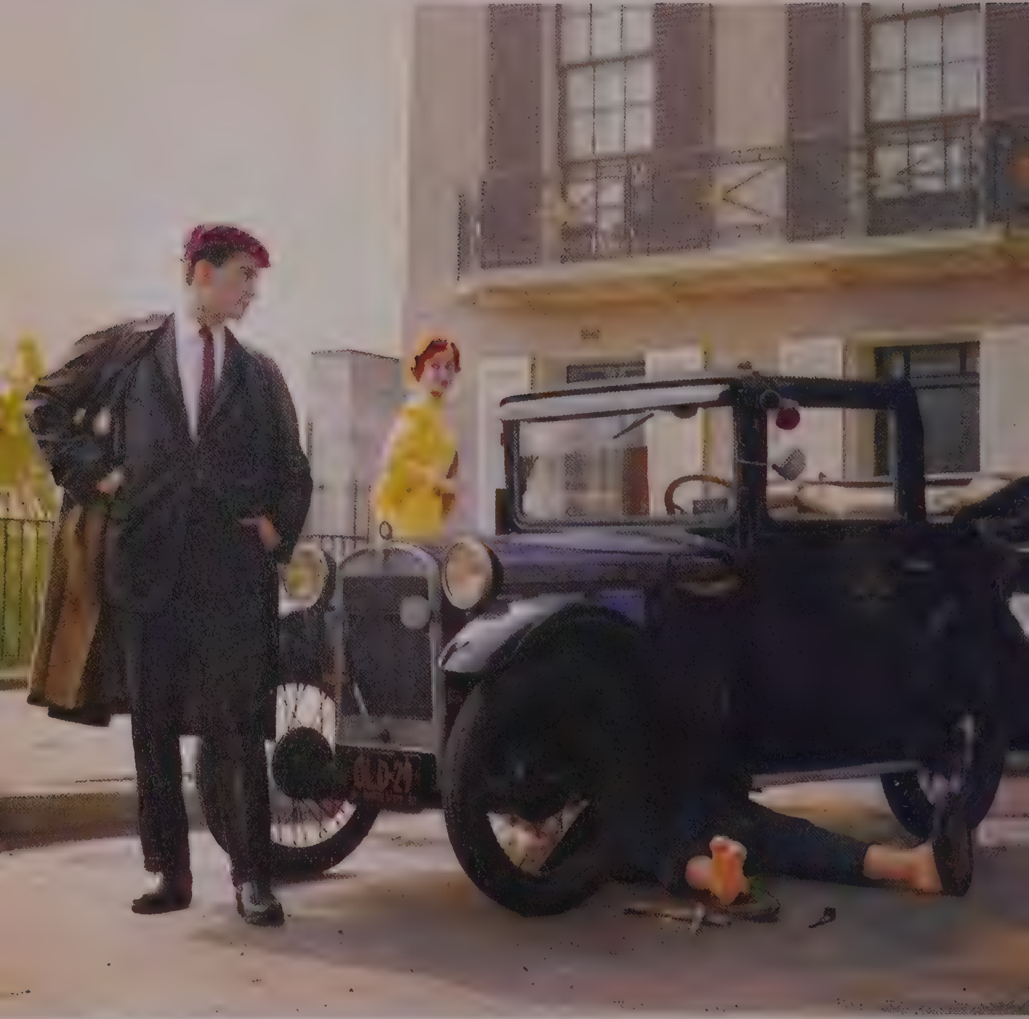
Guess the laugh's really on us. We never figured Mr. Freas's hobby would turn out to be "drinking"!

*RUMMIE WALKER*
*Took his first*
*drink in 1820*
*still going strong*

UMMIE WALKER • BLACK LABEL • SCOTCH WHISKEY

nded Scotch 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Gin 'n Ale, Inc., New York

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS MAD?



SOPHISTICATED SOFT-SELL PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS

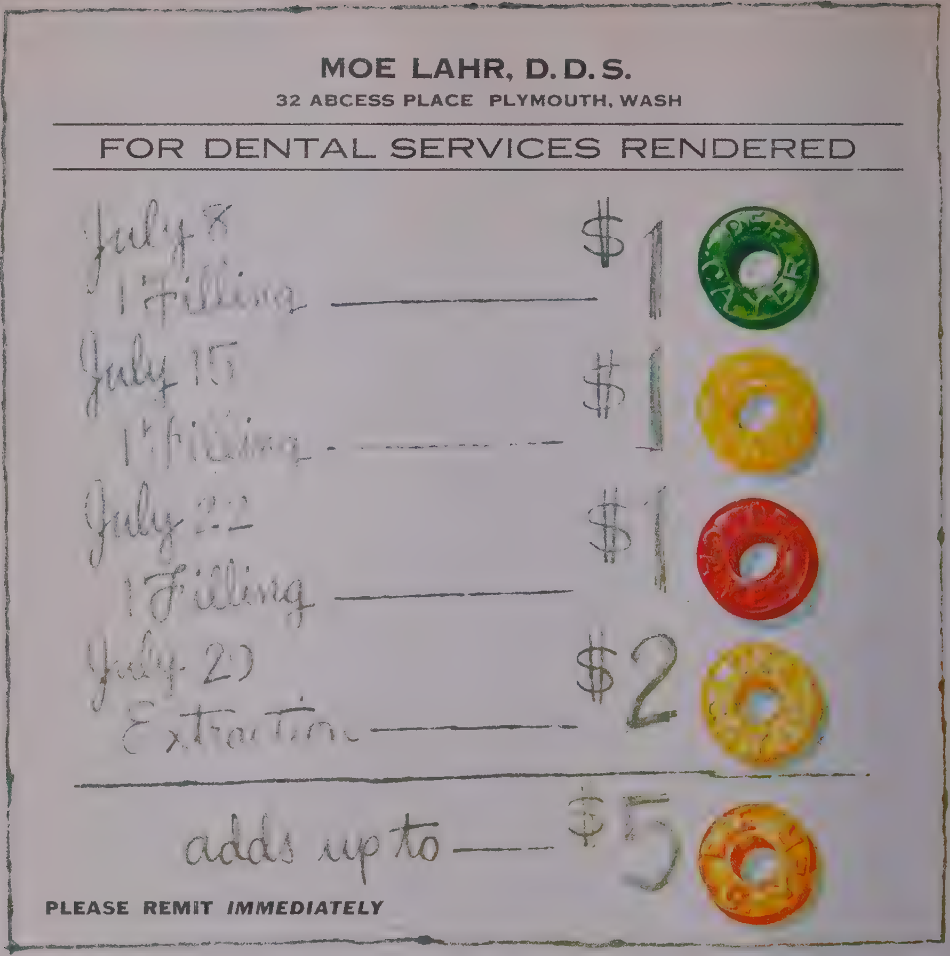
A young man with an open mind and a sharp sense of humor, the MAD reader has very little else to recommend him. He dresses atrociously, his tastes run to the ridiculous, and he's usually flat broke. If he does have any money, he spends it on idiotic things like the kookie car in the picture. (Incidentally, the young man beside the car isn't the MAD reader; the young man *underneath* the car is the MAD reader!) So actually, if you are an advertiser, it really wouldn't pay you to advertise in MAD. Facts: According to an obscure magazine survey, 97% of the 1,300,000 copies of MAD sold on newsstands each issue are purchased by clods. 87.3% of these clods have no visible means of support. And 79% wouldn't *believe* your advertising pitch anyway, because they've been thoroughly brainwashed by MAD articles and ad satires. So if you're looking for a magazine with a readership that seems to fall for the phony sophisticated soft sell, and has the money to do something about it, try PLAYBOY!

**MAD ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT • Elevator Shaft #2 • 225 Lafayette Street, New York City , New York**

**You think you're alone on the highway.** Now to test that premium gas you've been paying so much for. You push the pedal to the floor—and then you hear the siren. "Where's the *Fire, Chief?*" sneers the Trooper. And as he writes your ticket, you realize that having "the nearest thing to perfect gasoline" is pretty ridiculous when speed limits won't let you use it!

Trust your car
will be stopped
by the man who
wears the star

STATE
TROOPER
T


DEE CAYER
DEE CAYER

**MOE LAHR, D. D. S.**

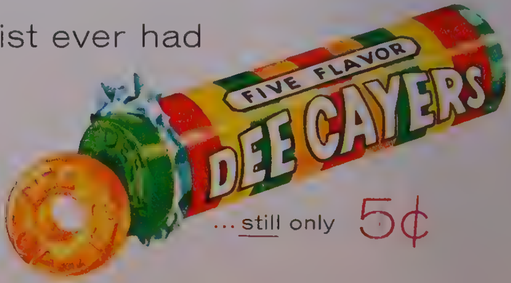
32 ABCESS PLACE PLYMOUTH, WASH

FOR DENTAL SERVICES RENDERED

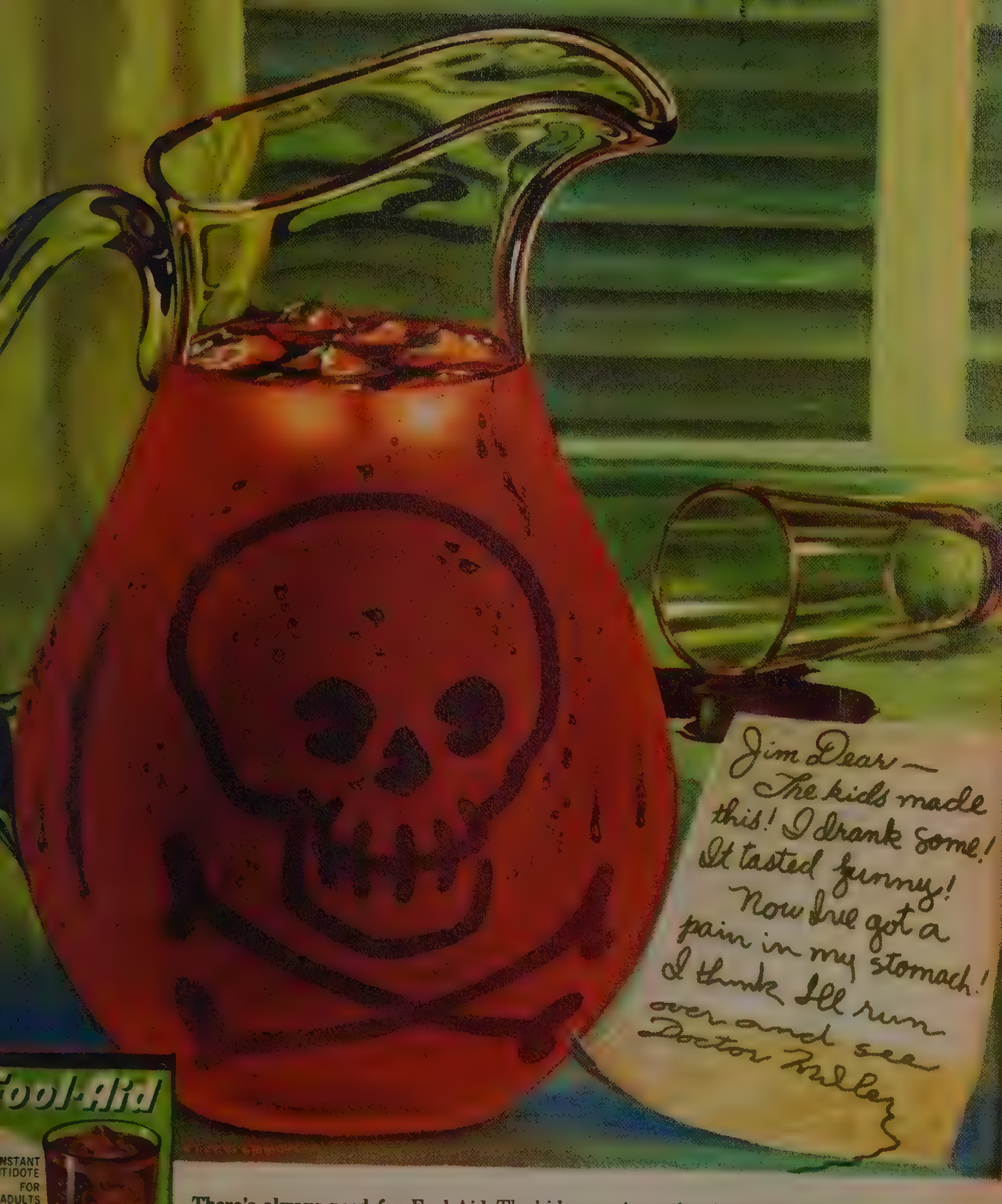
| | |
|---|---|
| July 8<br>1 Filling | $1 |
| July 15<br>1 Filling | $1 |
| July 22<br>1 Filling | $1 |
| July 29<br>Extraction | $2 |
| adds up to | $5 |

**PLEASE REMIT *IMMEDIATELY***

The best friend your dentist ever had


FIVE FLAVOR
DEE CAYERS

The candy that causes holes ... still only 5¢

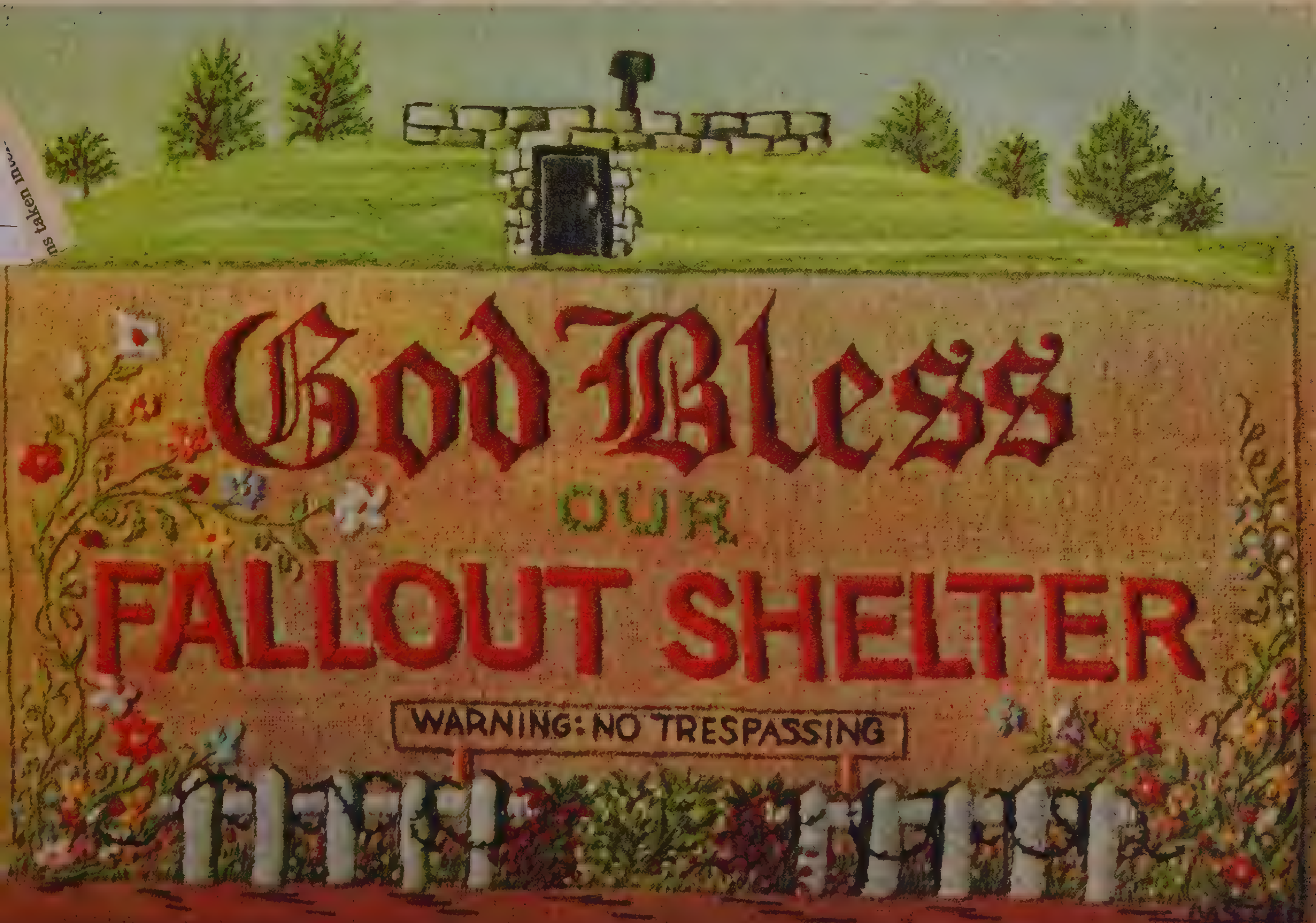

Fool-Aid
NSTANT
TIDOTE
FOR
ADULTS
FOOL
ENOUGH
TO BUY
SOFT
DRINKS
LITTLE
S MAKE

Jim Dear —
The kids made
this! I drank some!
It tasted funny!
Now Ive got a
pain in my stomach!
I think I'll run
over and see
Doctor Miller

**There's always need for Fool-Aid.** The hideous grin on the pitcher tells you it's indispensable. Warm weather brings out hordes of enterprising kids who set up soft drink stands in every neighborhood. The only trouble is: you can't be sure what the little monsters use to make the stuff. So be prepared! Always carry Fool-Aid — the instant antidote for poiso [illegible] ternally.

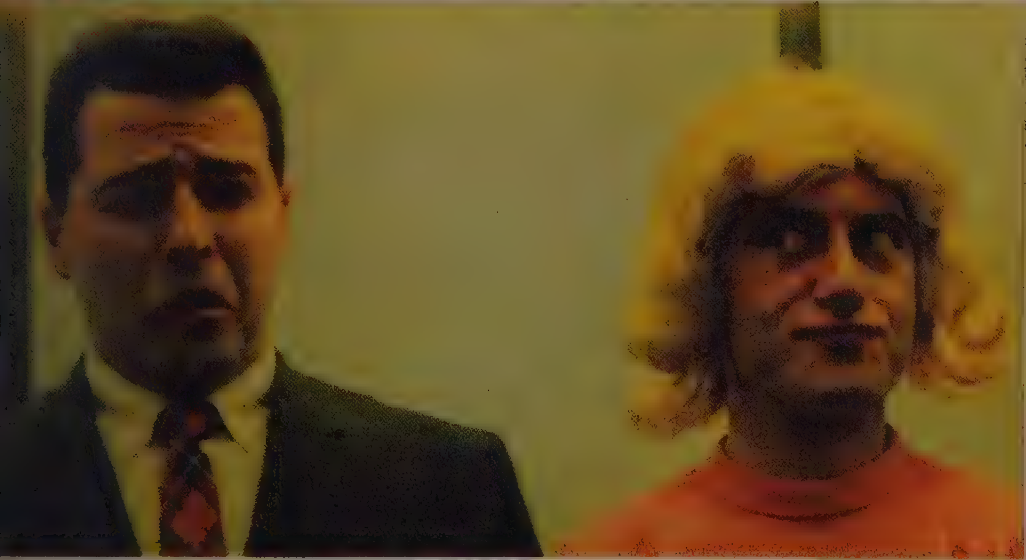
GENERAL FOOLS
PROTECTION

# A MAD SAMPLER


God Bless
OUR
FALLOUT SHELTER
WARNING: NO TRESPASSING

*ESPECIALLY EMBROIDERED FOR MAD MAGAZINE BY MARGARET

# s it true… londes ave more un?



**ust being a blonde** is no guarantee, honey! Take our word for it! Because even if you do uffer thru 3 or 4 hours . . . stripping your air of its old color with cream developer nd protinator (which burns like hell), then ashing the gook out, then towel-drying it, **then coloring your hair** with chemicals and peroxide, then rinsing, setting, combing it out, and starting all over again in a week—when the roots begin to show . . . Well, men will *still* get nauseous when they see you—if you happen to be ugly in the first place!

ven hairdressers will tell you an ugly blonde's best friend is **Lady Clinic Plastic Surgeons**

Face Lifting
Lady Clinic Plastic Surgeons
Lady Clinic Plastic Surgeons

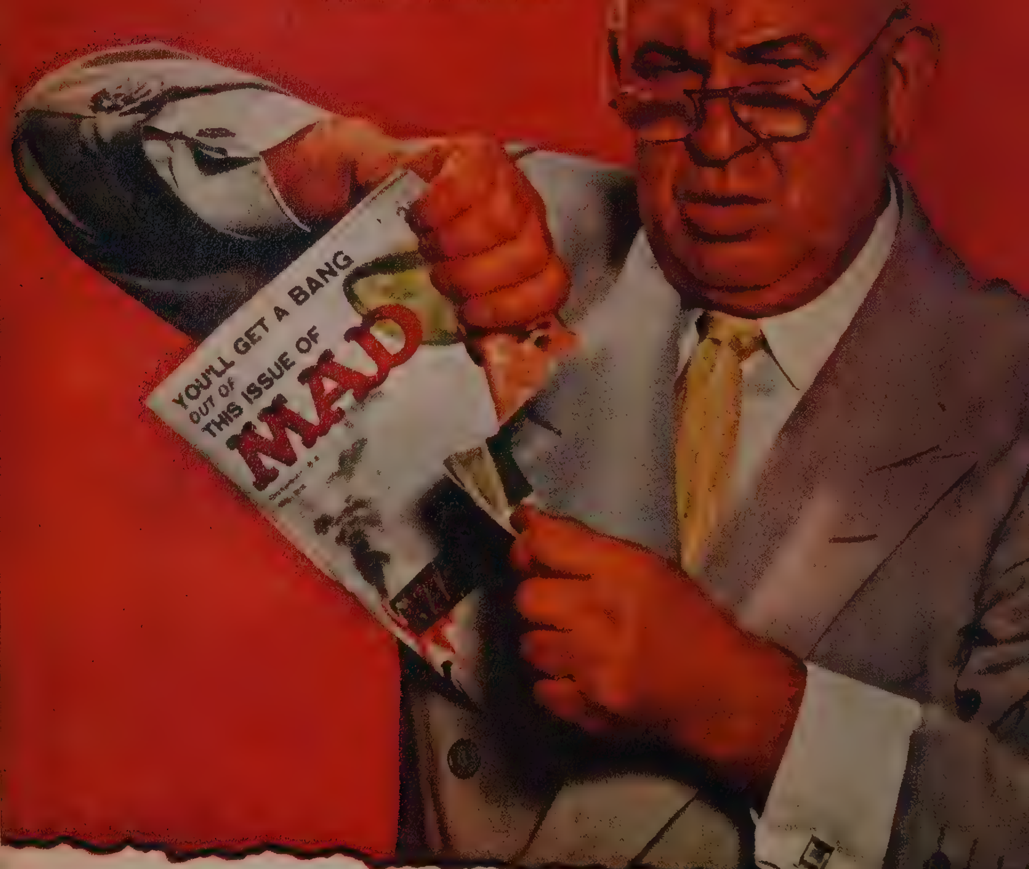
**SEND FOR THIS FOLDER TODAY!**

# Newsweak

A **MAD** SATIRE COVER FOR CAMOUFLAGE PURPOSES

POSED BY OSCAR JORDAN, MEMBER A F T R A
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

"*This* We Bury First!"
—Nikita Khrushchev


YOU'LL GET A BANG OUT OF THIS ISSUE OF
MAD

MEMO FROM MAD

THIS ALTERNATE BACK COVER ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE TOO ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WITH GARISH, SHOCKING FRONT COVER! NOW PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU ARE READING INTELLECTUAL "NEWS" MAGAZINE!

I MEAN, THESE GUYS ARE A MILLION LAUGHS . . . WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT!

**CRANKS A-MILLION DEPT.**

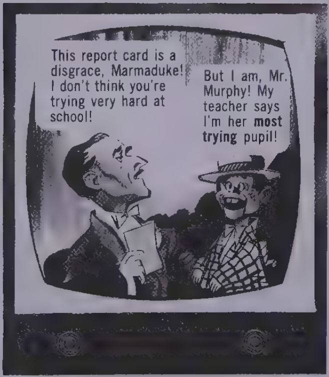
*When we were kids, we learned a simple and rather succinct phrase which pretty well summed up what Democracy was all about—mainly "The Majority Wins!" Unfortunately, the television industry doesn't seem to believe in this. Rather, they insist upon remaining at the mercy of so-called "Public Opinion" in the form of a few crank letters. Instead of fighting back, the networks prefer a more civilized way out, called "total surrender." To show how this sorry situation works out, we've prepared this behind-the-scenes study which demonstrates the power of the relative minority who write...*

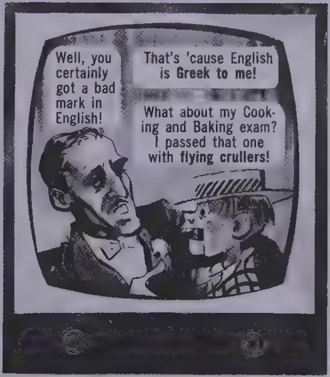
# PROTEST LETTERS

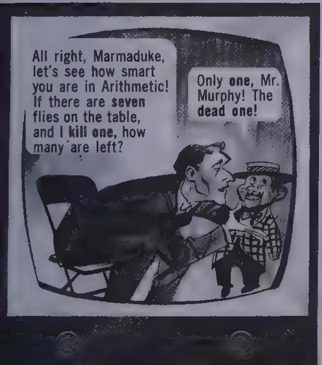
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

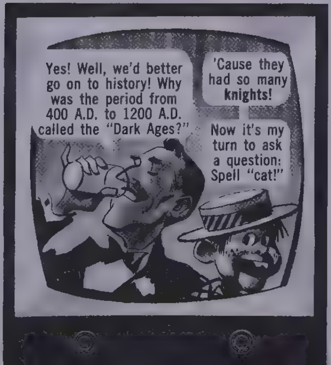
WRITER: SY REIT

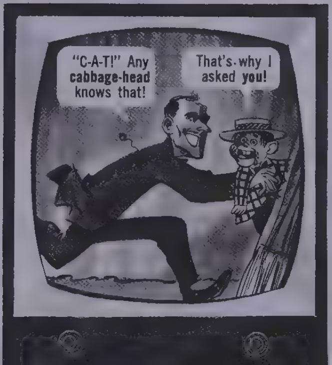
HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS A TYPICAL TELEVISION ROUTINE WHICH SEEMS HARMLESS, BLAMELESS AND MAINLY MIRTHLESS


This report card is a disgrace, Marmaduke! I don't think you're trying very hard at school!
But I am, Mr. Murphy! My teacher says I'm her **most trying** pupil!

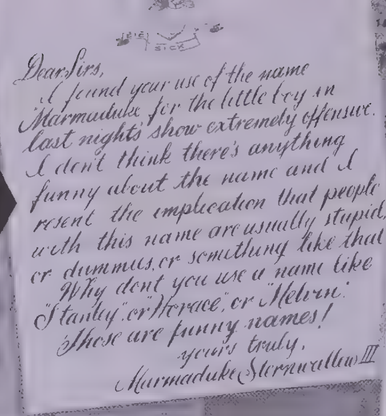

Well, you certainly got a bad mark in English!
That's 'cause English is **Greek to me!**
What about my Cooking and Baking exam? I passed that one with **flying crullers!**


All right, Marmaduke, let's see how smart you are in Arithmetic! If there are **seven** flies on the table, and I **kill one,** how many are left?
Only **one,** Mr. Murphy! The **dead one!**


Yes! Well, we'd better go on to history! Why was the period from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. called the "Dark Ages?"
'Cause they had so many **knights!**
Now it's my turn to ask a question: Spell "cat!"


"C-A-T!" Any **cabbage-head** knows that!
That's why I asked **you!**

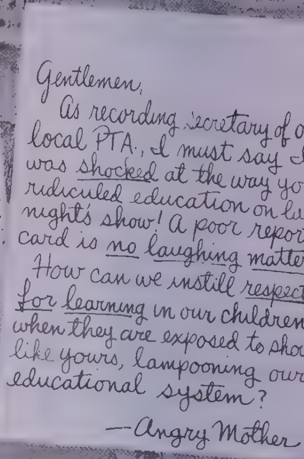
AND HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS OF PROTEST THAT CAME IN THE NEXT DAY



Dear Sirs,

I found your use of the name "Marmaduke" for the little boy in last night's show extremely offensive. I don't think there's anything funny about the name and I resent the implication that people with this name are usually stupid, or dummies, or something like that. Why dont you use a name like "Stanley" or "Horace", or "Melvin". Those are funny names!

yours truly,
Marmaduke Sternwallow III

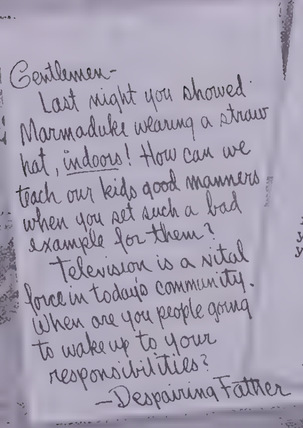


Gentlemen,

As recording secretary of o
local PTA., I must say I
was shocked at the way yo
ridiculed education on la
night's show! A poor repor
card is no laughing matte

How can we instill respect
for learning in our children
when they are exposed to sho
like yours, lampooning our
educational system?

—Angry Mother

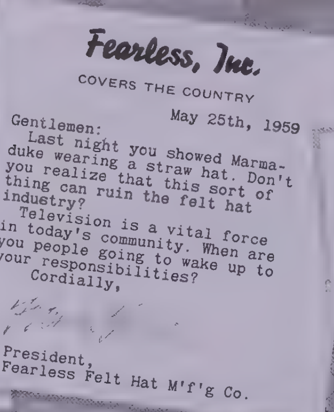


Gentlemen-

Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat, indoors! How can we teach our kids good manners when you set such a bad example for them?

Television is a vital force in today's community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?

—Despairing Father



**Fearless, Inc.**
COVERS THE COUNTRY

May 25th, 1959

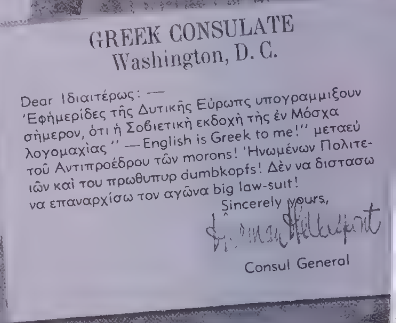
Gentlemen:

Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat. Don't you realize that this sort of thing can ruin the felt hat industry?

Television is a vital force in today's community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?

Cordially,

President,
Fearless Felt Hat M'f'g Co.

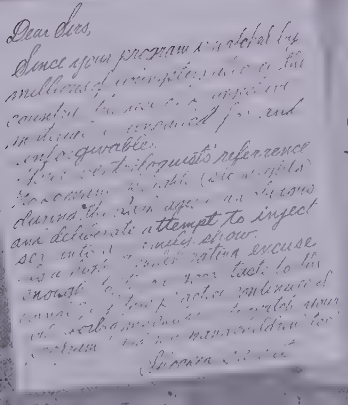


GREEK CONSULATE
Washington, D. C.

Dear Ιδιαιτέρως: —
'Εφήμερίδες τῆς Δυτικῆς Εὐρωπς υπογραμμιξουν σὴμερον, ότι ή Σοβιετικὴ εκδοχὴ τὴς ἐν Μόσχα λογομαχὶας '' — English is Greek to me!'' μεταεὺ τοῦ Αντιπροέδρου τῶν morons! 'Ηνωμένων Πολιτεϊῶν καὶ του πρωθυπυρ dumbkopfs! Δὲν να διστασω να επαναρχίσω τον αγῶνα big law-suit!

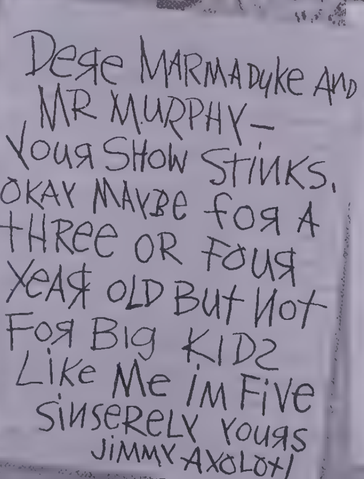
Sincerely yours,

Consul General

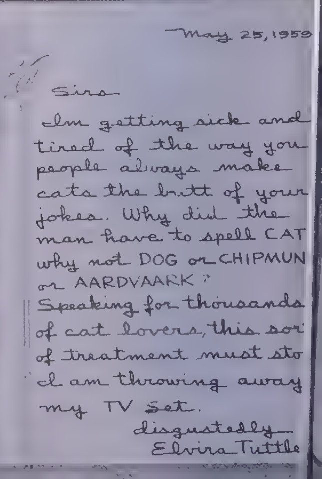


Dear Sirs,

Since your program [illegible] the millions of [illegible] country [illegible] and [illegible] unforgivable. [illegible] ventriloquist's reference [illegible] during the [illegible] and deliberate attempt to inject [illegible] show. [illegible] excuse [illegible] taste [illegible] enough [illegible]



DERE MARMADUKE AND MR MURPHY—
YOUR SHOW STINKS.
OKAY MAYBE FOR A THREE OR FOUR YEAR OLD BUT NOT FOR BIG KIDS LIKE ME IM FIVE
SINSERELY YOURS
JIMMY AXOLOTL

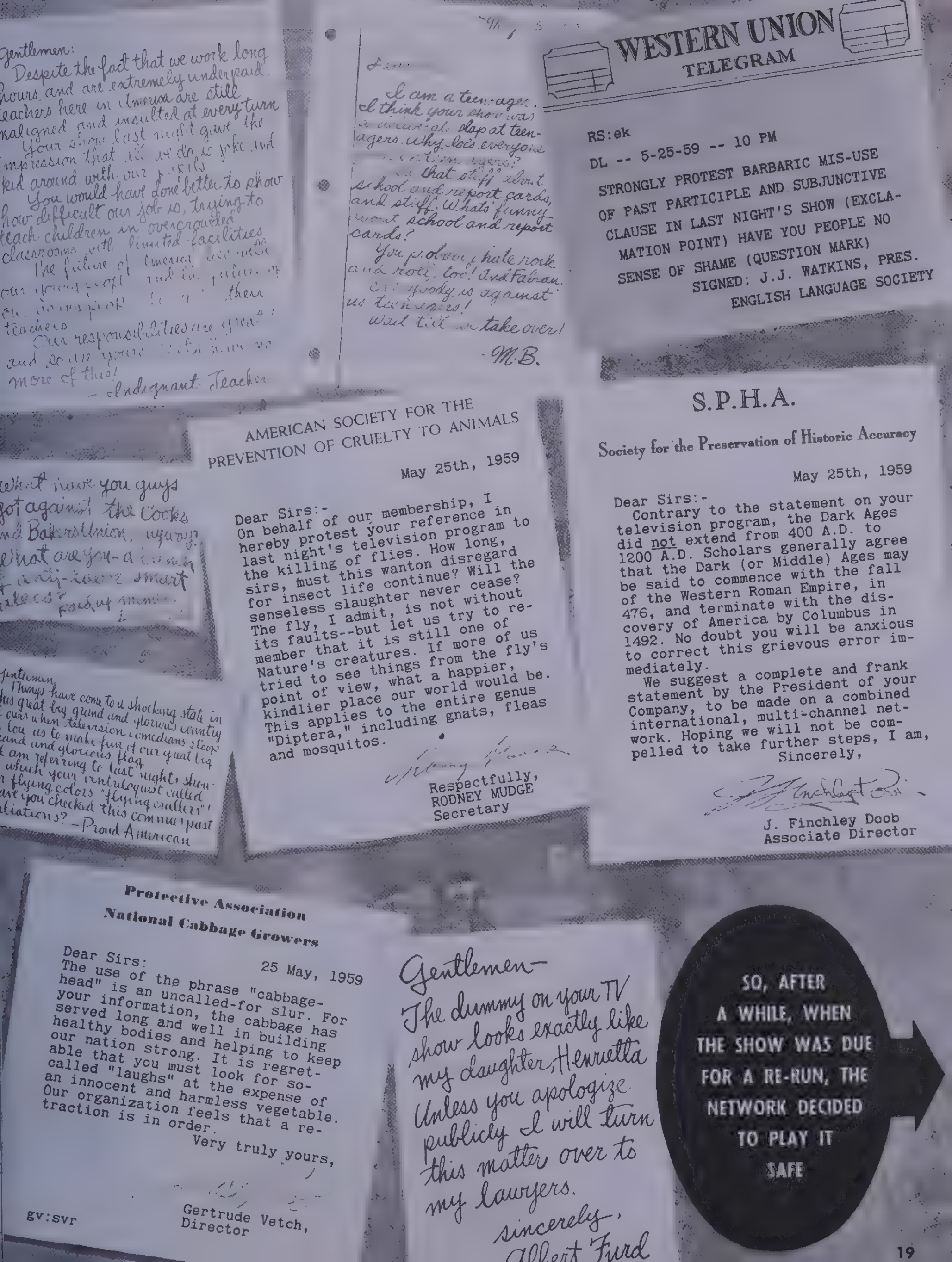


May 25, 1959

Sirs—

Im getting sick and
tired of the way you
people always make
cats the butt of your
jokes. Why did the
man have to spell CAT
why not DOG or CHIPMUN
or AARDVAARK?
Speaking for thousands
of cat lovers, this sor
of treatment must sto
I am throwing away
my TV set.

disgustedly
Elvira Tuttle



Gentlemen:

Despite the fact that we work long hours and are extremely underpaid. Teachers here in America are still maligned and insulted at every turn.

Your show last night gave the impression that all we do is joke and kid around with our pupils.

You would have done better to show how difficult our job is, trying to teach children in overcrowded classrooms with limited facilities.

The future of America lies with our young people and the future of [illegible] their teachers.

Our responsibilities are great! and [illegible] more of this!

— Indignant Teacher

---

Sirs:

I am a teen-ager. I think your show was a [illegible] slap at teen-agers. Why does everyone [illegible] teen-agers?

[illegible] that stuff about school and report cards, and stuff. What's funny about school and report cards?

You probably hate rock and roll, too! And Fabian. [illegible] is against us teen-agers!

Wait till we take over!

- M.B.

---

## WESTERN UNION
## TELEGRAM

RS:ek

DL -- 5-25-59 -- 10 PM

STRONGLY PROTEST BARBARIC MIS-USE OF PAST PARTICIPLE AND SUBJUNCTIVE CLAUSE IN LAST NIGHT'S SHOW (EXCLAMATION POINT) HAVE YOU PEOPLE NO SENSE OF SHAME (QUESTION MARK)

SIGNED: J.J. WATKINS, PRES.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE SOCIETY

---

What have you guys
got against the Cooks
and Bakers Union, anyway?
What are you - a [illegible]
of anti-union smart
alecks? [illegible]

---

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

On behalf of our membership, I hereby protest your reference in last night's television program to the killing of flies. How long, sirs, must this wanton disregard for insect life continue? Will the senseless slaughter never cease? The fly, I admit, is not without its faults--but let us try to remember that it is still one of Nature's creatures. If more of us tried to see things from the fly's point of view, what a happier, kindlier place our world would be. This applies to the entire genus "Diptera," including gnats, fleas and mosquitos.

Respectfully,
RODNEY MUDGE
Secretary

---

## S.P.H.A.

Society for the Preservation of Historic Accuracy

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

Contrary to the statement on your television program, the Dark Ages did not extend from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Scholars generally agree that the Dark (or Middle) Ages may be said to commence with the fall of the Western Roman Empire, in 476, and terminate with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. No doubt you will be anxious to correct this grievous error immediately.

We suggest a complete and frank statement by the President of your Company, to be made on a combined international, multi-channel network. Hoping we will not be compelled to take further steps, I am,

Sincerely,

J. Finchley Doob
Associate Director

---

Gentlemen
Things have come to a shocking state in
his great big grand and glorious country
curs when television comedians stoop
low as to make fun of our great big
and and glorious flag
I am referring to last nights show
which your ventriloquist called
flying colors "flying collars"!
ave you checked this comedians past
liations? -Proud American

---

**Protective Association**
**National Cabbage Growers**

Dear Sirs:

25 May, 1959

The use of the phrase "cabbage-head" is an uncalled-for slur. For your information, the cabbage has served long and well in building healthy bodies and helping to keep our nation strong. It is regrettable that you must look for so-called "laughs" at the expense of an innocent and harmless vegetable. Our organization feels that a retraction is in order.

Very truly yours,

gv:svr

Gertrude Vetch,
Director

---

Gentlemen—

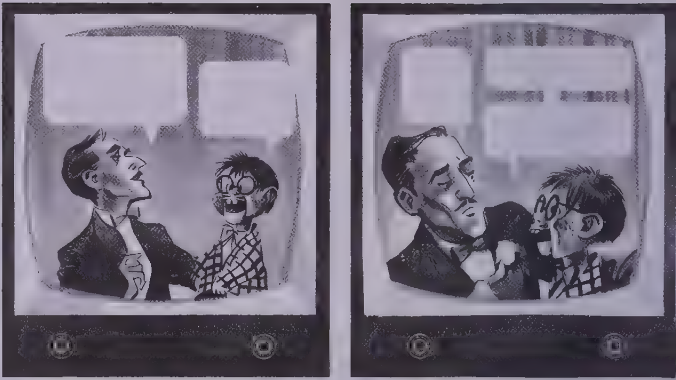
The dummy on your TV show looks exactly like my daughter, Henrietta. Unless you apologize publicly I will turn this matter over to my lawyers.

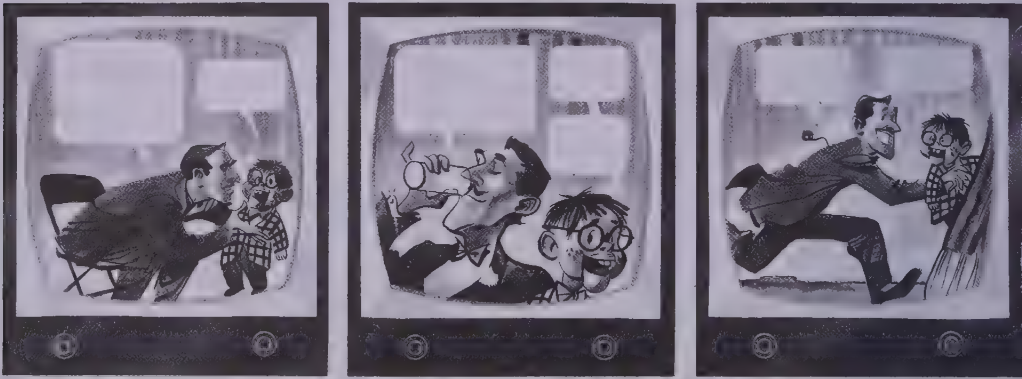
sincerely,
Albert Furd

---

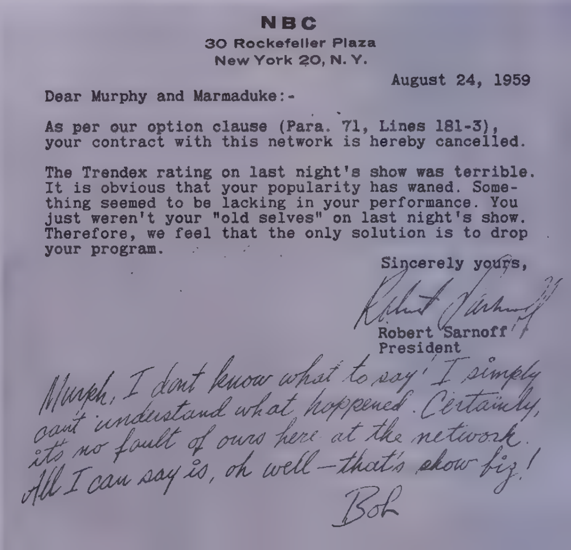
SO, AFTER A WHILE, WHEN THE SHOW WAS DUE FOR A RE-RUN, THE NETWORK DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE

THEY CUT OUT EVERYTHING THEY KNEW TO BE OF A CONTROVERSIAL NATURE, AND RAN WHAT THEY HAD LEFT





AND IT WORKED FINE, BECAUSE ONLY ONE LETTER OF PROTEST TURNED UP THE FOLLOWING DAY



**NBC**
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

August 24, 1959

Dear Murphy and Marmaduke:-

As per our option clause (Para. 71, Lines 181-3), your contract with this network is hereby cancelled.

The Trendex rating on last night's show was terrible. It is obvious that your popularity has waned. Something seemed to be lacking in your performance. You just weren't your "old selves" on last night's show. Therefore, we feel that the only solution is to drop your program.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Sarnoff

Robert Sarnoff
President

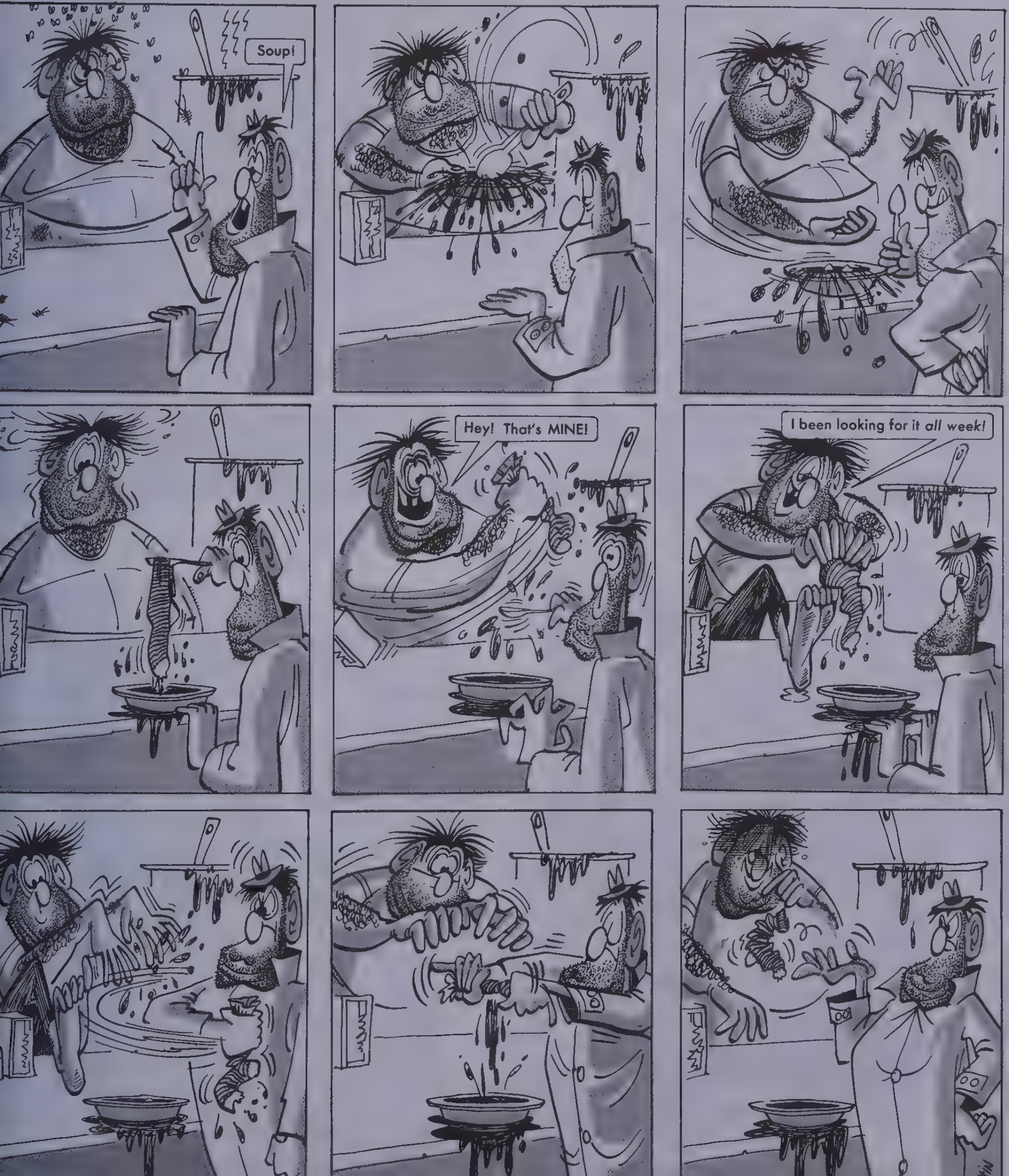
Murph, I dont know what to say! I simply cant understand what happened. Certainly, it's no fault of ours here at the network. All I can say is, oh well—that's show biz!
Bob

**DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II**

"Just relax and tell me everything that comes into your mind!"

And now, Don Martin tells us a souped-up tale of his experience

# In a "GREASY SPOON" Diner

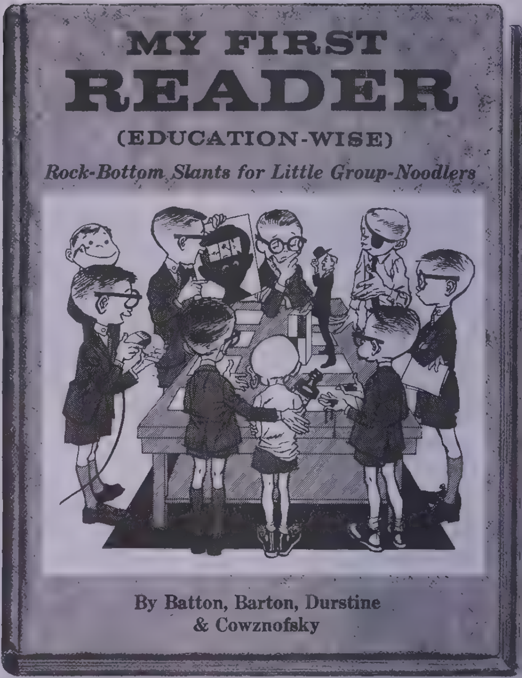

Soup!
Hey! That's MINE!
I been looking for it *all week!*

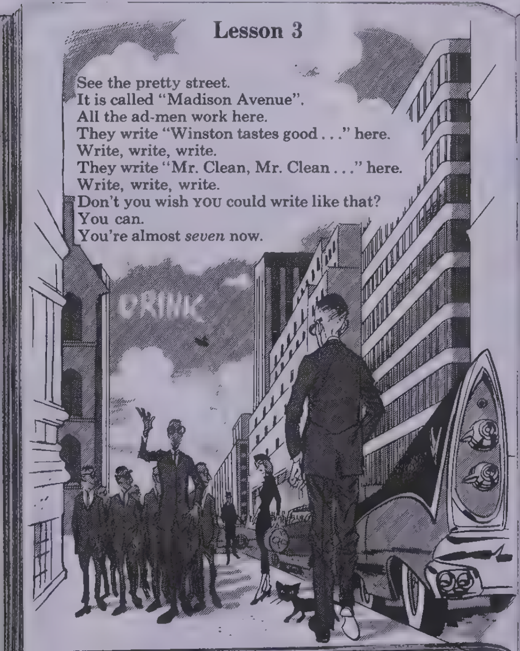
**HARD SPELL DEPT**

"The MAD Horror Primer" (Issue #49) received such a GREAT response from our readers (i.e. *"A GREAT disappointment!"*—B.F., Phila., Pa.; *"It would be GREAT if you discontinued this type feature!"*—L.D., Dallas, Tex.; *"Articles like that GRATE on my nerves!"*—F.H., Fresno, Calif.) that we've decided to present another primer. This one is for the benefit of any children under seven (in other words, ALL of our readers) who may possibly be interested in working in the advertising field when they grow up.

# THE MAD MADISON AVENUE PRIMER

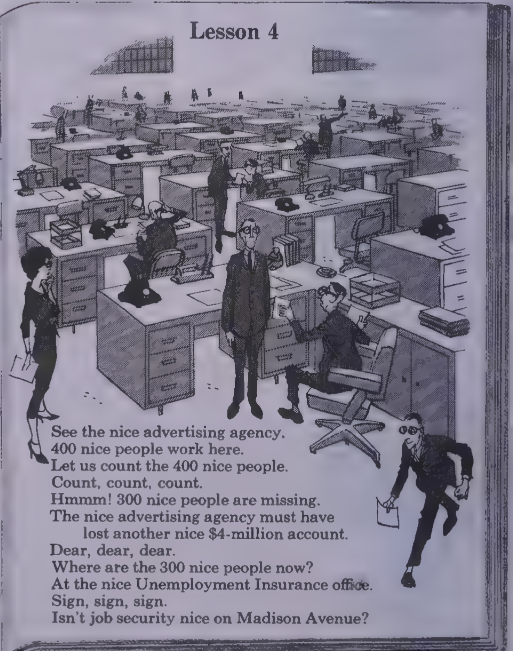
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


MY FIRST READER
(EDUCATION-WISE)
Rock-Bottom Slants for Little Group-Noodlers
By Batton, Barton, Durstine & Cowznofsky



## Lesson 3

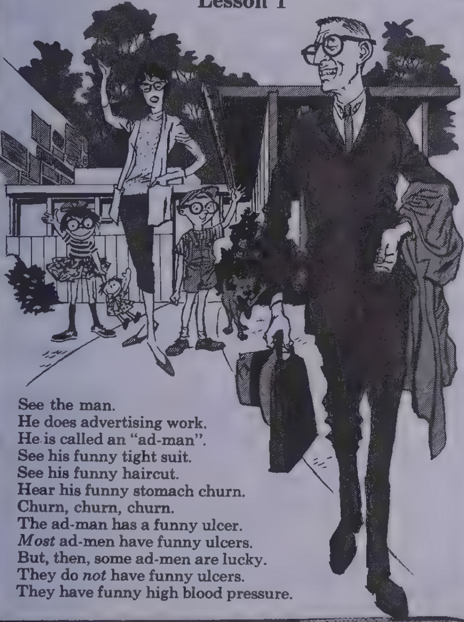
See the pretty street.
It is called "Madison Avenue".
All the ad-men work here.
They write "Winston tastes good . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
They write "Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
Don't you wish YOU could write like that?
You can.
You're almost *seven* now.



## Lesson 4

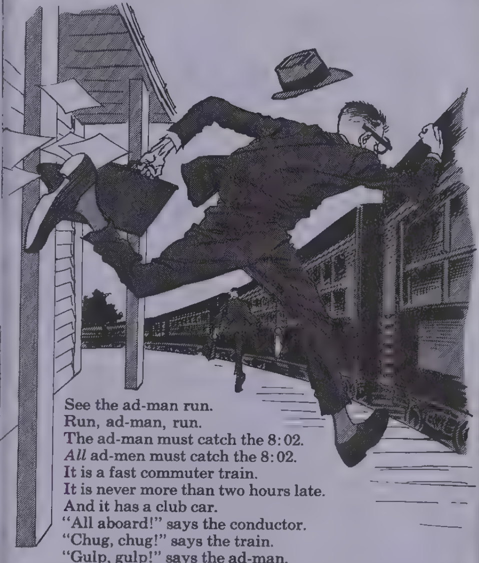
See the nice advertising agency.
400 nice people work here.
Let us count the 400 nice people.
Count, count, count.
Hmmm! 300 nice people are missing.
The nice advertising agency must have lost another nice $4-million account.
Dear, dear, dear.
Where are the 300 nice people now?
At the nice Unemployment Insurance office.
Sign, sign, sign.
Isn't job security nice on Madison Avenue?

## Lesson 1



See the man.
He does advertising work.
He is called an "ad-man".
See his funny tight suit.
See his funny haircut.
Hear his funny stomach churn.
Churn, churn, churn.
The ad-man has a funny ulcer.
*Most* ad-men have funny ulcers.
But, then, some ad-men are lucky.
They do *not* have funny ulcers.
They have funny high blood pressure.

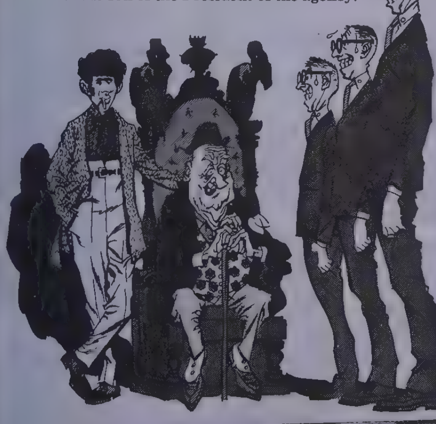
## Lesson 2



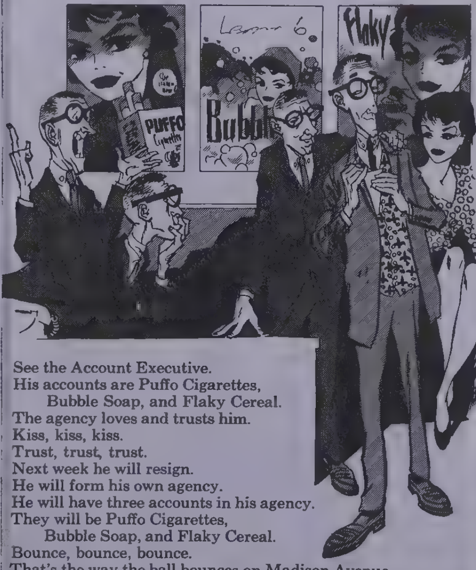
See the ad-man run.
Run, ad-man, run.
The ad-man must catch the 8:02.
*All* ad-men must catch the 8:02.
It is a fast commuter train.
It is never more than two hours late.
And it has a club car.
"All aboard!" says the conductor.
"Chug, chug!" says the train.
"Gulp, gulp!" says the ad-man.
Wouldn't *you* like Bourbon for breakfast, too?

## Lesson 5

See the kindly old man.
He is the President of the agency.
He has fired 132 people today.
And it isn't even lunch time yet.
Fire, fire, fire.
See the fine young man with him.
He will not be fired, today.
He is a fine ad-man.
He is a fine Vice-President of the agency.
He is a fine son of the President of the agency.

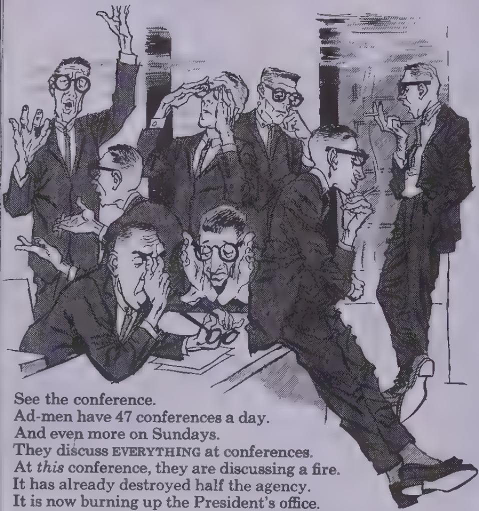


## Lesson 6



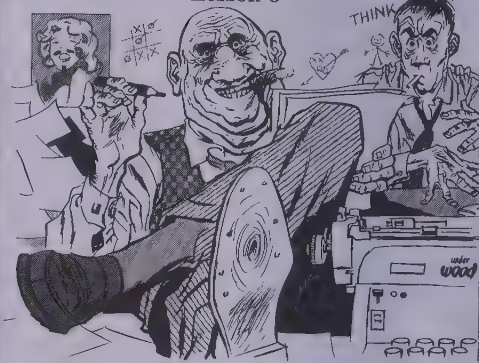
See the Account Executive.
His accounts are Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
The agency loves and trusts him.
Kiss, kiss, kiss.
Trust, trust, trust.
Next week he will resign.
He will form his own agency.
He will have three accounts in his agency.
They will be Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
Bounce, bounce, bounce.
That's the way the ball bounces on Madison Avenue.

## Lesson 7



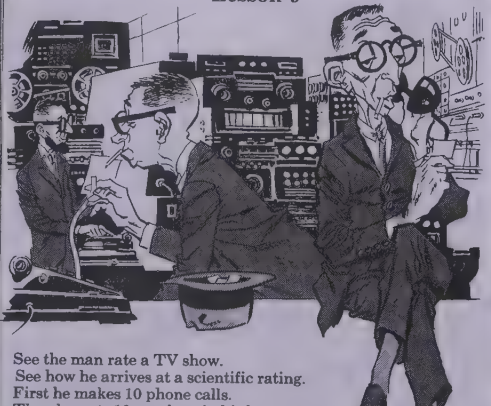
See the conference.
Ad-men have 47 conferences a day.
And even more on Sundays.
They discuss EVERYTHING at conferences.
At *this* conference, they are discussing a fire.
It has already destroyed half the agency.
It is now burning up the President's office.
Crackle, crackle, crackle.
What will the ad-men do about the fire?
Soon they will make a BIG decision.
But not at *this* conference.
Perhaps at the *next* conference.

## Lesson 8



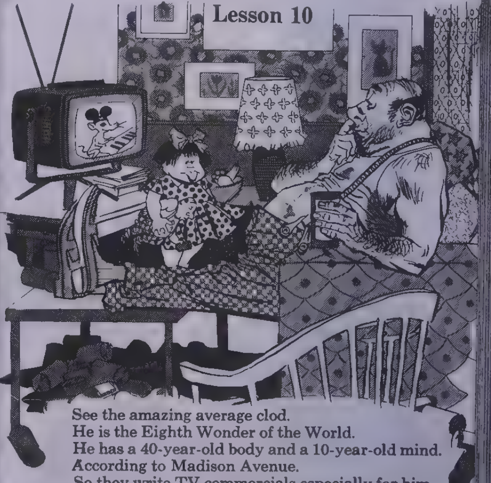
See the jolly client.
He sponsors a TV dramatic show.
He never finished the 6th Grade.
He can hardly speak English.
He can hardly write his name.
Yet, he re-writes TV scripts.
Re-write, re-write, re-write.
Why do you re-write TV scripts, jolly client?
"Because I do not like sad endings;
Because I only like happy endings."
Someday, a TV writer will shoot the jolly client.
Right in his jolly gut.
What a happy ending THAT will be!

## Lesson 9



See the man rate a TV show.
See how he arrives at a scientific rating.
First he makes 10 phone calls.
Then he puts 10 numbers in his hat.
Then he closes his eyes tight.
Then he picks the scientific rating out of his hat.
Oh-oh! This TV show's rating is $6\frac{3}{8}$.
Ho-ho! He has made a scientific mistake.
He has picked out his scientific *hat size*.
But it is too late.
It was such a nice TV show, too.
It cost three million dollars, too.
It might have remained on the air, too.
If the man had a bigger head.

## Lesson 10



See the amazing average clod.
He is the Eighth Wonder of the World.
He has a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
According to Madison Avenue.
So they write TV commercials especially for him.
And they write magazine ads especially for him.
If this keeps up, the amazing average clod will become even more amazing.
He will no longer have a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
He will have a 40-year-old body and a FIVE-year-old mind.

**SHAW-FIRED PLOT DEPT.**

There seems to be a rash of new musicals slated for Broadway based on the "Madison Avenue" theme. Since one of the most successful musicals ever to hit Broadway was "My Fair Lady," based on the book by George Bernard Shaw, we figure it won't be long before we'll be seeing a hit "Madison Avenue" musical along the same lines and called . . .

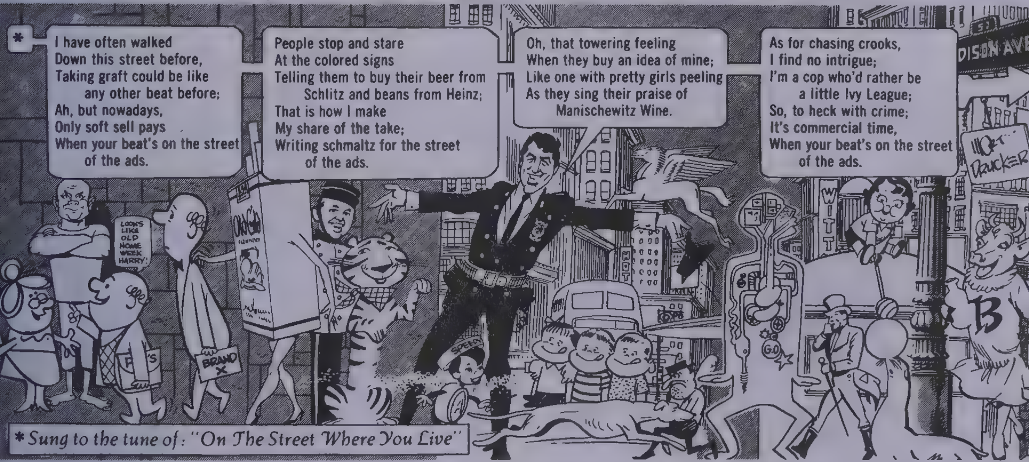
# My Fair Ad-Man

## BASED ON THE BOOK "YOU'RE A PIG, MALLION" BY GEORGE BERNARD SCHWARTZ

ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

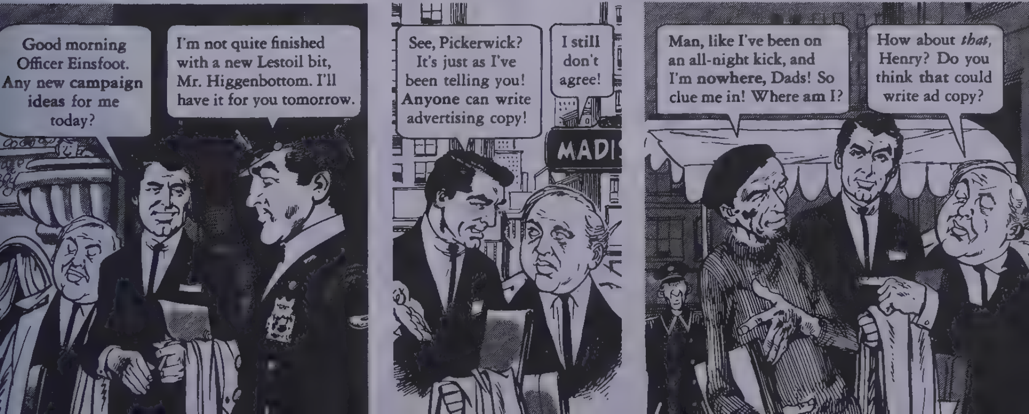
WRITER:
NICK MEGLIN

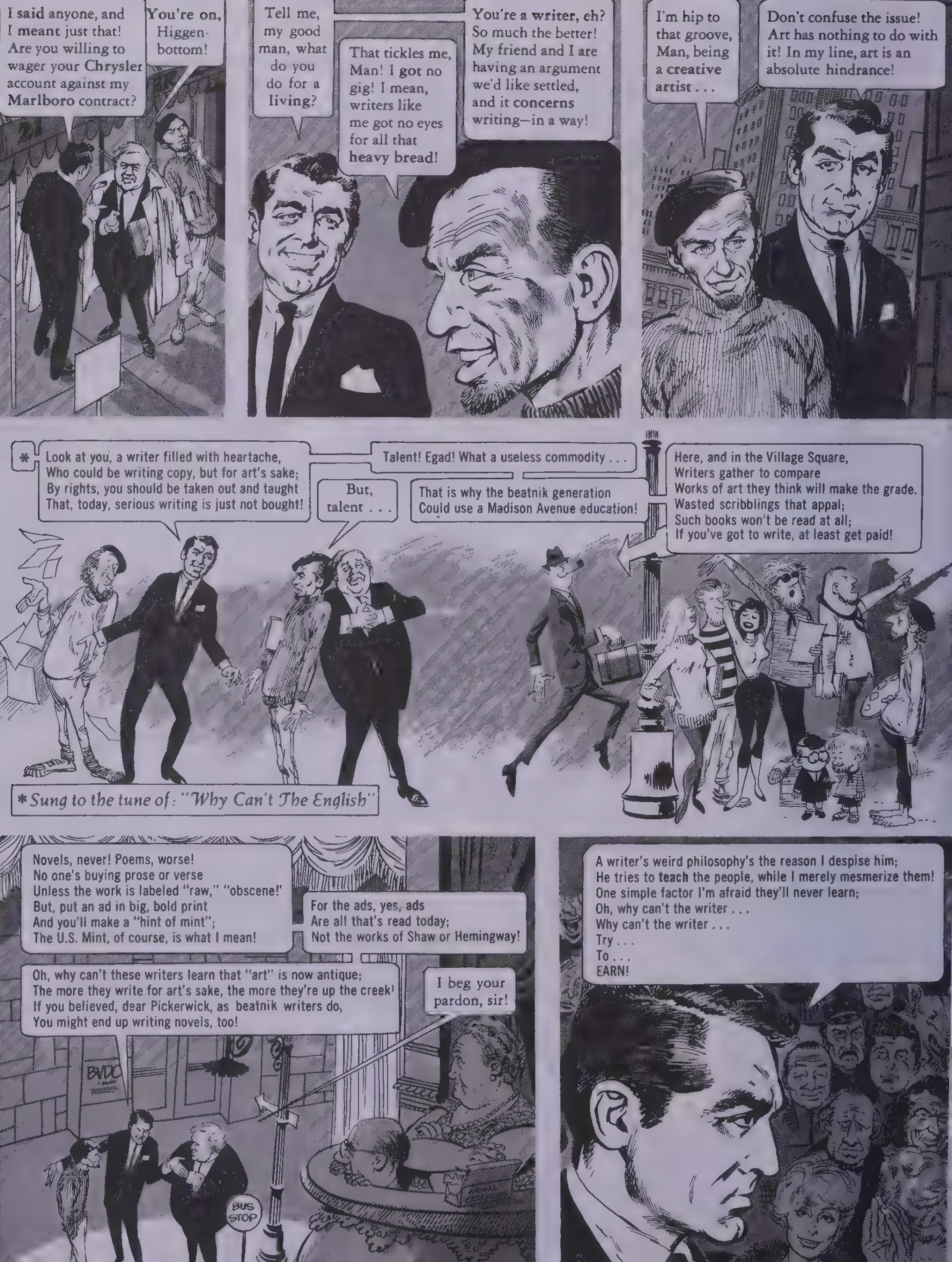
**ACT 1, SCENE 1: EARLY MORNING ON MADISON AVENUE, OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING HOUSING BVD&O, A LARGE ADVERTISING AGENCY. ENTER OFFICER EINSFOOT . . .**

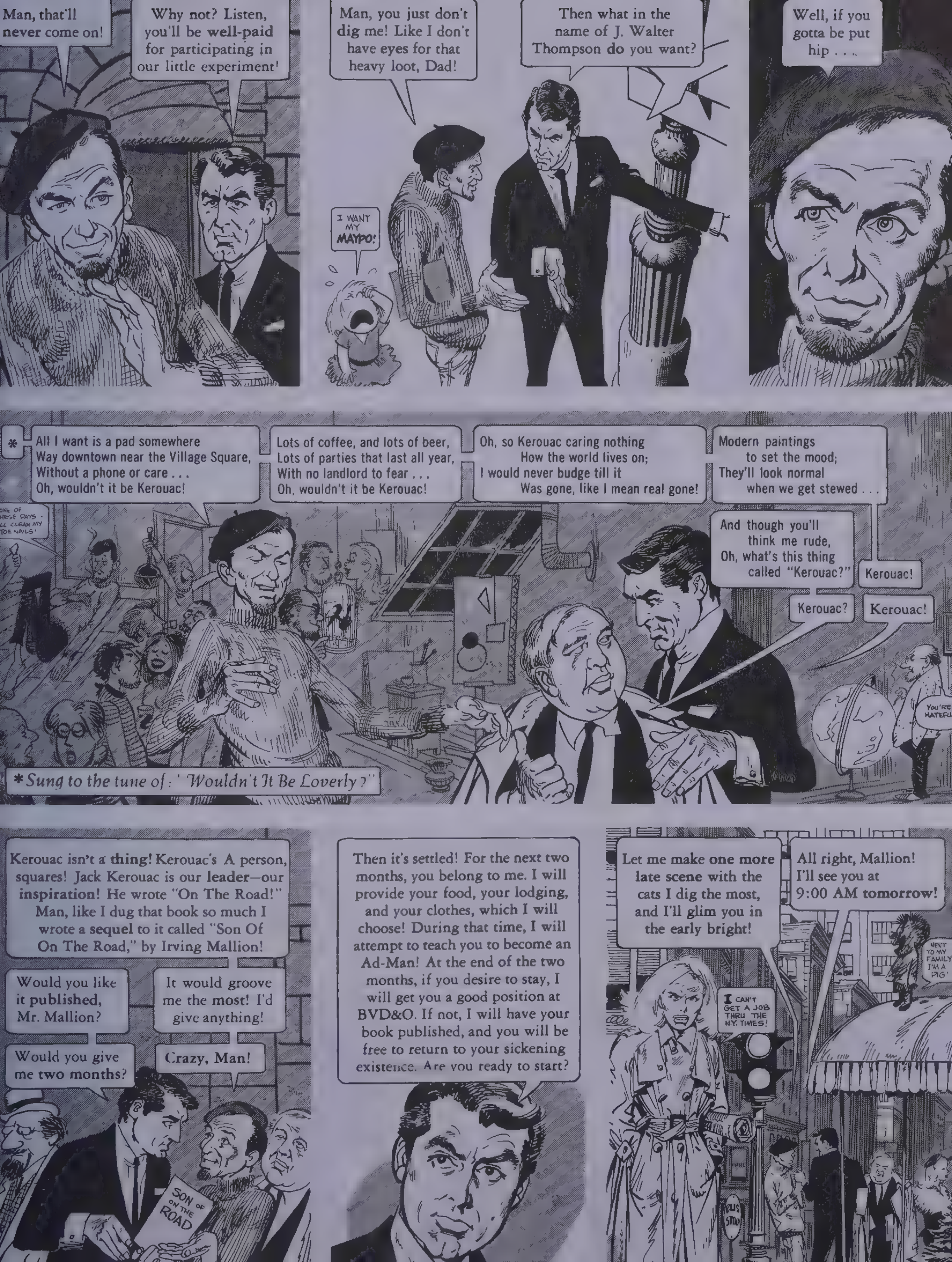

* I have often walked
Down this street before,
Taking graft could be like any other beat before;
Ah, but nowadays,
Only soft sell pays
When your beat's on the street of the ads.
People stop and stare
At the colored signs
Telling them to buy their beer from Schlitz and beans from Heinz;
That is how I make
My share of the take;
Writing schmaltz for the street of the ads.
Oh, that towering feeling
When they buy an idea of mine;
Like one with pretty girls peeling
As they sing their praise of Manischewitz Wine.
As for chasing crooks,
I find no intrigue;
I'm a cop who'd rather be a little Ivy League;
So, to heck with crime;
It's commercial time,
When your beat's on the street of the ads.
LOOKS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK HARRY!
BRAND X
SPEEDY
WITT
HOT
G.O.
B
DISON AVE
MORT DRUCKER

** Sung to the tune of: "On The Street Where You Live"*

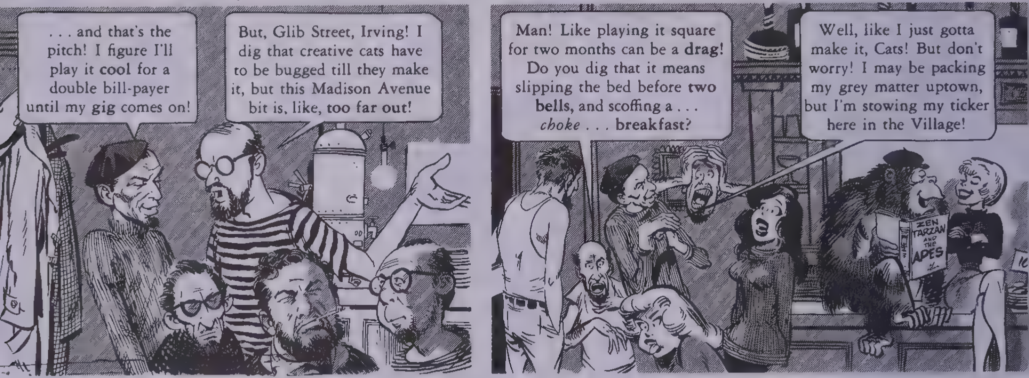
**ENTER HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK, BVD&O ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES ON THE WAY TO WORK . . . FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY IRVING MALLION, A BEATNIK . . .**

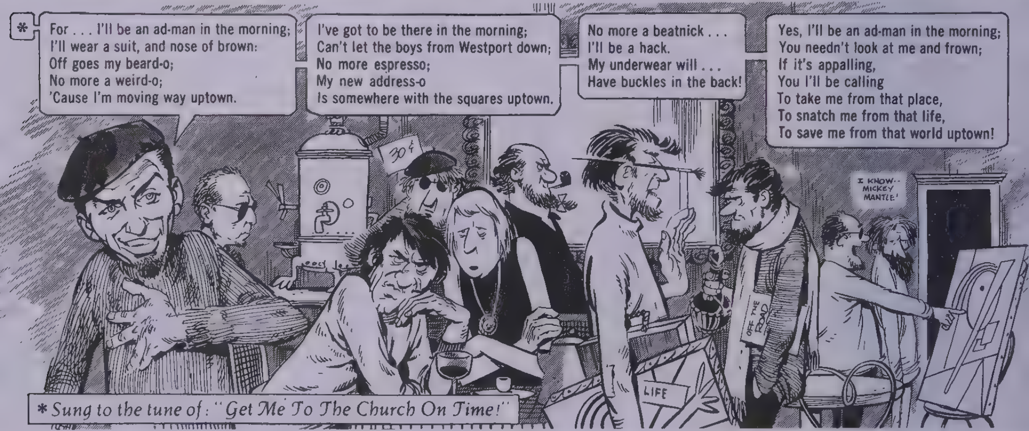

Good morning Officer Einsfoot. Any new campaign ideas for me today?
I'm not quite finished with a new Lestoil bit, Mr. Higgenbottom. I'll have it for you tomorrow.
See, Pickerwick? It's just as I've been telling you! Anyone can write advertising copy!
I still don't agree!
MADI
Man, like I've been on an all-night kick, and I'm nowhere, Dads! So clue me in! Where am I?
How about *that*, Henry? Do you think that could write ad copy?


I said anyone, and I meant just that! Are you willing to wager your Chrysler account against my Marlboro contract?
You're on, Higgenbottom!
Tell me, my good man, what do you do for a living?
That tickles me, Man! I got no gig! I mean, writers like me got no eyes for all that heavy bread!
You're a writer, eh? So much the better! My friend and I are having an argument we'd like settled, and it concerns writing—in a way!
I'm hip to that groove, Man, being a creative artist . . .
Don't confuse the issue! Art has nothing to do with it! In my line, art is an absolute hindrance!
* Look at you, a writer filled with heartache,
Who could be writing copy, but for art's sake;
By rights, you should be taken out and taught
That, today, serious writing is just not bought!
But, talent . . .
Talent! Egad! What a useless commodity . . .
That is why the beatnik generation
Could use a Madison Avenue education!
Here, and in the Village Square,
Writers gather to compare
Works of art they think will make the grade.
Wasted scribblings that appal;
Such books won't be read at all;
If you've got to write, at least get paid!
*Sung to the tune of: "Why Can't The English"
Novels, never! Poems, worse!
No one's buying prose or verse
Unless the work is labeled "raw," "obscene!"
But, put an ad in big, bold print
And you'll make a "hint of mint";
The U.S. Mint, of course, is what I mean!
For the ads, yes, ads
Are all that's read today;
Not the works of Shaw or Hemingway!
Oh, why can't these writers learn that "art" is now antique;
The more they write for art's sake, the more they're up the creek!
If you believed, dear Pickerwick, as beatnik writers do,
You might end up writing novels, too!
I beg your pardon, sir!
BVDC
BUS STOP
A writer's weird philosophy's the reason I despise him;
He tries to teach the people, while I merely mesmerize them!
One simple factor I'm afraid they'll never learn;
Oh, why can't the writer . . .
Why can't the writer . . .
Try . . .
To . . .
EARN!

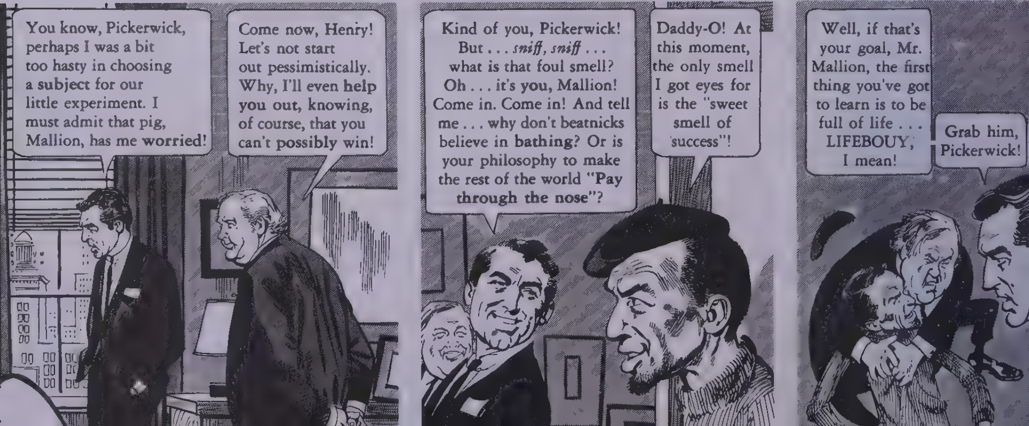

Man, that'll never come on!
Why not? Listen, you'll be well-paid for participating in our little experiment!
Man, you just don't dig me! Like I don't have eyes for that heavy loot, Dad!
I WANT MY MAYPO!
Then what in the name of J. Walter Thompson do you want?
Well, if you gotta be put hip . . .
*
All I want is a pad somewhere
Way downtown near the Village Square,
Without a phone or care . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!
Lots of coffee, and lots of beer,
Lots of parties that last all year,
With no landlord to fear . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!
Oh, so Kerouac caring nothing
How the world lives on;
I would never budge till it
Was gone, like I mean real gone!
Modern paintings
to set the mood;
They'll look normal
when we get stewed . . .
ONE OF HESE DAYS - LL CLEAN MY TOE NAILS'
And though you'll
think me rude,
Oh, what's this thing
called "Kerouac?"
Kerouac!
Kerouac?
Kerouac!
YOU'RE HATEFU
*Sung to the tune of: 'Wouldn't It Be Loverly?'
Kerouac isn't a thing! Kerouac's A person, squares! Jack Kerouac is our leader—our inspiration! He wrote "On The Road!" Man, like I dug that book so much I wrote a sequel to it called "Son Of On The Road," by Irving Mallion!
Would you like it published, Mr. Mallion?
It would groove me the most! I'd give anything!
Would you give me two months?
Crazy, Man!
SON OF ON THE ROAD
Then it's settled! For the next two months, you belong to me. I will provide your food, your lodging, and your clothes, which I will choose! During that time, I will attempt to teach you to become an Ad-Man! At the end of the two months, if you desire to stay, I will get you a good position at BVD&O. If not, I will have your book published, and you will be free to return to your sickening existence. Are you ready to start?
Let me make one more late scene with the cats I dig the most, and I'll glim you in the early bright!
All right, Mallion! I'll see you at 9:00 AM tomorrow!
I CAN'T GET A JOB THRU THE N.Y. TIMES!
NEXT TO MY FAMILY I'M A PIG'
BUS STOP

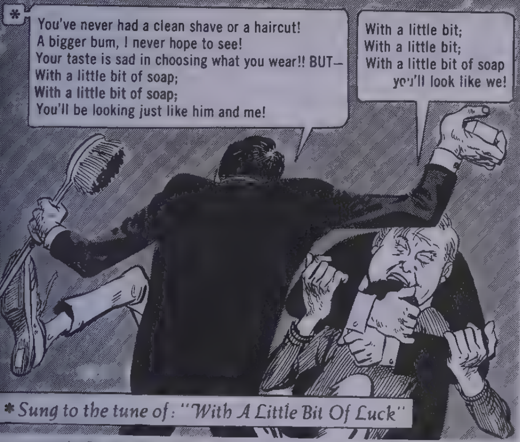
ACT 1, SCENE 2: A CAFE ESPRESSO SHOP IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. IRVING MALLION, THE BEATNIK, IS EXPLAINING THE DEAL TO A GROUP OF HIS SEEDY FRIENDS . . .


. . . and that's the pitch! I figure I'll play it cool for a double bill-payer until my gig comes on!
But, Glib Street, Irving! I dig that creative cats have to be bugged till they make it, but this Madison Avenue bit is, like, too far out!
Man! Like playing it square for two months can be a drag! Do you dig that it means slipping the bed before two bells, and scoffing a . . . *choke* . . . breakfast?
Well, like I just gotta make it, Cats! But don't worry! I may be packing my grey matter uptown, but I'm stowing my ticker here in the Village!
ZEN TARZAN AND THE APES

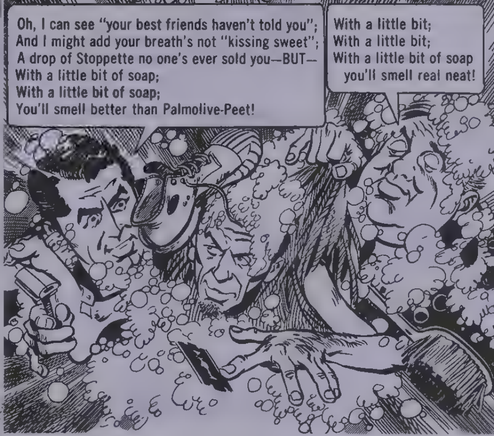

* For . . . I'll be an ad-man in the morning;
I'll wear a suit, and nose of brown:
Off goes my beard-o;
No more a weird-o;
'Cause I'm moving way uptown.
I've got to be there in the morning;
Can't let the boys from Westport down;
No more espresso;
My new address-o
Is somewhere with the squares uptown.
No more a beatnick . . .
I'll be a hack.
My underwear will . . .
Have buckles in the back!
Yes, I'll be an ad-man in the morning;
You needn't look at me and frown;
If it's appalling,
You I'll be calling
To take me from that place,
To snatch me from that life,
To save me from that world uptown!
30¢
I KNOW-- MICKEY MANTLE!
OFF THE ROAD
LIFE
* Sung to the tune of: "Get Me To The Church On Time!"

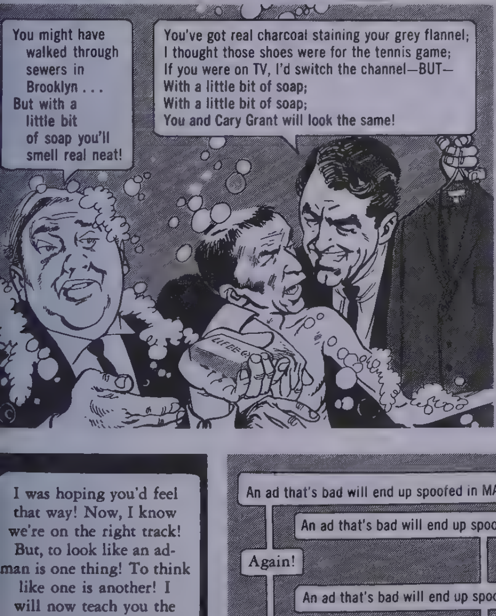
ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE NEXT MORNING. HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK DISCUSS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS IN HENRY'S PLUSH OFFICES AT BVD&O . . .

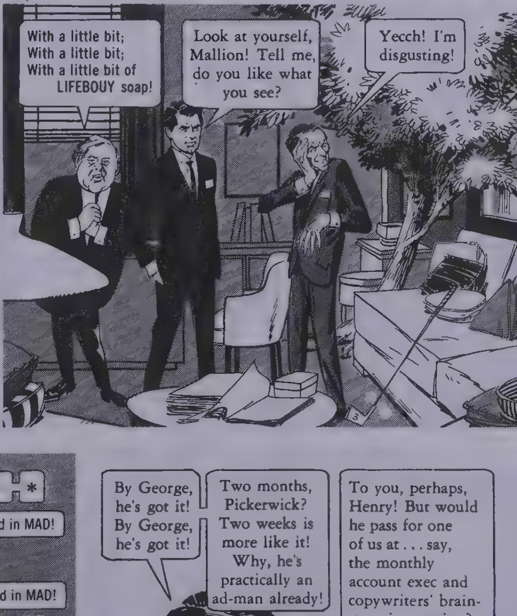

You know, Pickerwick, perhaps I was a bit too hasty in choosing a subject for our little experiment. I must admit that pig, Mallion, has me worried!
Come now, Henry! Let's not start out pessimistically. Why, I'll even help you out, knowing, of course, that you can't possibly win!
Kind of you, Pickerwick! But . . . *sniff, sniff* . . . what is that foul smell? Oh . . . it's you, Mallion! Come in. Come in! And tell me . . . why don't beatnicks believe in bathing? Or is your philosophy to make the rest of the world "Pay through the nose"?
Daddy-O! At this moment, the only smell I got eyes for is the "sweet smell of success"!
Well, if that's your goal, Mr. Mallion, the first thing you've got to learn is to be full of life . . . LIFEBOUY, I mean!
Grab him, Pickerwick!

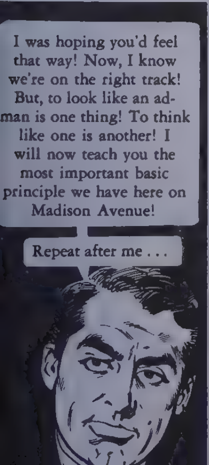

*
You've never had a clean shave or a haircut!
A bigger bum, I never hope to see!
Your taste is sad in choosing what you wear!! BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You'll be looking just like him and me!
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of soap
you'll look like we!

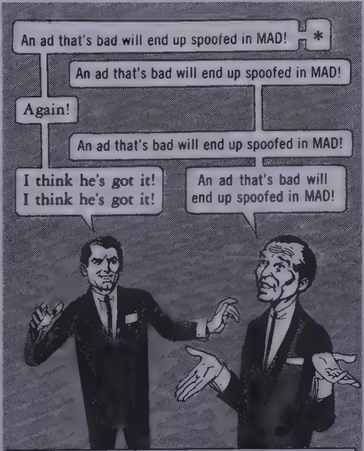
* Sung to the tune of: "With A Little Bit Of Luck"


Oh, I can see "your best friends haven't told you";
And I might add your breath's not "kissing sweet";
A drop of Stoppette no one's ever sold you—BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You'll smell better than Palmolive-Peet!
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of soap
you'll smell real neat!

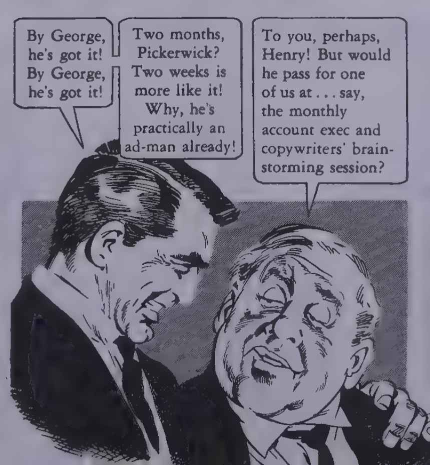

You might have walked through sewers in Brooklyn . . .
But with a little bit of soap you'll smell real neat!
You've got real charcoal staining your grey flannel;
I thought those shoes were for the tennis game;
If you were on TV, I'd switch the channel—BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You and Cary Grant will look the same!
LIFEBOUY

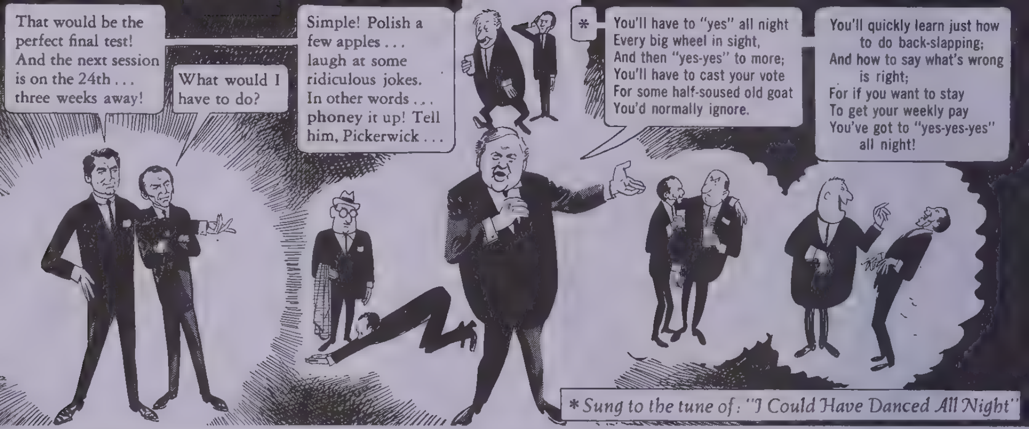

With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of LIFEBOUY soap!
Look at yourself, Mallion! Tell me, do you like what you see?
Yecch! I'm disgusting!


I was hoping you'd feel that way! Now, I know we're on the right track! But, to look like an ad-man is one thing! To think like one is another! I will now teach you the most important basic principle we have here on Madison Avenue!
Repeat after me . . .

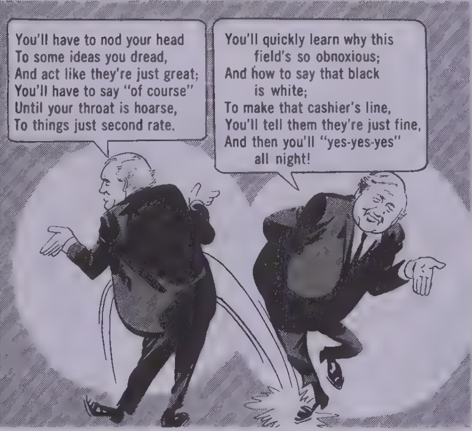

An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD! *
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
Again!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
I think he's got it! I think he's got it!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!

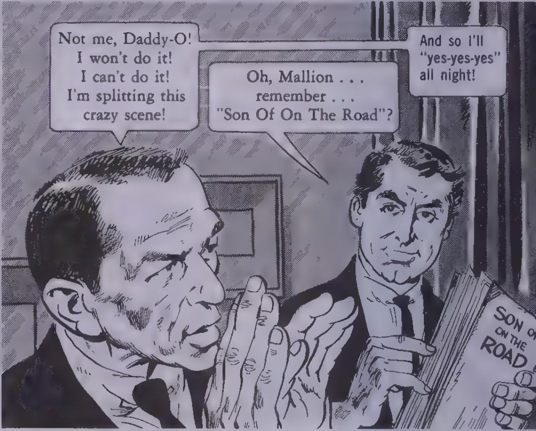
* Sung to the tune of: "The Rain In Spain"


By George, he's got it! By George, he's got it!
Two months, Pickerwick? Two weeks is more like it! Why, he's practically an ad-man already!
To you, perhaps, Henry! But would he pass for one of us at . . . say, the monthly account exec and copywriters' brainstorming session?

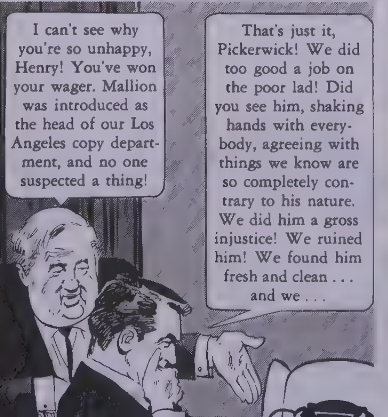

That would be the perfect final test! And the next session is on the 24th . . . three weeks away!
What would I have to do?
Simple! Polish a few apples . . . laugh at some ridiculous jokes. In other words . . . phoney it up! Tell him, Pickerwick . . .
*
You'll have to "yes" all night
Every big wheel in sight,
And then "yes-yes" to more;
You'll have to cast your vote
For some half-soused old goat
You'd normally ignore.
You'll quickly learn just how to do back-slapping;
And how to say what's wrong is right;
For if you want to stay
To get your weekly pay
You've got to "yes-yes-yes" all night!

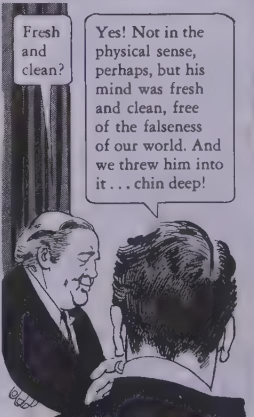
*Sung to the tune of: "I Could Have Danced All Night"*

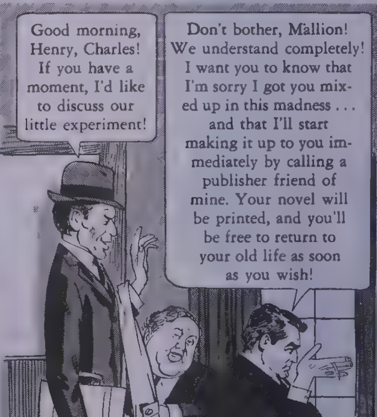

You'll have to nod your head
To some ideas you dread,
And act like they're just great;
You'll have to say "of course"
Until your throat is hoarse,
To things just second rate.
You'll quickly learn why this field's so obnoxious;
And how to say that black is white;
To make that cashier's line,
You'll tell them they're just fine,
And then you'll "yes-yes-yes" all night!

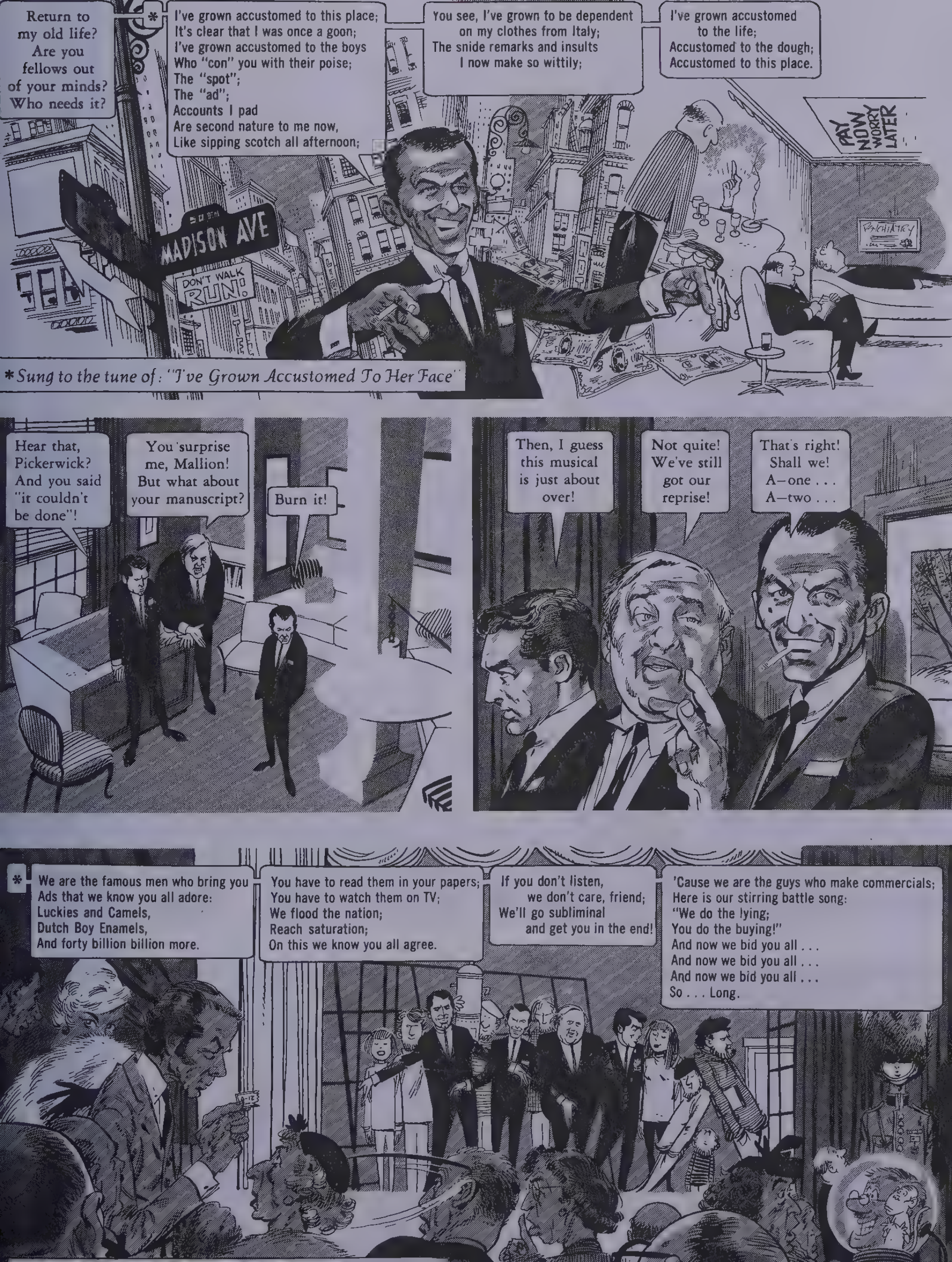

Not me, Daddy-O! I won't do it! I can't do it! I'm splitting this crazy scene!
And so I'll "yes-yes-yes" all night!
Oh, Mallion . . . remember . . . "Son Of On The Road"?
SON O ON THE ROAD

ACT 3, SCENE 1: THREE WEEKS LATER. HIGGENBOTTOM HAS WON HIS BET. MALLION HAS BEEN PASSED OFF AT THE BRAINSTORMING SESSION AS A HEAD COPYWRITER . . .


I can't see why you're so unhappy, Henry! You've won your wager. Mallion was introduced as the head of our Los Angeles copy department, and no one suspected a thing!
That's just it, Pickerwick! We did too good a job on the poor lad! Did you see him, shaking hands with everybody, agreeing with things we know are so completely contrary to his nature. We did him a gross injustice! We ruined him! We found him fresh and clean . . . and we . . .


Fresh and clean?
Yes! Not in the physical sense, perhaps, but his mind was fresh and clean, free of the falseness of our world. And we threw him into it . . . chin deep!


Good morning, Henry, Charles! If you have a moment, I'd like to discuss our little experiment!
Don't bother, Mallion! We understand completely! I want you to know that I'm sorry I got you mixed up in this madness . . . and that I'll start making it up to you immediately by calling a publisher friend of mine. Your novel will be printed, and you'll be free to return to your old life as soon as you wish!


*Sung to the tune of: "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

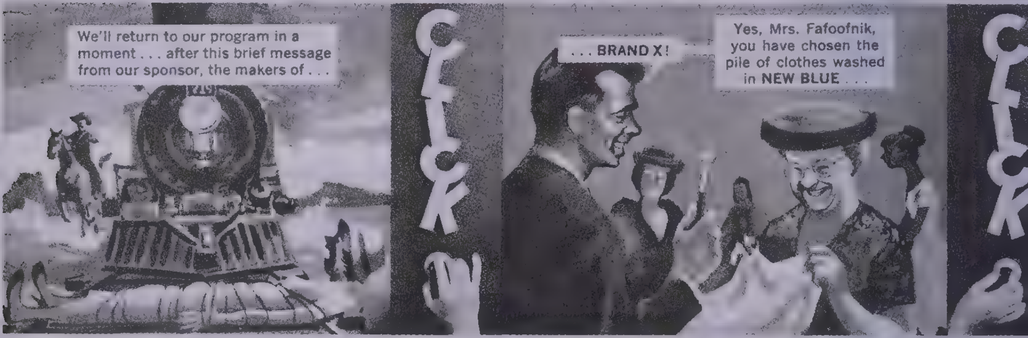
Return to my old life? Are you fellows out of your minds? Who needs it?
* I've grown accustomed to this place; It's clear that I was once a goon; I've grown accustomed to the boys Who "con" you with their poise; The "spot"; The "ad"; Accounts I pad Are second nature to me now, Like sipping scotch all afternoon;
You see, I've grown to be dependent on my clothes from Italy; The snide remarks and insults I now make so wittily;
I've grown accustomed to the life; Accustomed to the dough; Accustomed to this place.
MADISON AVE
DON'T WALK RUN!
PAY NOW WORRY LATER
PSYCHIATRY
Hear that, Pickerwick? And you said "it couldn't be done"!
You surprise me, Mallion! But what about your manuscript?
Burn it!
Then, I guess this musical is just about over!
Not quite! We've still got our reprise!
That's right! Shall we! A—one . . . A—two . . .
* We are the famous men who bring you Ads that we know you all adore: Luckies and Camels, Dutch Boy Enamels, And forty billion billion more.
You have to read them in your papers; You have to watch them on TV; We flood the nation; Reach saturation; On this we know you all agree.
If you don't listen, we don't care, friend; We'll go subliminal and get you in the end!
'Cause we are the guys who make commercials; Here is our stirring battle song: "We do the lying; You do the buying!" And now we bid you all . . . And now we bid you all . . . And now we bid you all . . . So . . . Long.

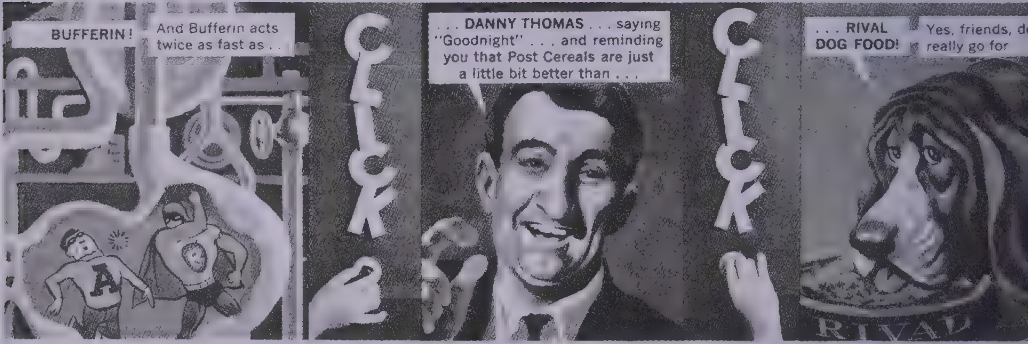
**A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPT.**

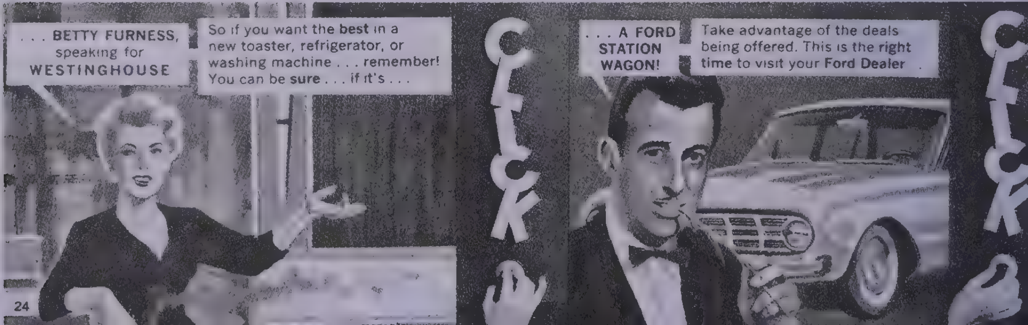
We know about "Russian Roulette" . . . the game where you have a six-shooter with one bullet and yo keep pulling the trigger until somebody loses by getting killed. And we know about "Magazine Rou lette" . . . the game where you have six magazines and you keep choosing one until somebody loses b picking MAD. But the most vicious game we know is the one that millions of Americans play ever

# COMMERCIAL

ARTIST: BOB CLARK


We'll return to our program in a moment . . . after this brief message from our sponsor, the makers of . . .
CLICK
. . . BRAND X!
Yes, Mrs. Fafoofnik, you have chosen the pile of clothes washed in NEW BLUE . . .
CLICK

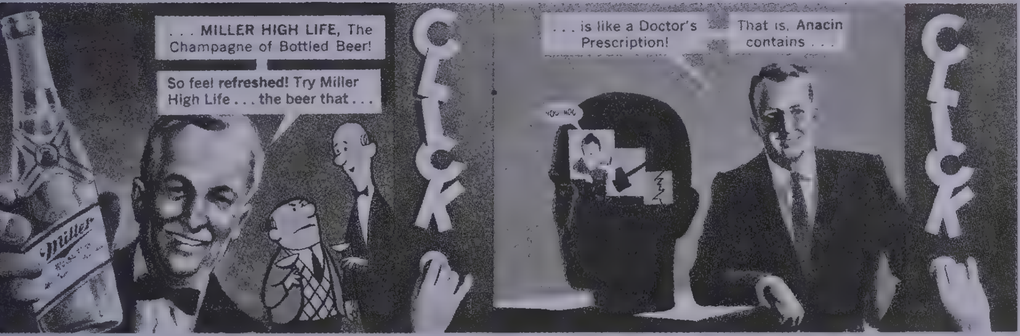

BUFFERIN!
And Bufferin acts twice as fast as . . .
A
B
CLICK
. . . DANNY THOMAS . . . saying "Goodnight" . . . and reminding you that Post Cereals are just a little bit better than . . .
CLICK
. . . RIVAL DOG FOOD!
Yes, friends, d really go for
RIVAL

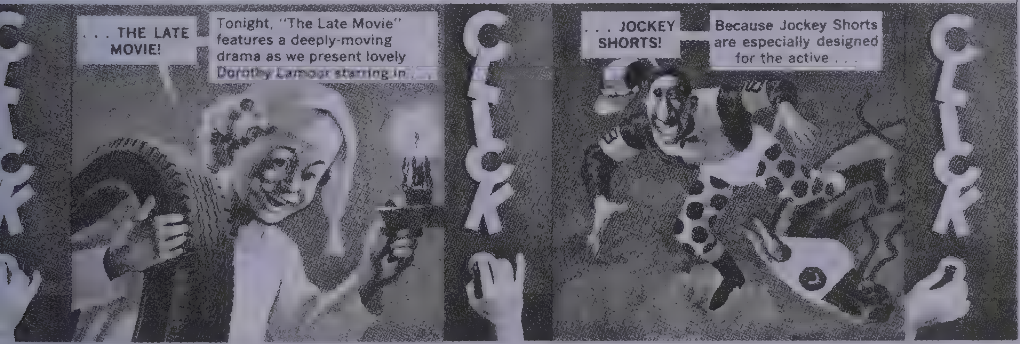

. . . BETTY FURNESS, speaking for WESTINGHOUSE
So if you want the best in a new toaster, refrigerator, or washing machine . . . remember! You can be sure . . . if it's . . .
CLICK
. . . A FORD STATION WAGON!
Take advantage of the deals being offered. This is the right time to visit your Ford Dealer .
CLICK

. That's the game where you have six TV channels and you keep turning to each, trying to find
he entertainment. The game starts when it's time for the commercial. Mainly, when you decide to
tch it off. Because the TV networks are wise to this sneaky maneuver, and they've all scheduled
ir ads to come on at the same time. Here, then, is what it's like . . . when you're playing . . .

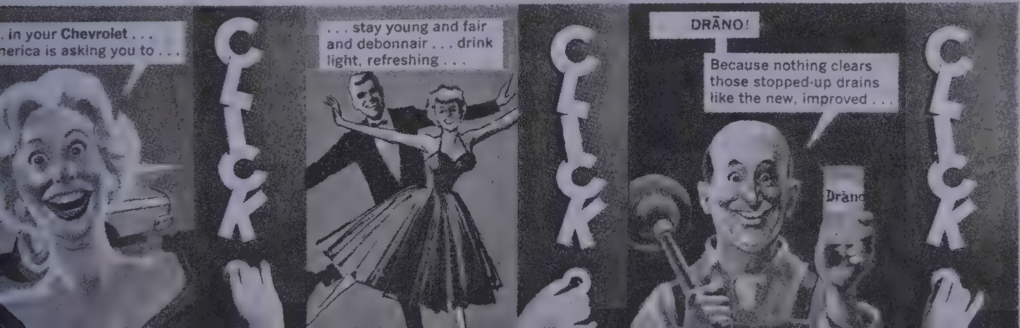
# ROULETTE

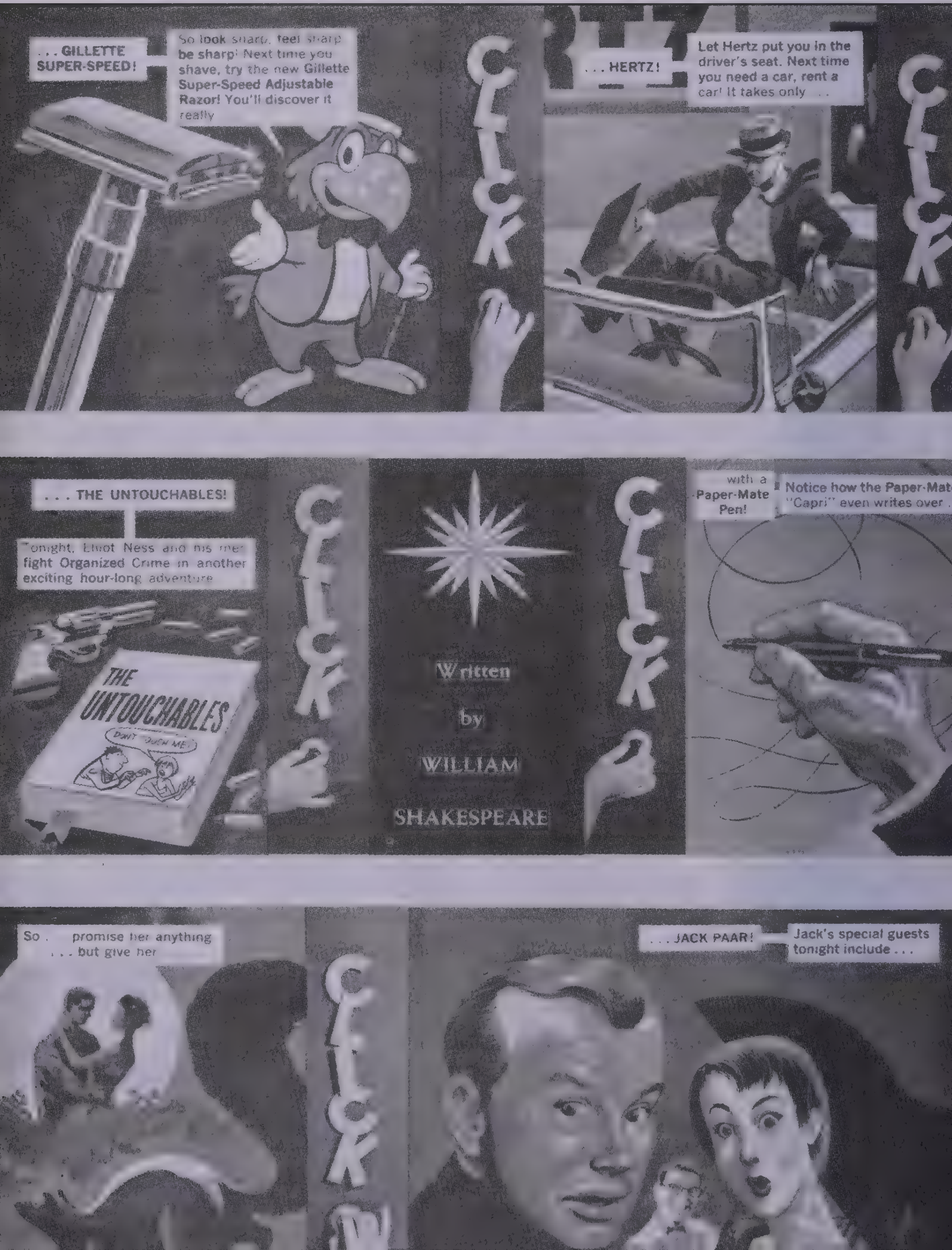
ITER: GARY BELKIN

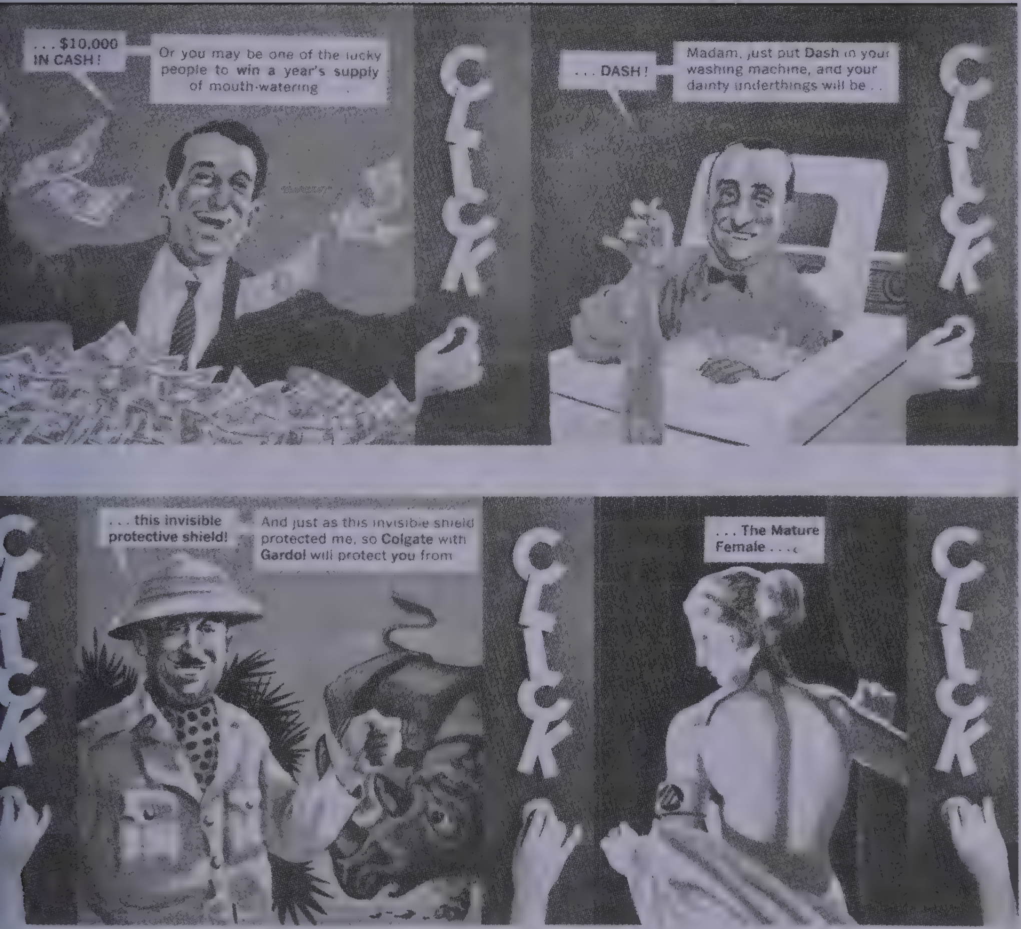

. . . MILLER HIGH LIFE, The Champagne of Bottled Beer!
So feel refreshed! Try Miller High Life . . . the beer that . . .
Miller
CLICK
. . . is like a Doctor's Prescription!
That is, Anacin contains . . .
CLICK


CLICK
. . . THE LATE MOVIE!
Tonight, "The Late Movie" features a deeply-moving drama as we present lovely Dorothy Lamour starring in . . .
CLICK
. . . JOCKEY SHORTS!
Because Jockey Shorts are especially designed for the active . . .
CLICK

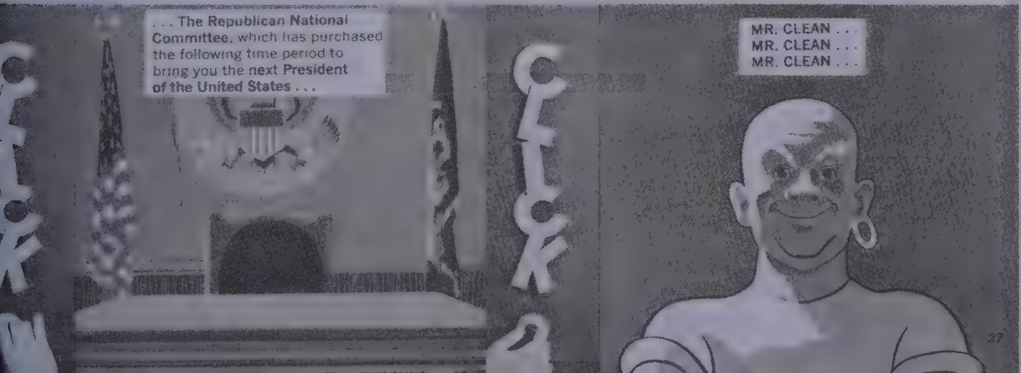
**CHAMPS-ELYSEES—Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson are lazy.


. in your Chevrolet . . .
nerica is asking you to . . .
CLICK
. . . stay young and fair and debonnair . . . drink light, refreshing . . .
CLICK
DRĀNO!
Because nothing clears those stopped-up drains like the new, improved . . .
Drāno
CLICK


. . . GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED!
So look sharp, feel sharp be sharp! Next time you shave, try the new Gillette Super-Speed Adjustable Razor! You'll discover it really
CLICK
. . . HERTZ!
Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. Next time you need a car, rent a car! It takes only . . .
CLICK
. . . THE UNTOUCHABLES!
Tonight, Eliot Ness and his men fight Organized Crime in another exciting hour-long adventure
THE UNTOUCHABLES
DON'T TOUCH ME!
CLICK
Written
by
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE
CLICK
with a Paper-Mate Pen!
Notice how the Paper-Mate "Capri" even writes over . . .
So . . . promise her anything . . . but give her
CLICK
. . . JACK PAAR!
Jack's special guests tonight include . . .


. . . $10,000 IN CASH!
Or you may be one of the lucky people to win a year's supply of mouth-watering . . .
CLICK
. . . DASH!
Madam, just put Dash in your washing machine, and your dainty underthings will be . .
CLICK
CLICK
. . . this invisible protective shield!
And just as this invisible shield protected me, so Colgate with Gardol will protect you from
CLICK
. . . The Mature Female . . .
CLICK

LA PLUME DE MA TANTE—There's a plum in my tent.


CLICK
. . . The Republican National Committee, which has purchased the following time period to bring you the next President of the United States . . .
CLICK
MR. CLEAN . . .
MR. CLEAN . . .
MR. CLEAN . . .

# S'matter, can't you Dial?!

No, this isn't Irving! What number do you want? Well, that's your trouble, idiot! You got the wrong number! This is AT-7…not AT-6! Why don't you learn how to Dial? People who like people Dial correctly! Y'know, you dragged me out of a shower! Well,what's so funny about that? Listen, do me a favor! After you learn how to Dial . . . drop dead!

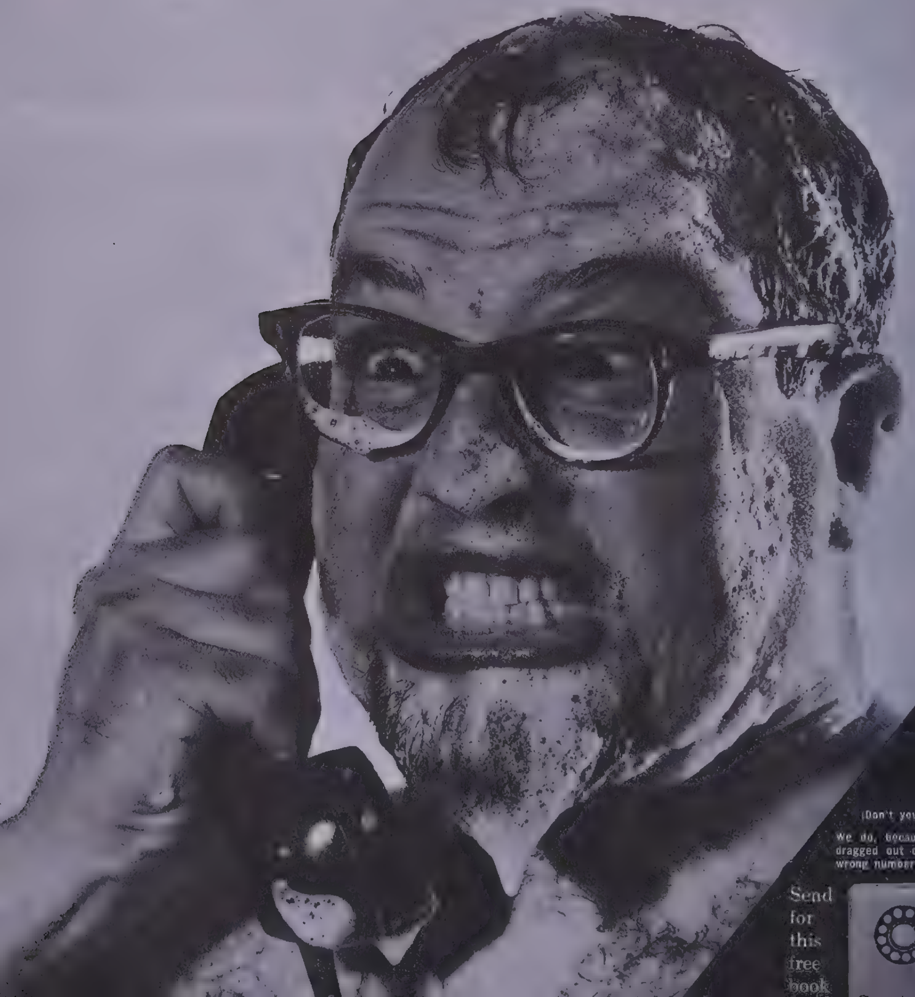


PHOTO BY LESTE

Are
you g
you D
correct

(Don't you wish everybody dr

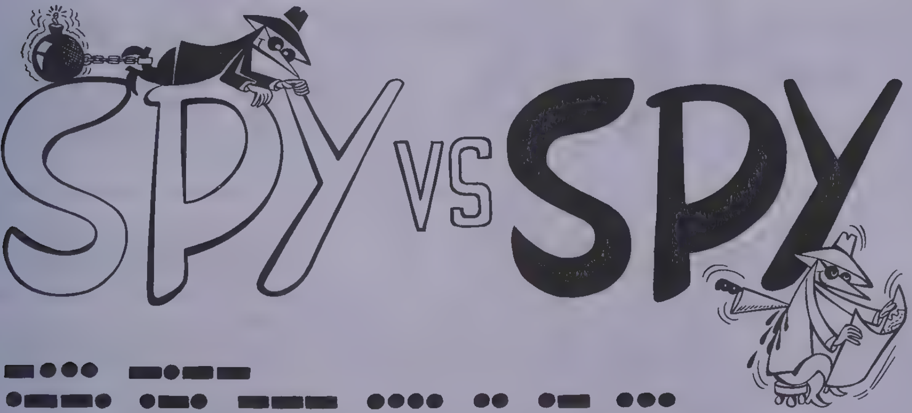
We do, because every time any
dragged out of a shower to ans
wrong number, he stops using ou

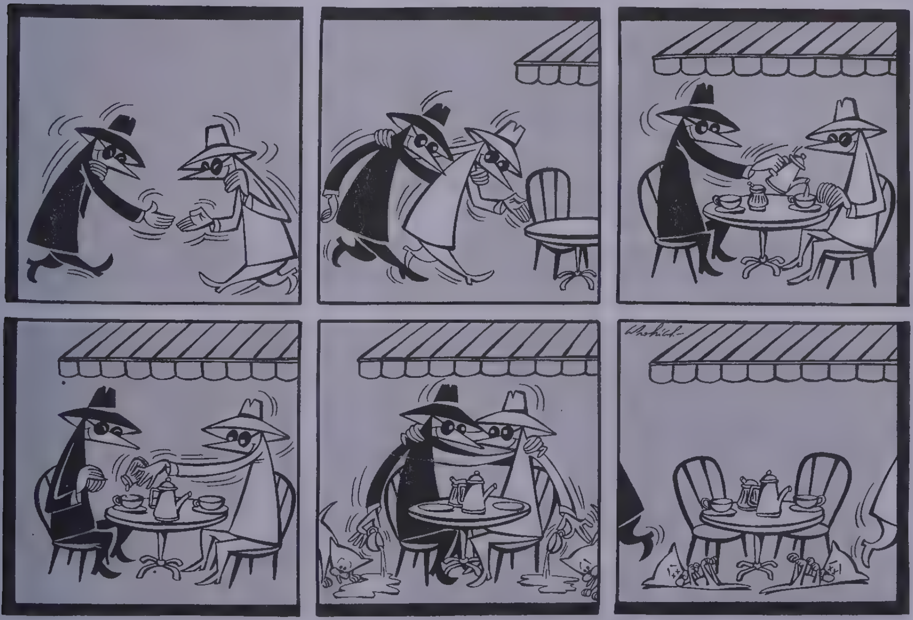
Send
for
this
free
book

HOW TO
dial
correctly

**JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.**

Antonio Prohias is a famous Cuban artist whose anti-Castro cartoons have appeared in such publications as Bohemia (largest circulation of any Spanish language magazine), the daily *Prensa Libre* (Free Press) *El Mundo,* and the Sunday *Oveja Negra* (Black Sheep). He has won the "Juan Gualberto Gomez" award (the equivalent of our Cartoon Society's "Ruben") six times. On May 1st, three days before Castro henchmen took over what remained of Cuba's free press, Prohias fled to N.Y. stone broke. Once here, he came directly to MAD. Among the things he showed us was this captivating cartoon-sequence of friendly rivalry called



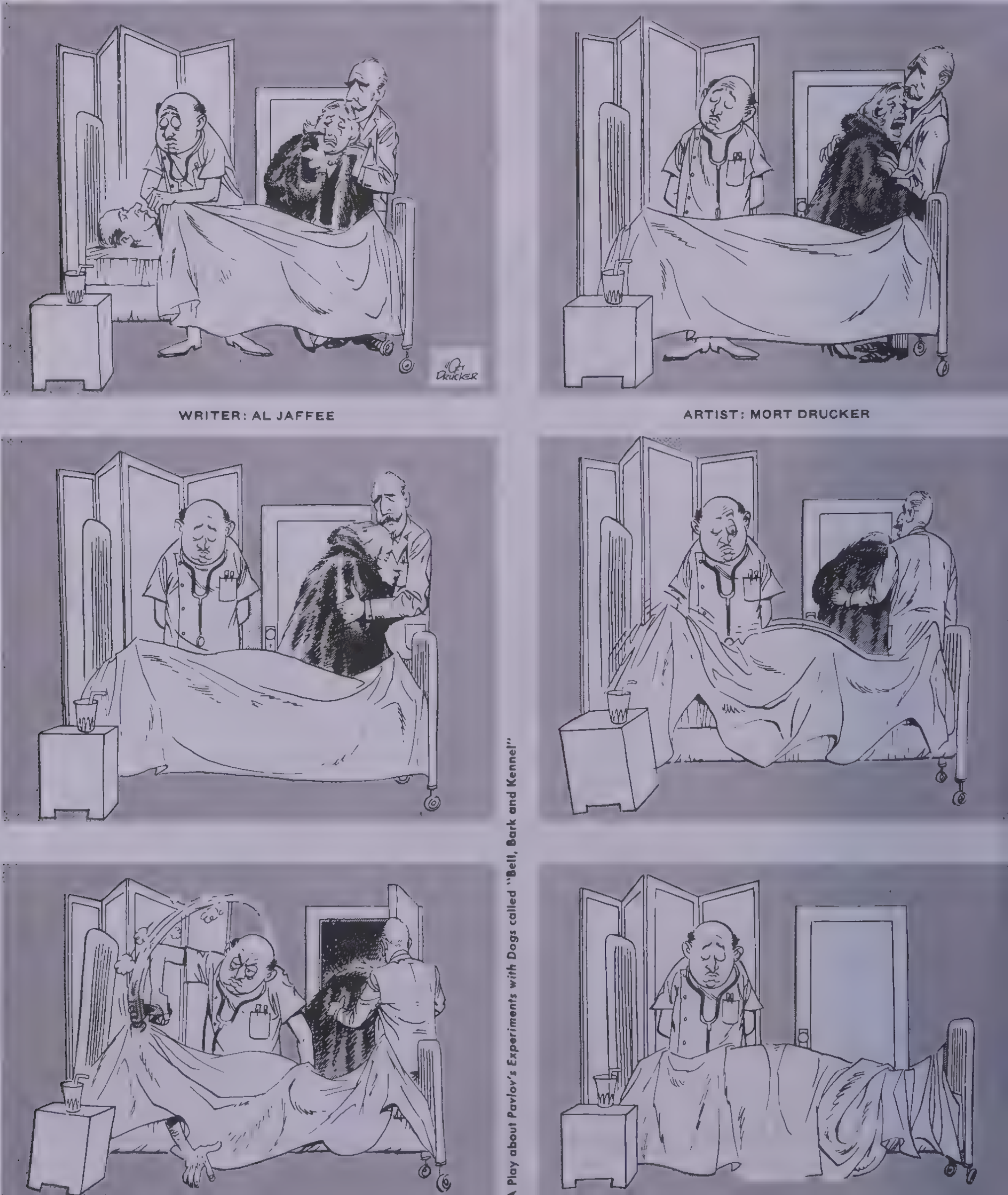


**THE KING AND I with
William Prince, Duke Ellington and Steve McQueen

HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

# Scenes We'd Like to See

The Doctor's Pronouncement.



WRITER: AL JAFFEE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

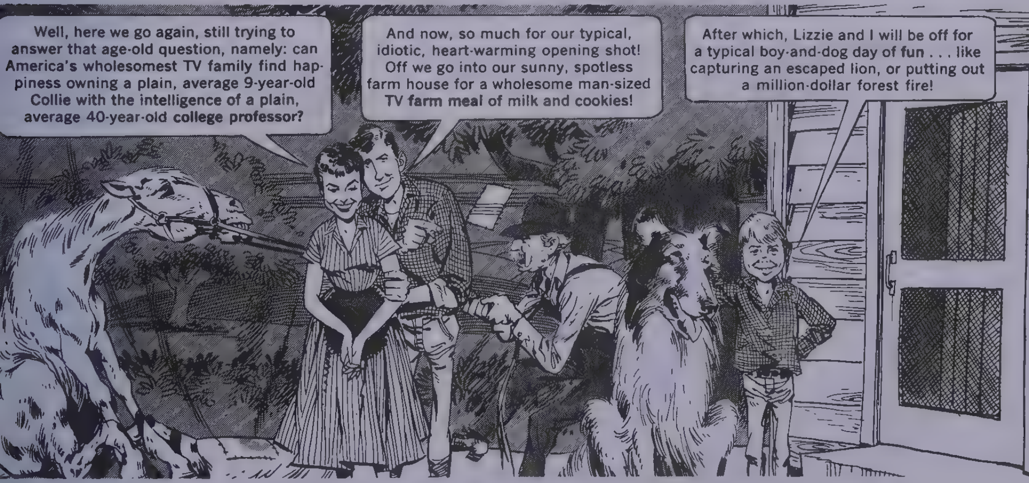
A Play about Pavlov's Experiments with Dogs called "Bell, Bark and Kennel"

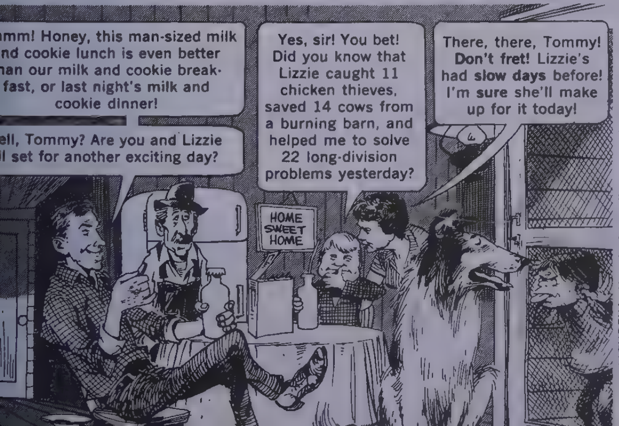
**MUTT ADO ABOUT NOTHING DEPT.**

Now that Albert Einstein has gone to his Reward, and Charles Van Doren was caught accepting his, probably the most popular intelligent American today is television's canine star, Lizzie. Every week, millions of kids watch with awe as this fantastic Collie performs unbelievable feats of brilliance. And so, in fairness to all these gullible youngsters, we here at MAD now present the real truth about . . .

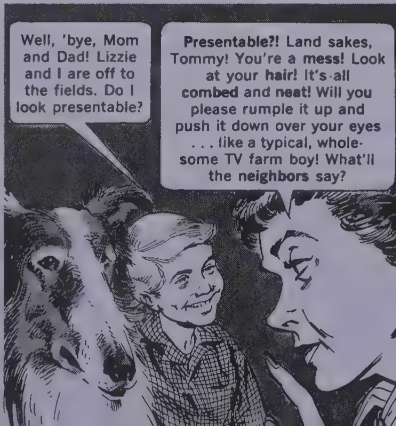
# TV'S WONDER DOG
# LIZZIE

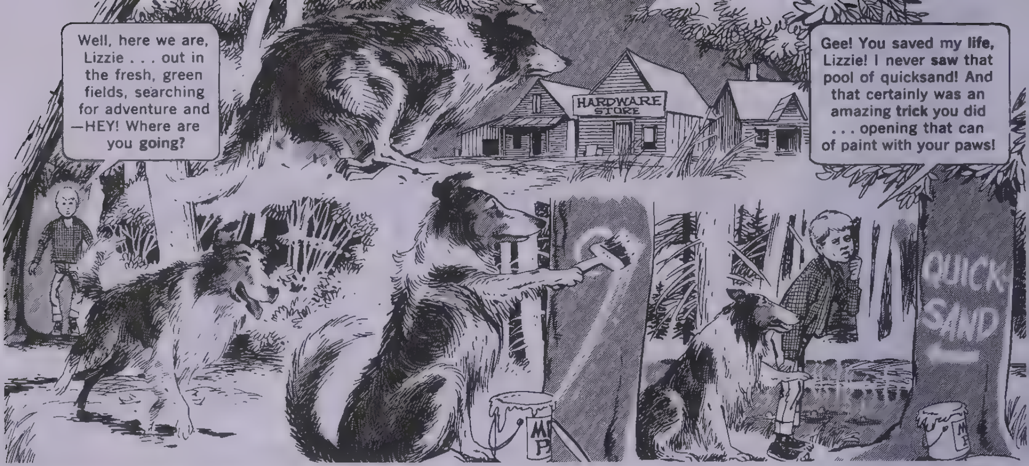
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

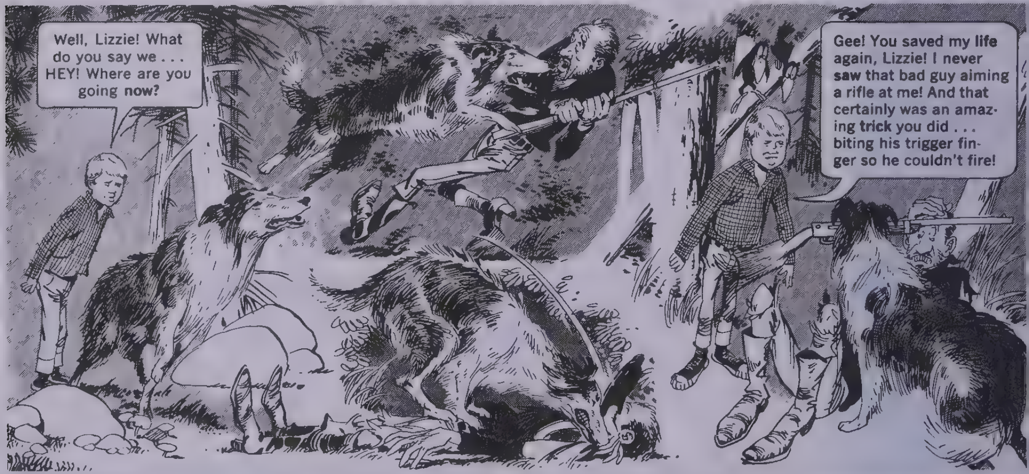

Well, here we go again, still trying to answer that age-old question, namely: can America's wholesomest TV family find happiness owning a plain, average 9-year-old Collie with the intelligence of a plain, average 40-year-old college professor?
And now, so much for our typical, idiotic, heart-warming opening shot! Off we go into our sunny, spotless farm house for a wholesome man-sized TV farm meal of milk and cookies!
After which, Lizzie and I will be off for a typical boy-and-dog day of fun . . . like capturing an escaped lion, or putting out a million-dollar forest fire!

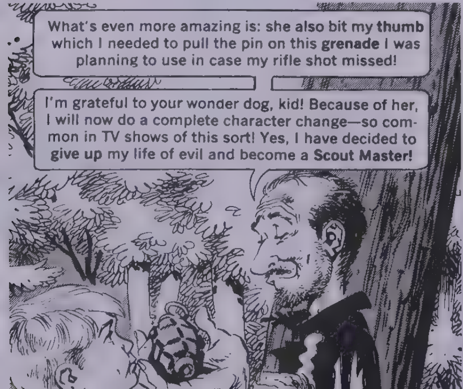

mmm! Honey, this man-sized milk nd cookie lunch is even better han our milk and cookie break-fast, or last night's milk and cookie dinner!
ell, Tommy? Are you and Lizzie ll set for another exciting day?
Yes, sir! You bet! Did you know that Lizzie caught 11 chicken thieves, saved 14 cows from a burning barn, and helped me to solve 22 long-division problems yesterday?
There, there, Tommy! Don't fret! Lizzie's had slow days before! I'm sure she'll make up for it today!
HOME SWEET HOME

EUREKA—You don't smell very good.

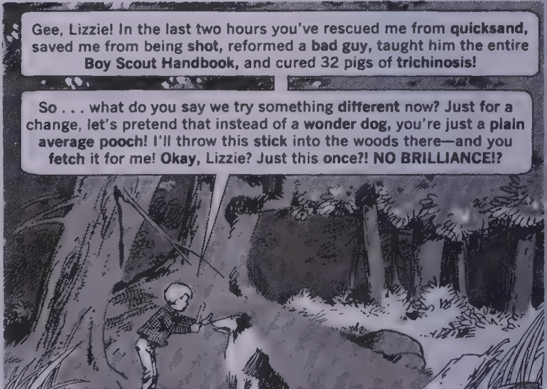

Well, 'bye, Mom and Dad! Lizzie and I are off to the fields. Do I look presentable?
Presentable?! Land sakes, Tommy! You're a mess! Look at your hair! It's all combed and neat! Will you please rumple it up and push it down over your eyes . . . like a typical, wholesome TV farm boy! What'll the neighbors say?

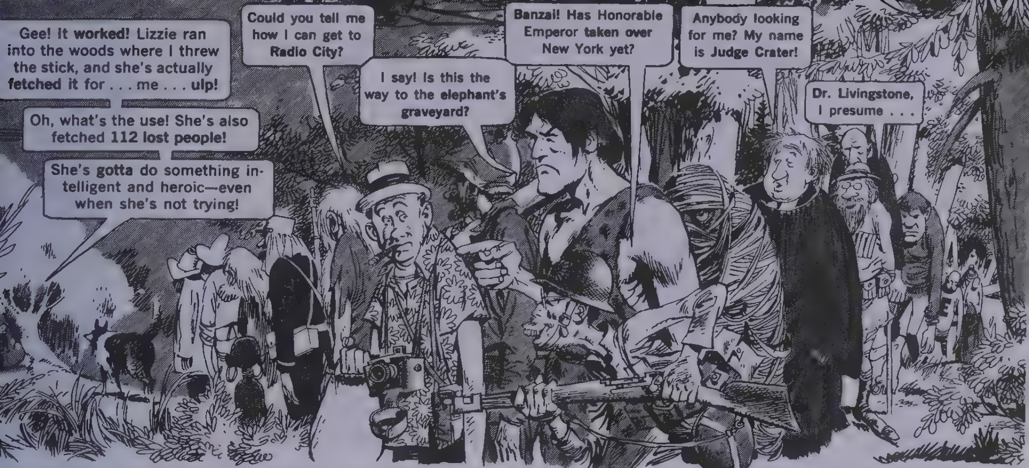

Well, here we are, Lizzie . . . out in the fresh, green fields, searching for adventure and —HEY! Where are you **going?**
HARDWARE STORE
MP
Gee! You saved my **life,** Lizzie! I never **saw** that pool of quicksand! And that certainly was an amazing **trick** you did . . . opening that can of paint with your paws!
QUICK-SAND
MP


Well, Lizzie! What do you say we . . . HEY! Where are you going **now?**
Gee! You saved my **life** again, Lizzie! I never **saw** that bad guy aiming a rifle at me! And that certainly was an amazing **trick** you did . . . biting his trigger finger so he couldn't fire!

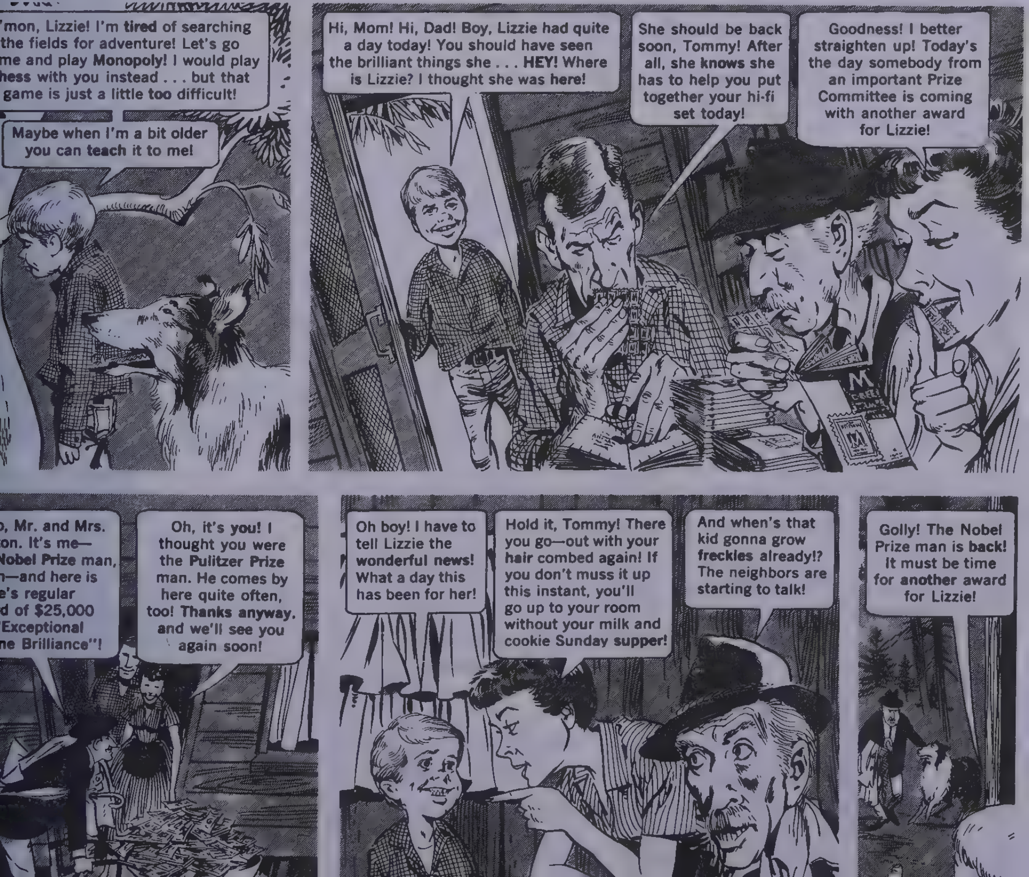

What's even more amazing is: she also bit my **thumb** which I needed to pull the pin on this **grenade** I was planning to use in case my rifle shot missed!
I'm grateful to your wonder dog, kid! Because of her, I will now do a complete character change—so common in TV shows of this sort! Yes, I have decided to **give up** my life of evil and become a **Scout Master!**

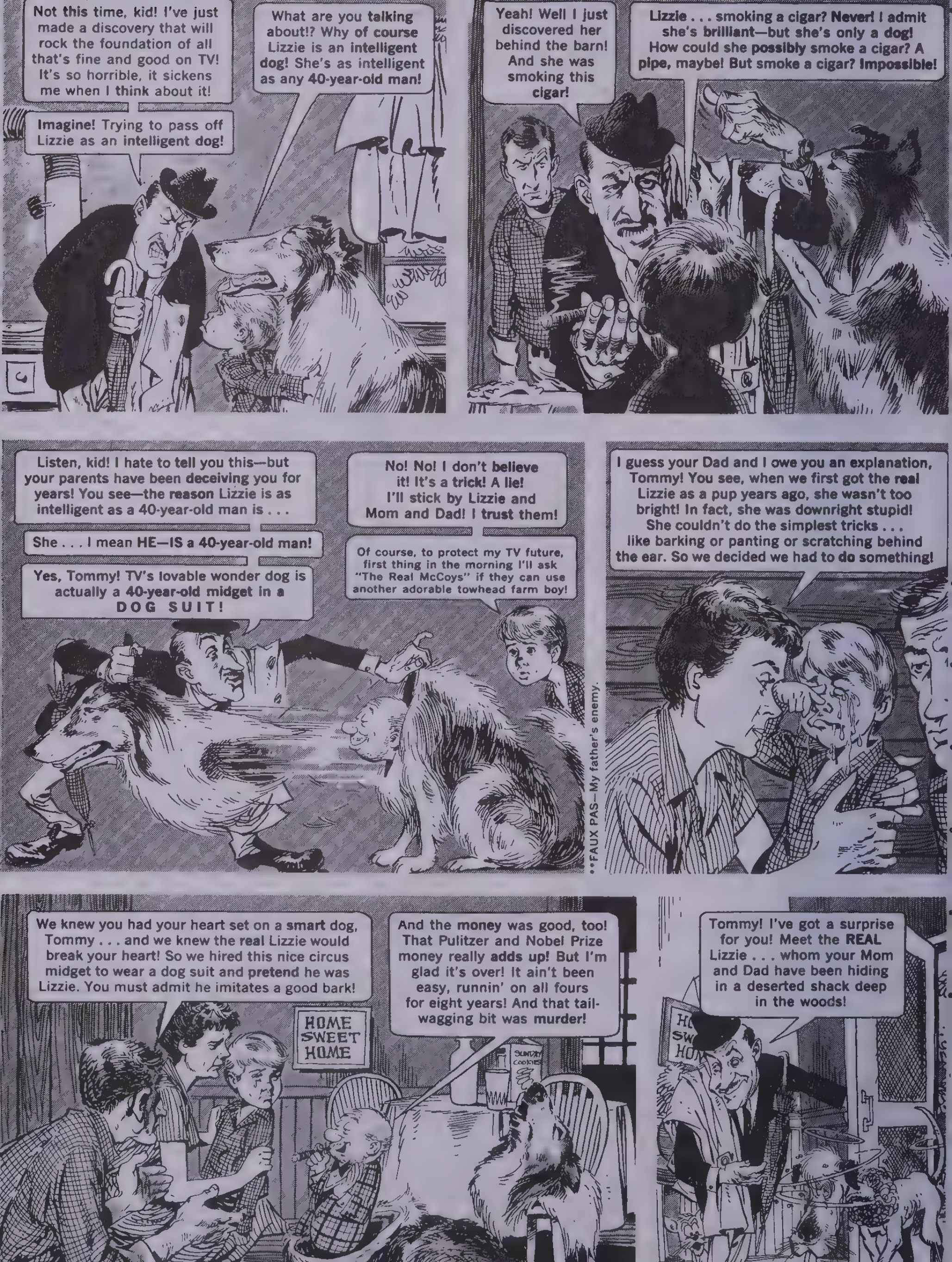
**CREPE DE CHINE—Red Chinese propaganda.


Gee, Lizzie! In the last two hours you've rescued me from **quicksand,** saved me from being **shot,** reformed a **bad guy,** taught him the entire **Boy Scout Handbook,** and cured 32 pigs of **trichinosis!**
So . . . what do you say we try something **different** now? Just for a change, let's pretend that instead of a **wonder dog,** you're just a **plain average pooch!** I'll throw this **stick** into the woods there—and you **fetch** it for me! **Okay,** Lizzie? Just this once?! **NO BRILLIANCE!?**

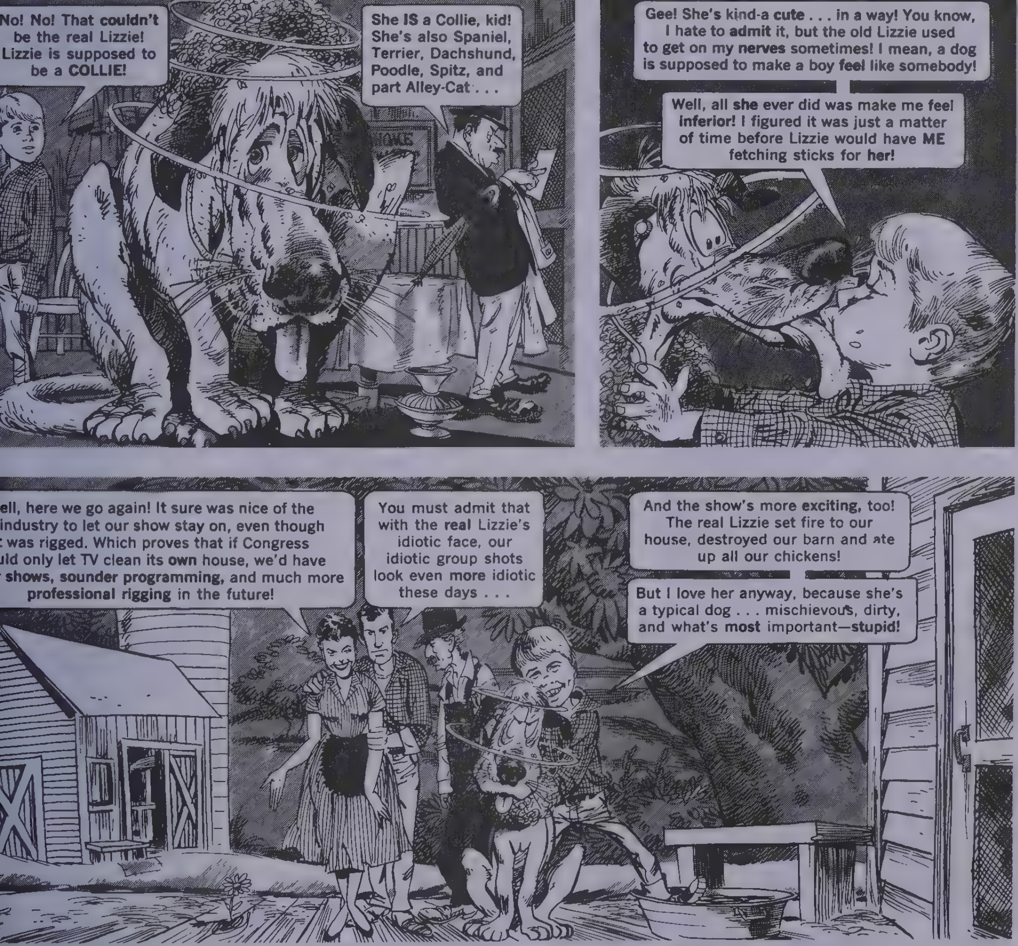

Gee! It worked! Lizzie ran into the woods where I threw the stick, and she's actually fetched it for . . . me . . . ulp!
Oh, what's the use! She's also fetched 112 lost people!
She's gotta do something intelligent and heroic—even when she's not trying!
Could you tell me how I can get to Radio City?
I say! Is this the way to the elephant's graveyard?
Banzai! Has Honorable Emperor taken over New York yet?
Anybody looking for me? My name is Judge Crater!
Dr. Livingstone, I presume . . .

**AIDE-DE-CAMP—I donated to the Fresh Air Fund.

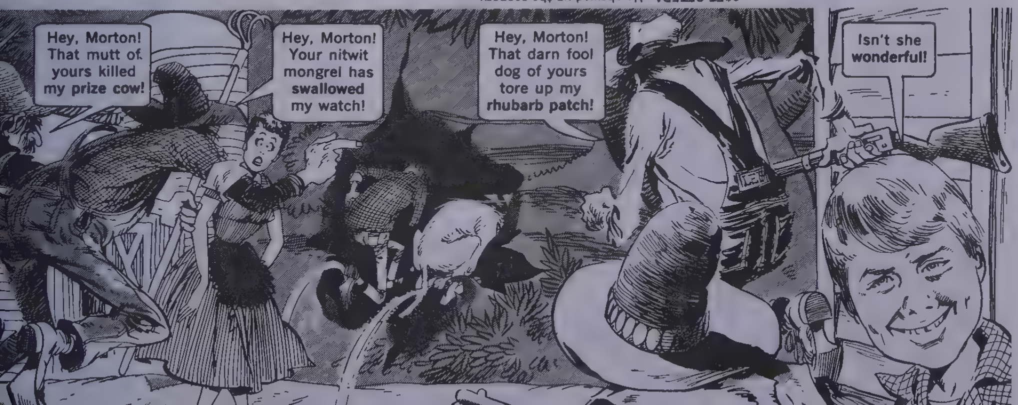

'mon, Lizzie! I'm tired of searching the fields for adventure! Let's go me and play Monopoly! I would play hess with you instead . . . but that game is just a little too difficult!
Maybe when I'm a bit older you can teach it to me!
Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! Boy, Lizzie had quite a day today! You should have seen the brilliant things she . . . HEY! Where is Lizzie? I thought she was here!
She should be back soon, Tommy! After all, she knows she has to help you put together your hi-fi set today!
Goodness! I better straighten up! Today's the day somebody from an important Prize Committee is coming with another award for Lizzie!
o, Mr. and Mrs. on. It's me— Nobel Prize man, n—and here is e's regular d of $25,000 "Exceptional ne Brilliance"!
Oh, it's you! I thought you were the Pulitzer Prize man. He comes by here quite often, too! Thanks anyway, and we'll see you again soon!
Oh boy! I have to tell Lizzie the wonderful news! What a day this has been for her!
Hold it, Tommy! There you go—out with your hair combed again! If you don't muss it up this instant, you'll go up to your room without your milk and cookie Sunday supper!
And when's that kid gonna grow freckles already!? The neighbors are starting to talk!
Golly! The Nobel Prize man is back! It must be time for another award for Lizzie!


Not this time, kid! I've just made a discovery that will rock the foundation of all that's fine and good on TV! It's so horrible, it sickens me when I think about it!
Imagine! Trying to pass off Lizzie as an intelligent dog!
What are you talking about!? Why of course Lizzie is an intelligent dog! She's as intelligent as any 40-year-old man!
Yeah! Well I just discovered her behind the barn! And she was smoking this cigar!
Lizzie . . . smoking a cigar? Never! I admit she's brilliant—but she's only a dog! How could she possibly smoke a cigar? A pipe, maybe! But smoke a cigar? Impossible!
Listen, kid! I hate to tell you this—but your parents have been deceiving you for years! You see—the reason Lizzie is as intelligent as a 40-year-old man is . . .
She . . . I mean HE—IS a 40-year-old man!
Yes, Tommy! TV's lovable wonder dog is actually a 40-year-old midget in a DOG SUIT!
No! No! I don't believe it! It's a trick! A lie! I'll stick by Lizzie and Mom and Dad! I trust them!
Of course, to protect my TV future, first thing in the morning I'll ask "The Real McCoys" if they can use another adorable towhead farm boy!
I guess your Dad and I owe you an explanation, Tommy! You see, when we first got the real Lizzie as a pup years ago, she wasn't too bright! In fact, she was downright stupid! She couldn't do the simplest tricks . . . like barking or panting or scratching behind the ear. So we decided we had to do something!
We knew you had your heart set on a smart dog, Tommy . . . and we knew the real Lizzie would break your heart! So we hired this nice circus midget to wear a dog suit and pretend he was Lizzie. You must admit he imitates a good bark!
HOME SWEET HOME
And the money was good, too! That Pulitzer and Nobel Prize money really adds up! But I'm glad it's over! It ain't been easy, runnin' on all fours for eight years! And that tail-wagging bit was murder!
SUNDAY COOKIES
Tommy! I've got a surprise for you! Meet the REAL Lizzie . . . whom your Mom and Dad have been hiding in a deserted shack deep in the woods!
HO SW HO

**FAUX PAS—My father's enemy.


No! No! That couldn't be the real Lizzie! Lizzie is supposed to be a COLLIE!
She IS a Collie, kid! She's also Spaniel, Terrier, Dachshund, Poodle, Spitz, and part Alley-Cat . . .
Gee! She's kind-a cute . . . in a way! You know, I hate to admit it, but the old Lizzie used to get on my nerves sometimes! I mean, a dog is supposed to make a boy feel like somebody!
Well, all she ever did was make me feel inferior! I figured it was just a matter of time before Lizzie would have ME fetching sticks for her!
ell, here we go again! It sure was nice of the industry to let our show stay on, even though t was rigged. Which proves that if Congress uld only let TV clean its own house, we'd have r shows, sounder programming, and much more professional rigging in the future!
You must admit that with the real Lizzie's idiotic face, our idiotic group shots look even more idiotic these days . . .
And the show's more exciting, too! The real Lizzie set fire to our house, destroyed our barn and ate up all our chickens!
But I love her anyway, because she's a typical dog . . . mischievous, dirty, and what's most important—stupid!

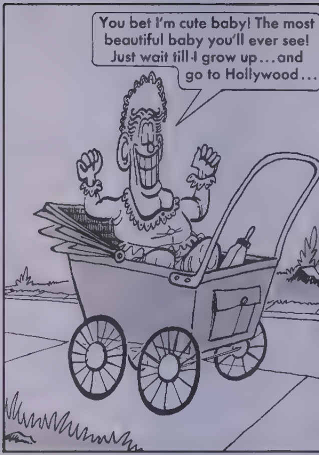
**ET CETERA—He chewed up the scenery.


Hey, Morton! That mutt of yours killed my prize cow!
Hey, Morton! Your nitwit mongrel has swallowed my watch!
Hey, Morton! That darn fool dog of yours tore up my rhubarb patch!
Isn't she wonderful!

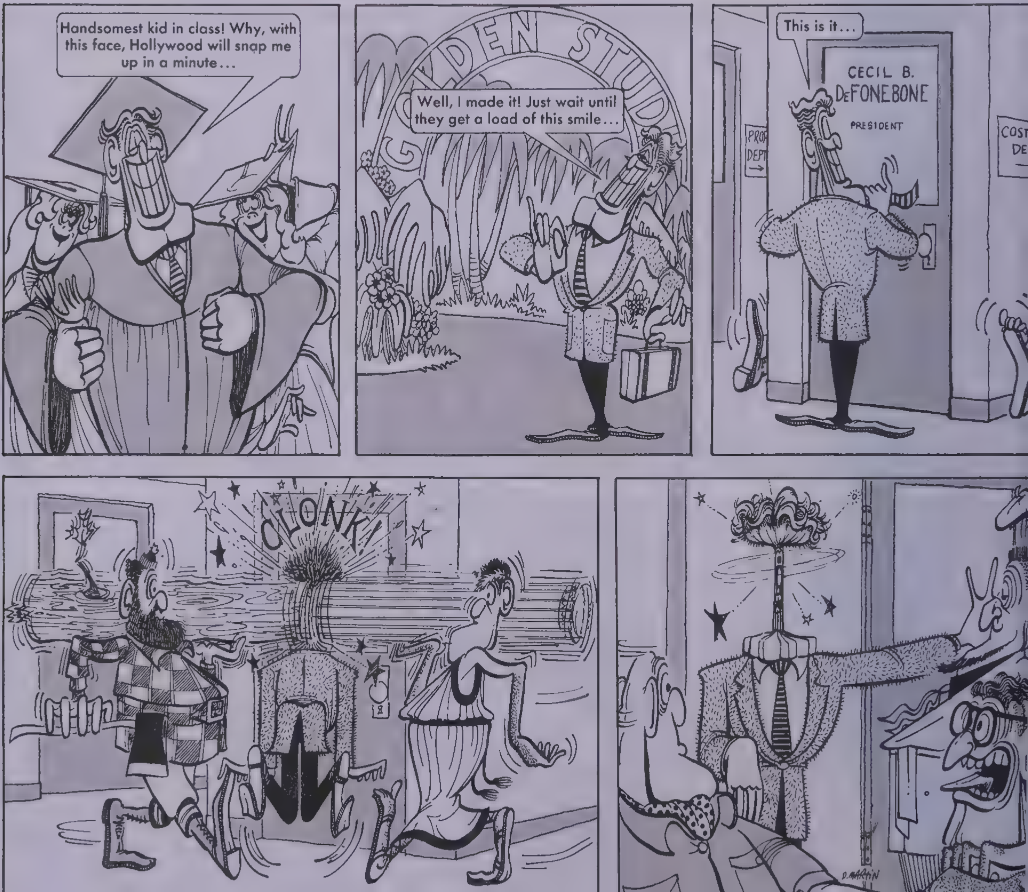
**DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I**

We are often asked what MAD'S maddest artist, Don Martin, really looks like — and if it's true that he resembles the characters he draws. Well, the answer is: No, he does not look like the people in his cartoons! Actually, due to his physical appearance, Don never planned on becoming an artist. He had much higher hopes — but his first offering of the issue shows you what happened to

# A Young Man's AMBITION


You bet I'm cute baby! The most beautiful baby you'll ever see! Just wait till I grow up...and go to Hollywood...

*A Play about a Bleached Blonde called "Dark At The Base Of The Hairs"

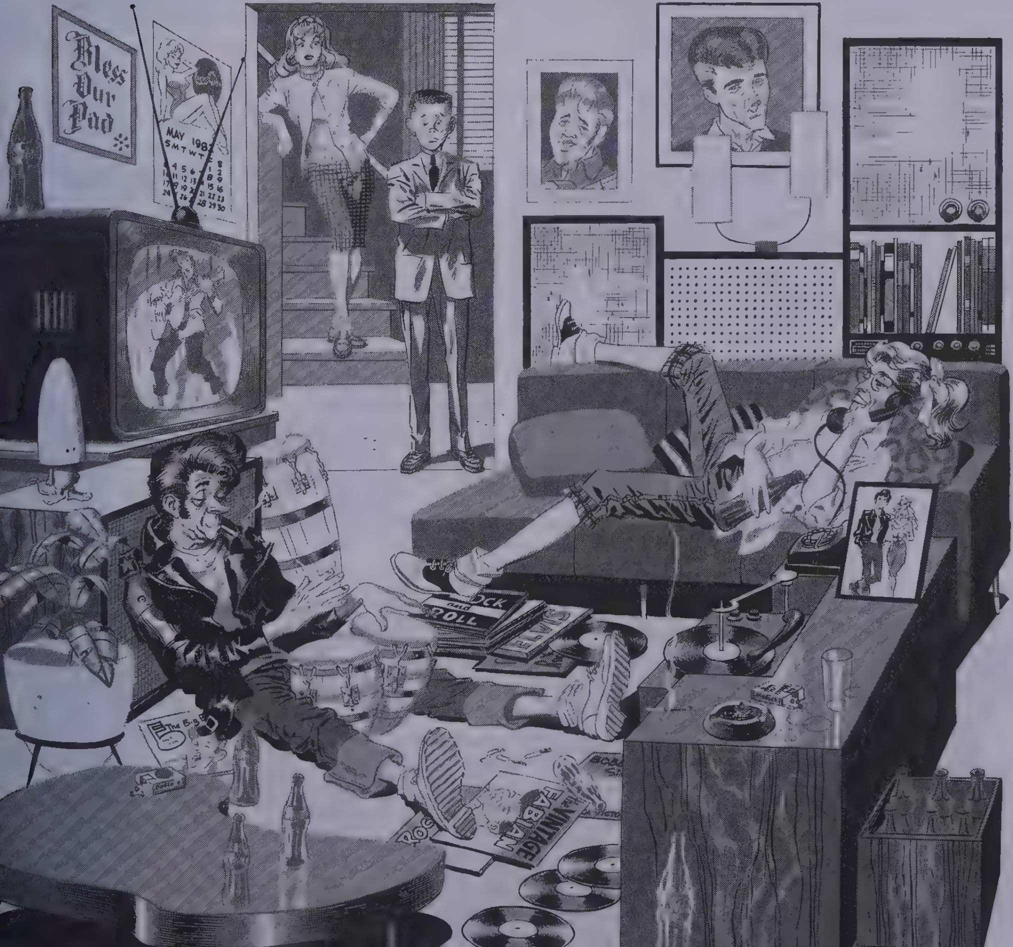

Handsomest kid in class! Why, with this face, Hollywood will snap me up in a minute...
GOLDEN STUD
Well, I made it! Just wait until they get a load of this smile...
This is it...
CECIL B. DeFONEBONE
PRESIDENT
PROP DEPT →
COST DE
CLONK!
D. MARTIN

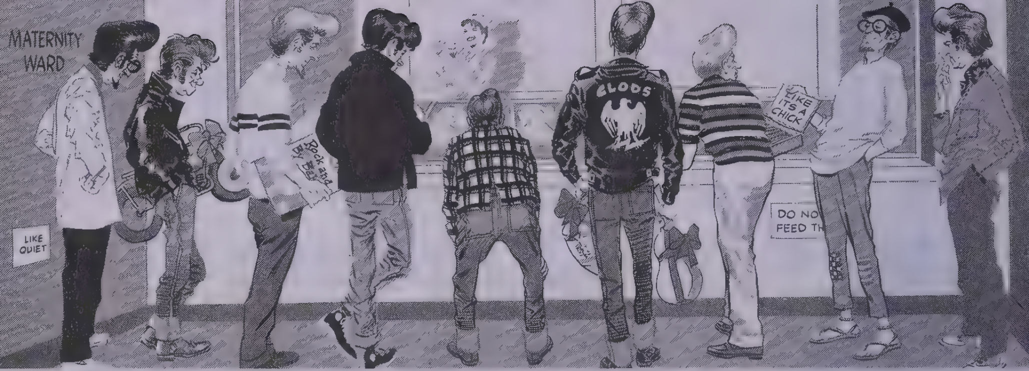
**DADDY-O KNOWS BEST DEPT.**

Much has been written about the teenager of today—but in every article we've seen, one important fact has been overlooked or ignored: namely, that the teenager of today is the parent of tomorrow! Yes, frightening as it may seem, we cannot escape the fact that the rebellious adolescent of the present will someday become the mother-symbol and father-image for the rebellious adolescent of the future. So with this horrible thought in mind, MAD presents an article which sneaks a peek into the future for a glimpse of what it will be like when today's teenagers become . . .

# TOMORROW'S PARENTS

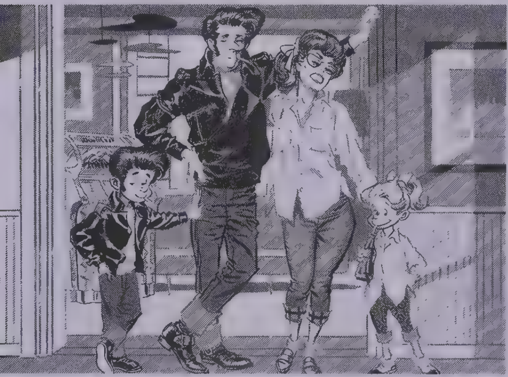
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD · WRITER: GARY BELKIN



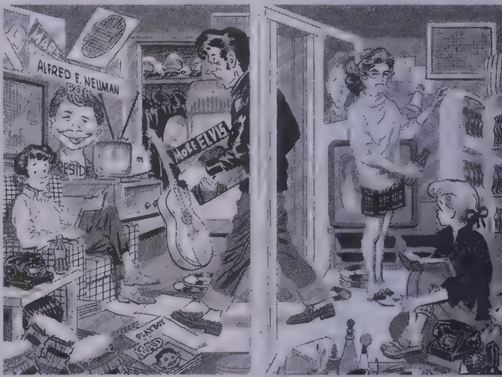

MATERNITY WARD
LIKE QUIET
Rock and By Bey
CLODS
LIKE ITS A CHICK
DO NO FEED TH

By the 1970's, today's young people will have found the answer to their respective teenage prayers, and many of them will have gotten married and become parents. As all parents do, they will name their children after their own personal idols. The most popular names for boys in 1970 will be Fabian, Frankie, Frankenstein, Bobby, Darin and Elvis. The most popular names for girls in 1970 will be Sandra, Tuesday, Wednesday, Annette, Funicello and Elvis.

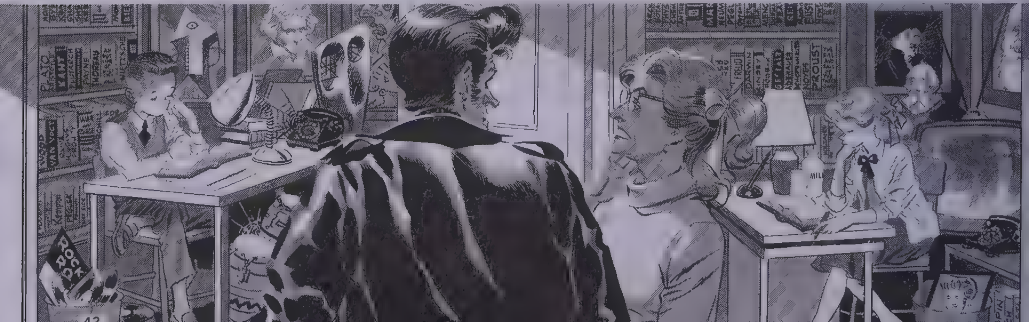
Here are two typical parents of 1975 — Fred and Ginger (named after their own parent's idols) Typical — proudly posing behind their two children: five-year-old Tuesday Sandra Typical, and six-year-old Kingston Trio Typical.



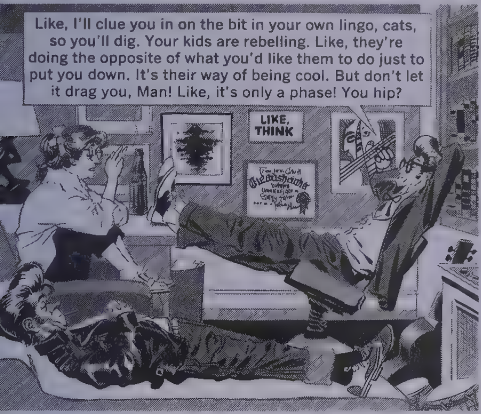
When Tuesday and Kingston reach their teens, they've got all the things Fred and Ginger's parents refused to give them: their own rooms, their own phones, monogrammed bongos, subscriptions to MAD, and a fifth-rate education.


ALFRED E. NEUMAN
More ELVIS
PLAYBOY
MAD

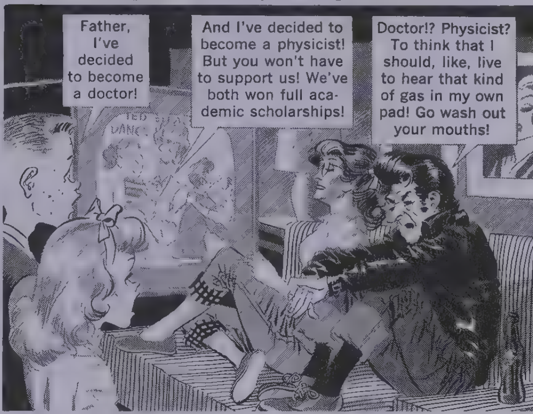
Yet, despite all these advantages, Fred and Ginger sense that their children are not turning out "right." Tuesday and Kingston keep their rooms neat and clean, never leave clothes lying around, read books, drink milk, watch only Educational TV, hate Rock 'n Roll, don't go steady (even though both are well past 12), and actually enjoy school.


PLATO
PROUST
MILK
ROCK

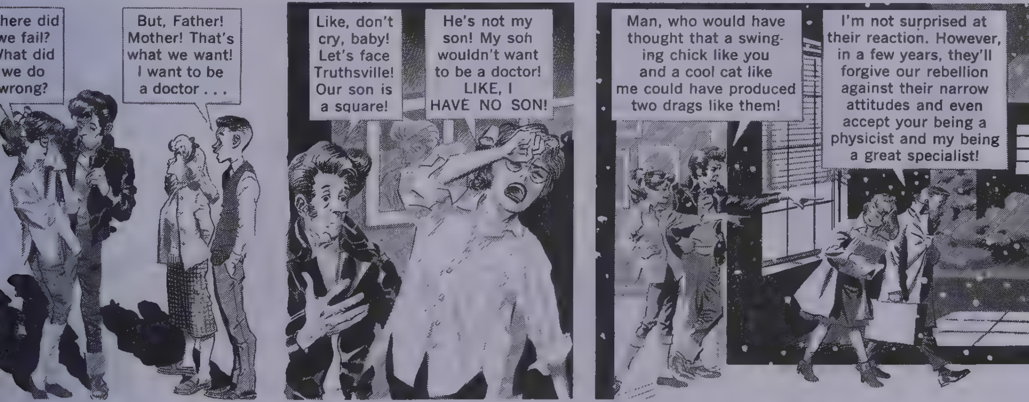
Sincerely worried about the strange behavior of their two teenage children, Fred and Ginger seek professional help. Reluctantly, they discuss the problem with a psychiatrist:


Like, I'll clue you in on the bit in your own lingo, cats, so you'll dig. Your kids are rebelling. Like, they're doing the opposite of what you'd like them to do just to put you down. It's their way of being cool. But don't let it drag you, Man! Like, it's only a phase! You hip?
LIKE, THINK

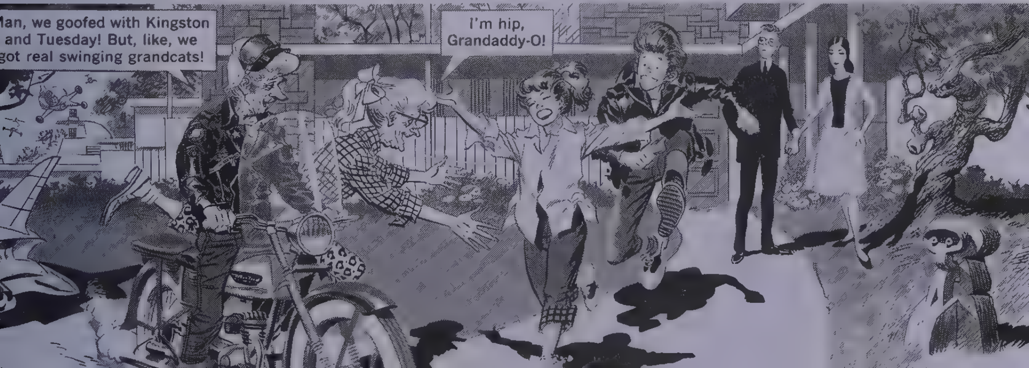
Temporarily relieved, Fred and Ginger resume their normal lives, hoping for the day when their children's rebellious phase will pass. But one day, that hope is shattered . . .


Father, I've decided to become a doctor!
And I've decided to become a physicist! But you won't have to support us! We've both won full academic scholarships!
Doctor!? Physicist? To think that I should, like, live to hear that kind of gas in my own pad! Go wash out your mouths!

**Where can I get in touch with you? *No place! I'm ticklish!*


here did we fail? hat did we do wrong?
But, Father! Mother! That's what we want! I want to be a doctor . . .
Like, don't cry, baby! Let's face Truthsville! Our son is a square!
He's not my son! My son wouldn't want to be a doctor! LIKE, I HAVE NO SON!
Man, who would have thought that a swinging chick like you and a cool cat like me could have produced two drags like them!
I'm not surprised at their reaction. However, in a few years, they'll forgive our rebellion against their narrow attitudes and even accept your being a physicist and my being a great specialist!

Kingston's remarks are prophetic. In years to come, Fred and Ginger will forgive and accept their children for what they are. However, having failed as doting parents, they will achieve astonishing success as doting grandparents. Because, just as their own children rebelled against them, their grandchildren will rebel against their own parents.

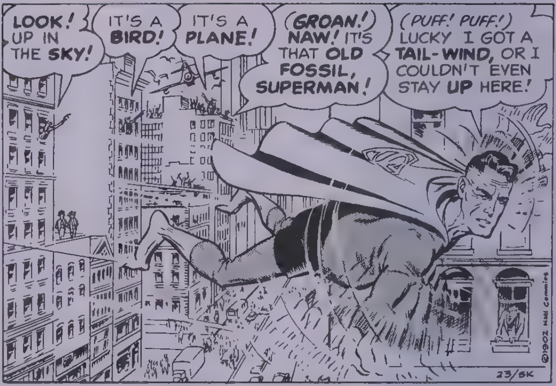

an, we goofed with Kingston and Tuesday! But, like, we got real swinging grandcats!
I'm hip, Grandaddy-O!

THE YELLOWED KIDS DEPT.

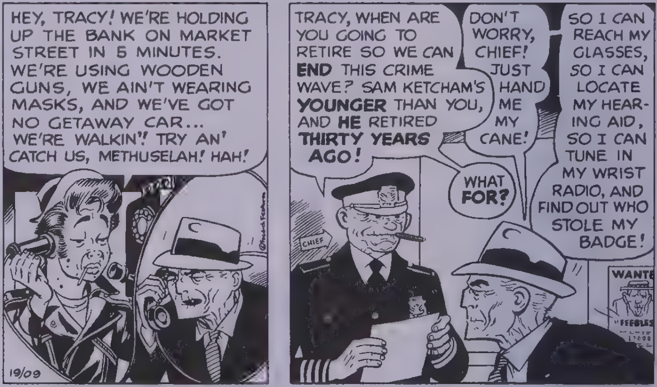
Everybody gets old! Everybody, that is, except most comic strip characters! These jokers have the uncanny ability to remain the same dull age year after year, getting into the same dull situations. So MAD's gonna break the monotony . . . bearing in mind that if these comic strip characters were to age, one good aspect would be that they'd soon die off and we wouldn't have to suffer through them any more. Anyway, let's take away their fountains of youth, and see what the future would be like . . .

# IF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS WERE AS OLD AS THEIR STRIPS

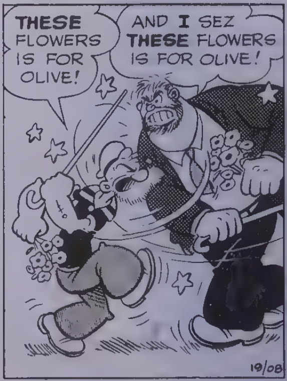
## SUPERMAN


LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE!
(GROAN!) NAW! IT'S THAT OLD FOSSIL, SUPERMAN!
(PUFF! PUFF!) LUCKY I GOT A TAIL-WIND, OR I COULDN'T EVEN STAY UP HERE!
©1902 Natl Comics
23/5K

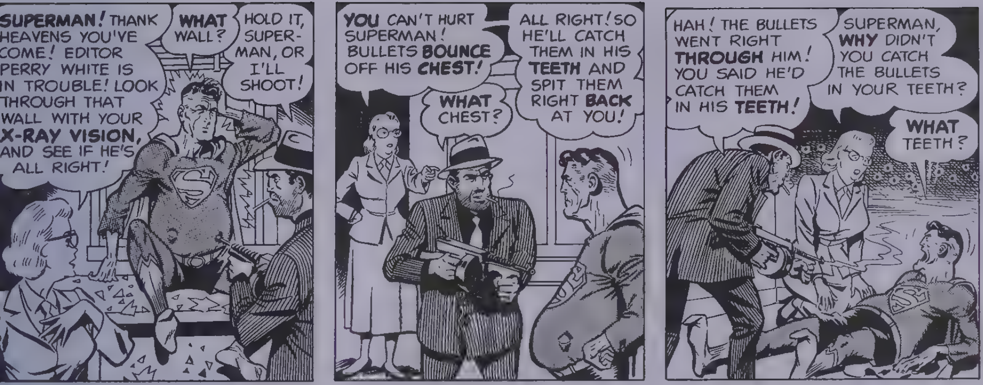
## DICK TRACY

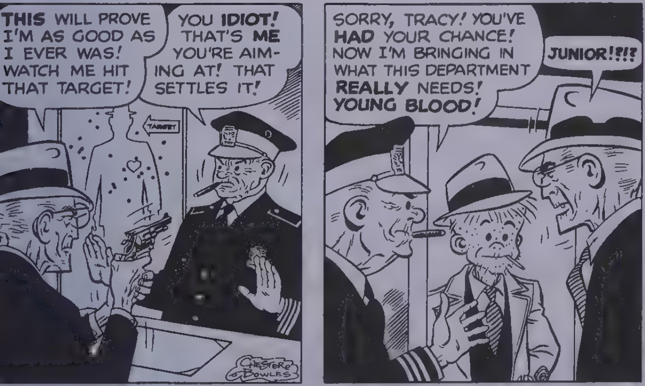

HEY, TRACY! WE'RE HOLDING UP THE BANK ON MARKET STREET IN 5 MINUTES. WE'RE USING WOODEN GUNS, WE AIN'T WEARING MASKS, AND WE'VE GOT NO GETAWAY CAR... WE'RE WALKIN'! TRY AN' CATCH US, METHUSELAH! HAH!
19/09
TRACY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RETIRE SO WE CAN END THIS CRIME WAVE? SAM KETCHAM'S YOUNGER THAN YOU, AND HE RETIRED THIRTY YEARS AGO!
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! JUST HAND ME MY CANE!
WHAT FOR?
SO I CAN REACH MY GLASSES, SO I CAN LOCATE MY HEARING AID, SO I CAN TUNE IN MY WRIST RADIO, AND FIND OUT WHO STOLE MY BADGE!
CHIEF
WANTE
FEEBLES

## POPEYE

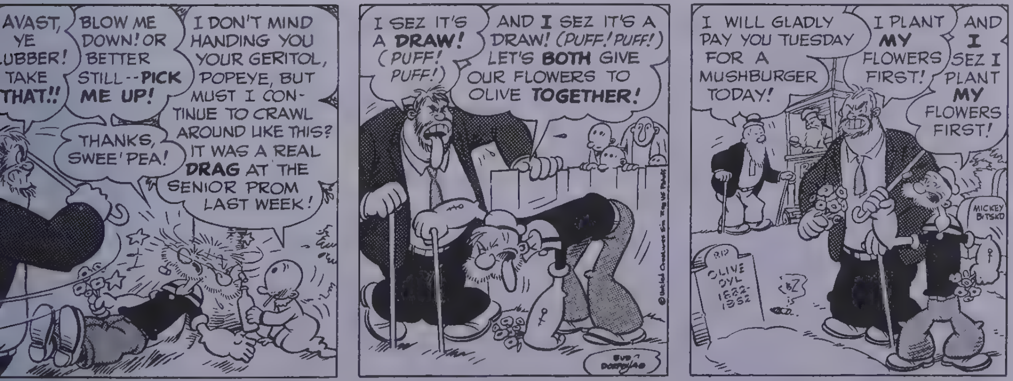

THESE FLOWERS IS FOR OLIVE!
AND I SEZ THESE FLOWERS IS FOR OLIVE!
19/08

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: EARLE DOUD

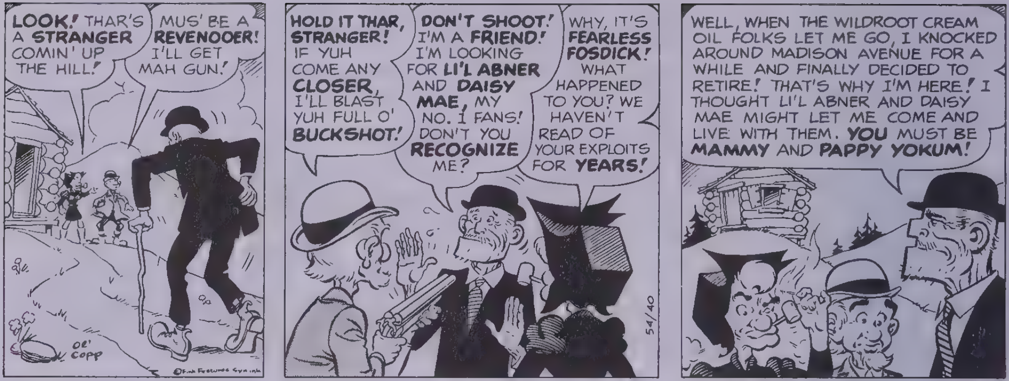

SUPERMAN! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! EDITOR PERRY WHITE IS IN TROUBLE! LOOK THROUGH THAT WALL WITH YOUR X-RAY VISION, AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!
WHAT WALL?
HOLD IT, SUPERMAN, OR I'LL SHOOT!
YOU CAN'T HURT SUPERMAN! BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS CHEST!
WHAT CHEST?
ALL RIGHT! SO HE'LL CATCH THEM IN HIS TEETH AND SPIT THEM RIGHT BACK AT YOU!
HAH! THE BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM! YOU SAID HE'D CATCH THEM IN HIS TEETH!
SUPERMAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU CATCH THE BULLETS IN YOUR TEETH?
WHAT TEETH?


THIS WILL PROVE I'M AS GOOD AS I EVER WAS! WATCH ME HIT THAT TARGET!
YOU IDIOT! THAT'S ME YOU'RE AIMING AT! THAT SETTLES IT!
TARGET
CHESTER G BOWLES
SORRY, TRACY! YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW I'M BRINGING IN WHAT THIS DEPARTMENT REALLY NEEDS! YOUNG BLOOD!
JUNIOR!?!?

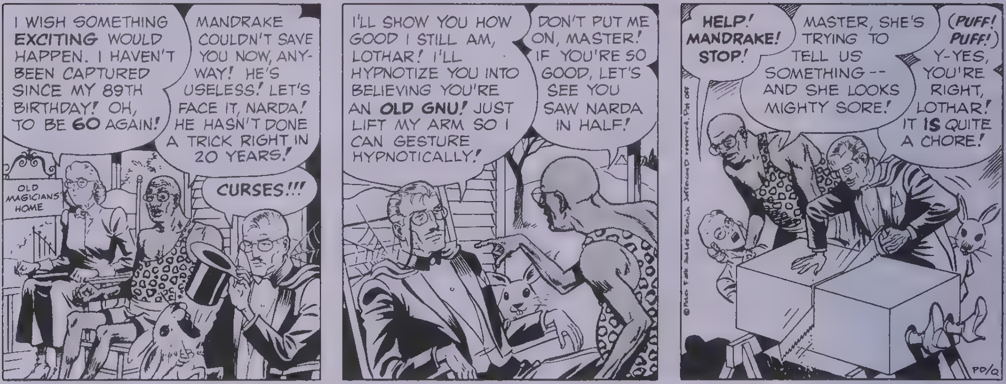
•••"Don't Put All Your Yeggs In One Casket"—Brotherhood of Underworld Funeral Directors


AVAST, YE UBBER! TAKE THAT!!
BLOW ME DOWN! OR BETTER STILL--PICK ME UP!
THANKS, SWEE'PEA!
I DON'T MIND HANDING YOU YOUR GERITOL, POPEYE, BUT MUST I CONTINUE TO CRAWL AROUND LIKE THIS? IT WAS A REAL DRAG AT THE SENIOR PROM LAST WEEK!
I SEZ IT'S A DRAW! (PUFF! PUFF!)
AND I SEZ IT'S A DRAW! (PUFF! PUFF!) LET'S BOTH GIVE OUR FLOWERS TO OLIVE TOGETHER!
BUD DORFMAO
I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A MUSHBURGER TODAY!
I PLANT MY FLOWERS FIRST!
AND I SEZ I PLANT MY FLOWERS FIRST!
RIP OLIVE OYL 1622-1952
MICKEY BITSKO

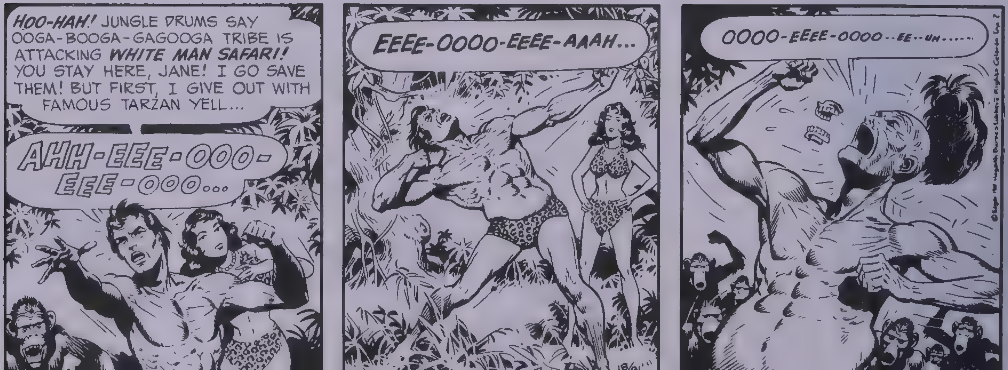
# LI'L ABNER

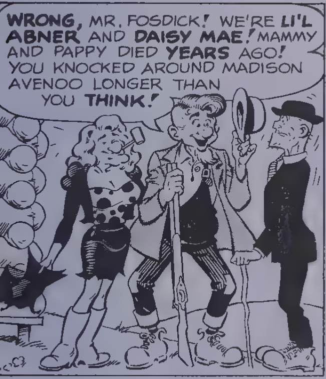

LOOK! THAR'S A STRANGER COMIN' UP THE HILL!
MUS' BE A REVENOOER! I'LL GET MAH GUN!
OL' COPP
©Fink Features Syn. inc
HOLD IT THAR, STRANGER! IF YUH COME ANY CLOSER, I'LL BLAST YUH FULL O' BUCKSHOT!
DON'T SHOOT! I'M A FRIEND! I'M LOOKING FOR LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE, MY NO. 1 FANS! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
WHY, IT'S FEARLESS FOSDICK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WE HAVEN'T READ OF YOUR EXPLOITS FOR YEARS!
54/40
WELL, WHEN THE WILDROOT CREAM OIL FOLKS LET ME GO, I KNOCKED AROUND MADISON AVENUE FOR A WHILE AND FINALLY DECIDED TO RETIRE! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I THOUGHT LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE MIGHT LET ME COME AND LIVE WITH THEM. YOU MUST BE MAMMY AND PAPPY YOKUM!

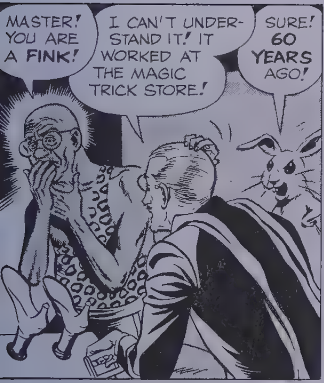
# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

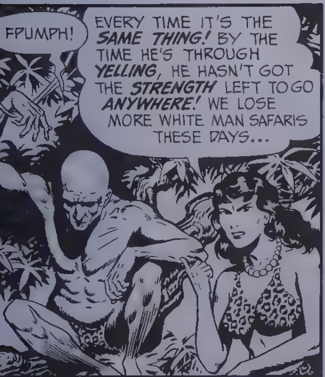

I WISH SOMETHING EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN. I HAVEN'T BEEN CAPTURED SINCE MY 89TH BIRTHDAY! OH, TO BE 60 AGAIN!
MANDRAKE COULDN'T SAVE YOU NOW, ANYWAY! HE'S USELESS! LET'S FACE IT, NARDA! HE HASN'T DONE A TRICK RIGHT IN 20 YEARS!
OLD MAGICIANS' HOME
CURSES!!!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW GOOD I STILL AM, LOTHAR! I'LL HYPNOTIZE YOU INTO BELIEVING YOU'RE AN OLD GNU! JUST LIFT MY ARM SO I CAN GESTURE HYPNOTICALLY!
DON'T PUT ME ON, MASTER! IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, LET'S SEE YOU SAW NARDA IN HALF!
©Peter Falk and Lee Resnick Jefferson® reserved, Pat Off
HELP! MANDRAKE! STOP!
MASTER, SHE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING -- AND SHE LOOKS MIGHTY SORE!
(PUFF! PUFF!) Y-YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, LOTHAR! IT IS QUITE A CHORE!
PD/Q

# TARZAN

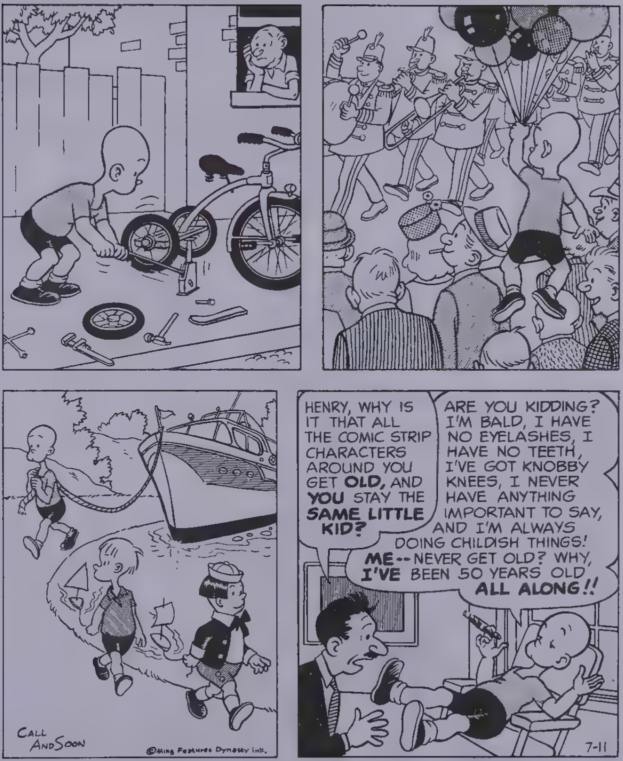

HOO-HAH! JUNGLE DRUMS SAY OOGA-BOOGA-GAGOOGA TRIBE IS ATTACKING WHITE MAN SAFARI! YOU STAY HERE, JANE! I GO SAVE THEM! BUT FIRST, I GIVE OUT WITH FAMOUS TARZAN YELL...
AHH-EEE-OOO-EEE-OOO...
EEEE-OOOO-EEEE-AAAH...
OOOO-EEEE-OOOO..EE..UH......


WRONG, MR. FOSDICK! WE'RE LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE! MAMMY AND PAPPY DIED YEARS AGO! YOU KNOCKED AROUND MADISON AVENOO LONGER THAN YOU THINK!

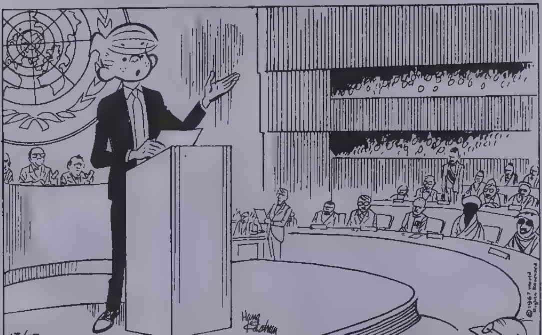

MASTER! YOU ARE A FINK!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT WORKED AT THE MAGIC TRICK STORE!
SURE! 60 YEARS AGO!


FPUMPH!
EVERY TIME IT'S THE SAME THING! BY THE TIME HE'S THROUGH YELLING, HE HASN'T GOT THE STRENGTH LEFT TO GO ANYWHERE! WE LOSE MORE WHITE MAN SAFARIS THESE DAYS...

## HENRY


HENRY, WHY IS IT THAT ALL THE COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS AROUND YOU GET OLD, AND YOU STAY THE SAME LITTLE KID?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M BALD, I HAVE NO EYELASHES, I HAVE NO TEETH, I'VE GOT KNOBBY KNEES, I NEVER HAVE ANYTHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, AND I'M ALWAYS DOING CHILDISH THINGS! ME--NEVER GET OLD? WHY, I'VE BEEN 50 YEARS OLD ALL ALONG!!
CALL AND SOON
©Ming Features Dynasty inx.
7-11

## DENNIS THE MENACE

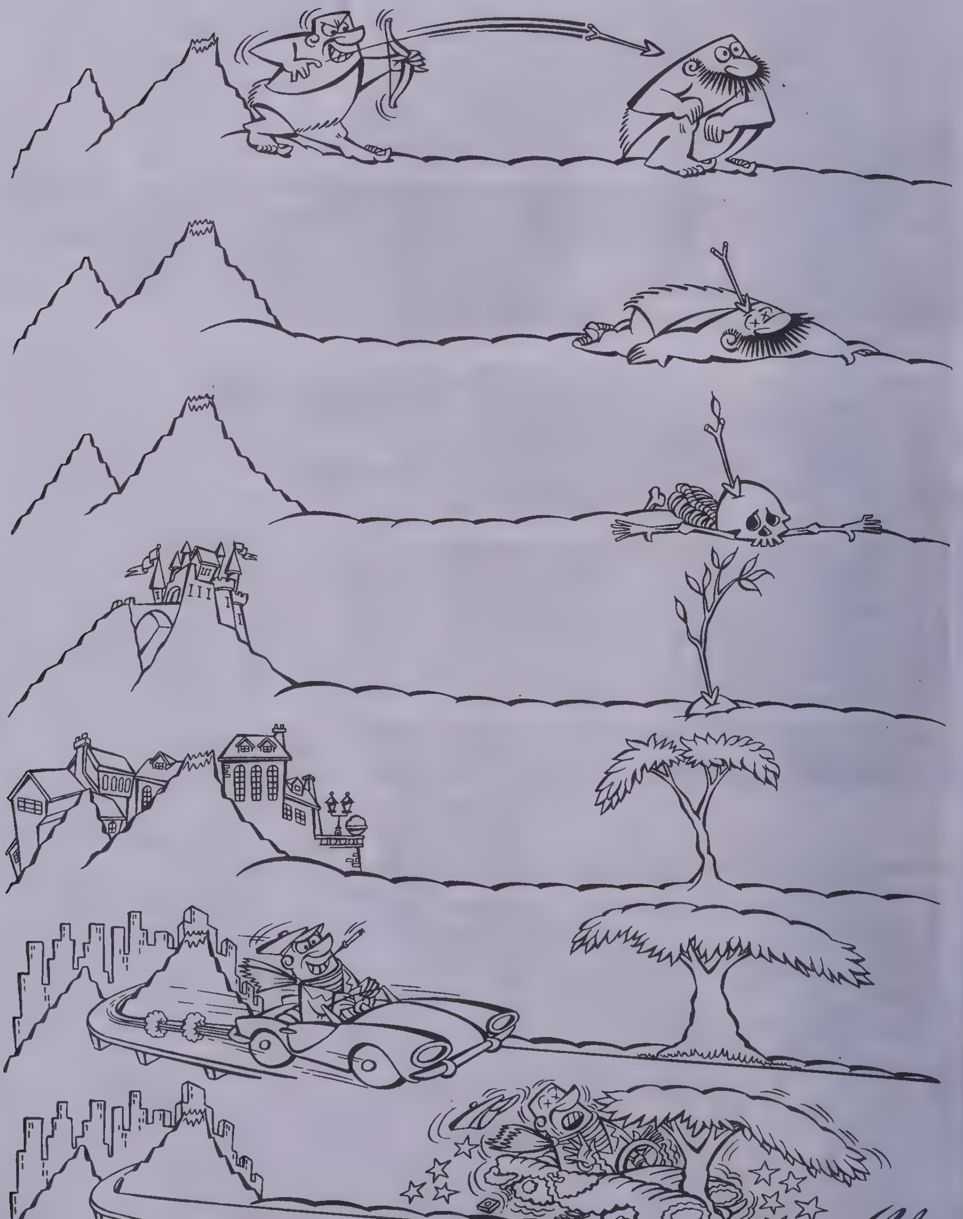

13/13
Hang Ketcham
©1967 World Rights Reserved

"As Chief U.S. Delegate to the United Nations, I would like to report that I have, through protracted discussion and extended mediation, accomplished the following: I have solved the Vietnam crisis . . . I have straightened out the Berlin situation . . . I have come up with a mutually acceptable disarmament plan . . . and I've put chewing gum on all your seats!"

**ONE-SHOT DEPT.**

# VENGEANCE

BY ANTONIO PROHIAS



**BIG-TIME OPERETTA DEPT.**

**THE APARTMENT "... left us flat!"

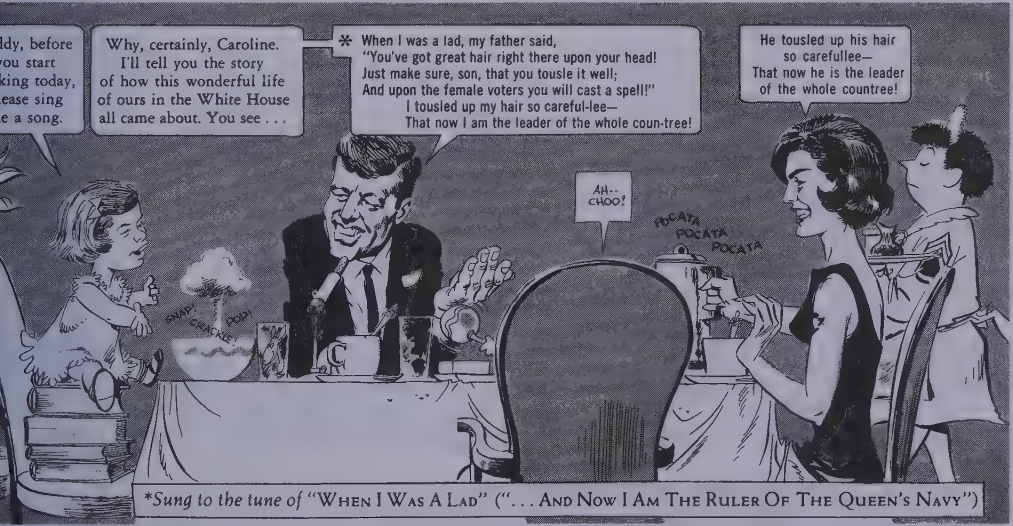
Gilbert and Sullivan are famous for their operettas, and will long be remembered for their clever and light-hearted satire. MAD, on the other hand is notorious for its articles, and will hardly be remembered for its idiotic and heavy-handed satire. So, in a desperate effort to alter its corporate image, the clod-staff of

# MAD MAGAZINE

(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan)

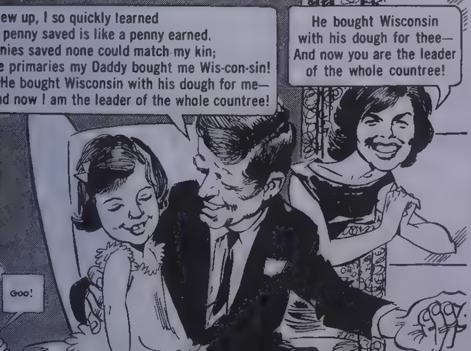
## PRESENTS

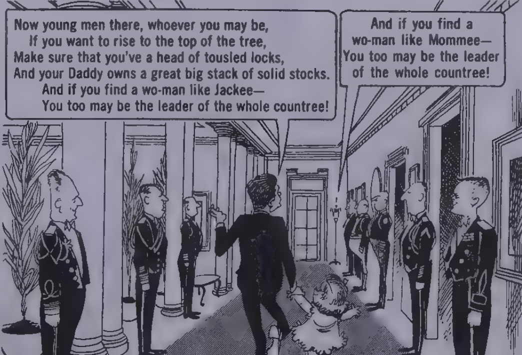
# A DAY WITH J-F-K

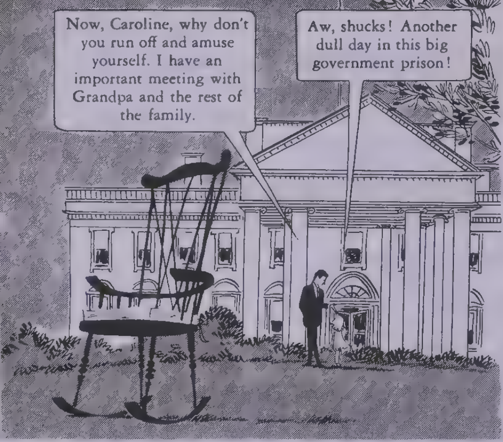

ddy, before
you start
king today,
ease sing
e a song.
Why, certainly, Caroline.
I'll tell you the story
of how this wonderful life
of ours in the White House
all came about. You see . . .
* When I was a lad, my father said,
"You've got great hair right there upon your head!
Just make sure, son, that you tousle it well;
And upon the female voters you will cast a spell!"
I tousled up my hair so careful-lee—
That now I am the leader of the whole coun-tree!
He tousled up his hair
so carefullee—
That now he is the leader
of the whole countree!
AH--
CHOO!
POCATA
POCATA
POCATA
SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!

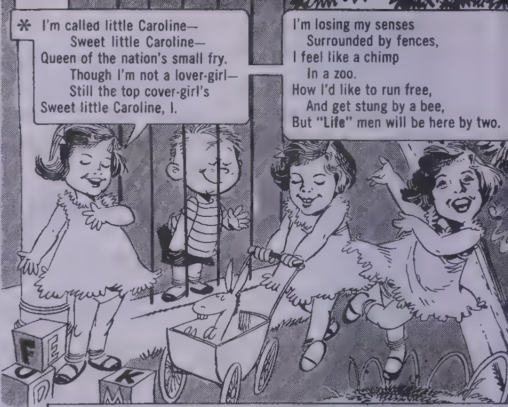
*Sung to the tune of "When I Was A Lad" ("... And Now I Am The Ruler Of The Queen's Navy")

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

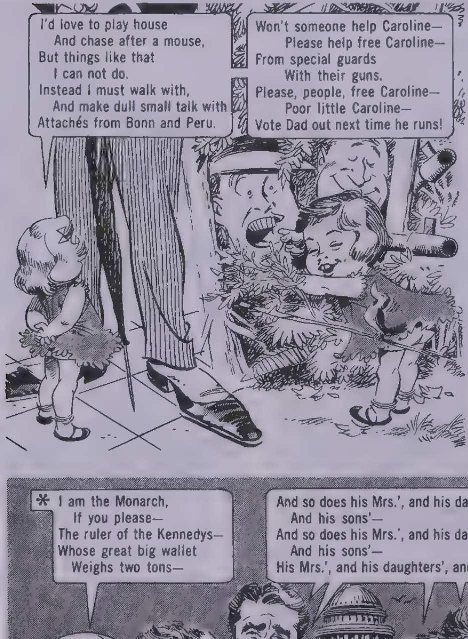

ew up, I so quickly learned
penny saved is like a penny earned.
nies saved none could match my kin;
e primaries my Daddy bought me Wis-con-sin!
He bought Wisconsin with his dough for me—
nd now I am the leader of the whole countree!
He bought Wisconsin
with his dough for thee—
And now you are the leader
of the whole countree!
GOO!

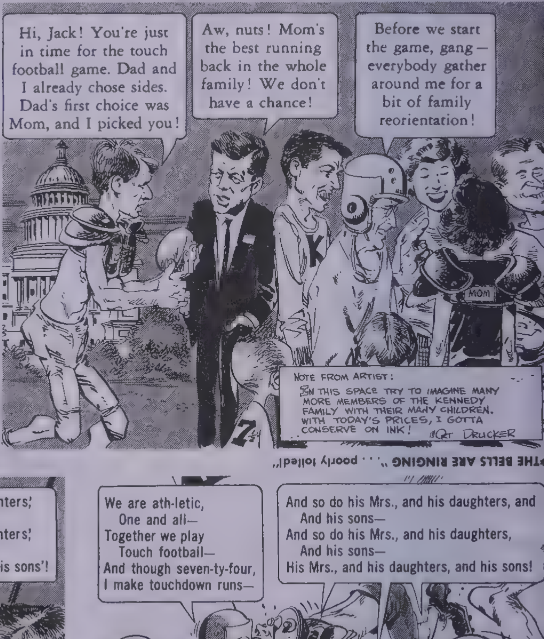

Now young men there, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Make sure that you've a head of tousled locks,
And your Daddy owns a great big stack of solid stocks.
And if you find a wo-man like Jackee—
You too may be the leader of the whole countree!
And if you find a
wo-man like Mommee—
You too may be the leader
of the whole countree!


Now, Caroline, why don't you run off and amuse yourself. I have an important meeting with Grandpa and the rest of the family.
Aw, shucks! Another dull day in this big government prison!

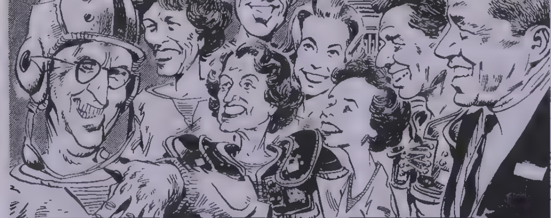

* I'm called little Caroline—
Sweet little Caroline—
Queen of the nation's small fry.
Though I'm not a lover-girl—
Still the top cover-girl's
Sweet little Caroline, I.
I'm losing my senses
Surrounded by fences,
I feel like a chimp
In a zoo.
How I'd like to run free,
And get stung by a bee,
But "Life" men will be here by two.
F
E
K
M
D

**Sung to the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"*

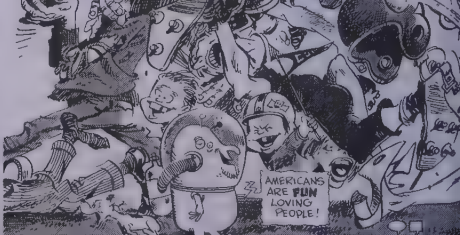

I'd love to play house
And chase after a mouse,
But things like that
I can not do.
Instead I must walk with,
And make dull small talk with
Attachés from Bonn and Peru.
Won't someone help Caroline—
Please help free Caroline—
From special guards
With their guns.
Please, people, free Caroline—
Poor little Caroline—
Vote Dad out next time he runs!

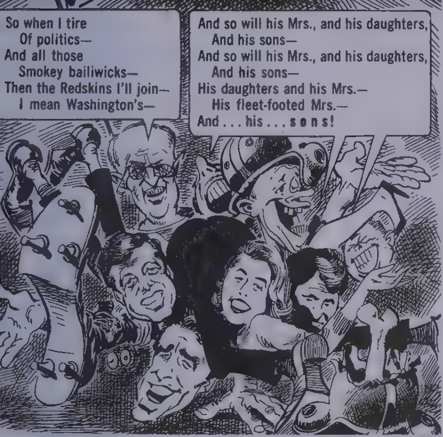

Hi, Jack! You're just in time for the touch football game. Dad and I already chose sides. Dad's first choice was Mom, and I picked you!
Aw, nuts! Mom's the best running back in the whole family! We don't have a chance!
Before we start the game, gang — everybody gather around me for a bit of family reorientation!
K
MOM
7
NOTE FROM ARTIST:
IN THIS SPACE TRY TO IMAGINE MANY MORE MEMBERS OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY WITH THEIR MANY CHILDREN. WITH TODAY'S PRICES, I GOTTA CONSERVE ON INK! MORT DRUCKER

THE BELLS ARE RINGING "... poorly tolled!"

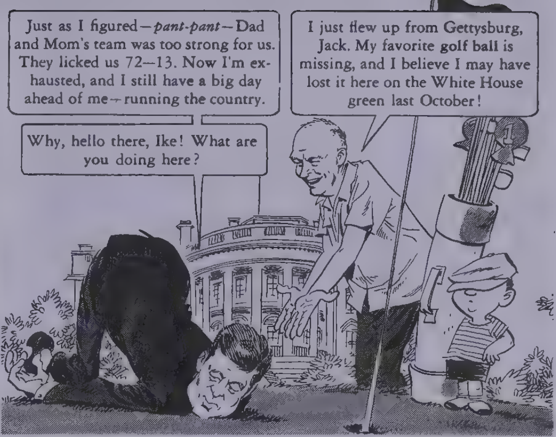

* I am the Monarch,
If you please—
The ruler of the Kennedys—
Whose great big wallet
Weighs two tons—
And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters;
And his sons'—
And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters;
And his sons'—
His Mrs.', and his daughters', and his sons'!

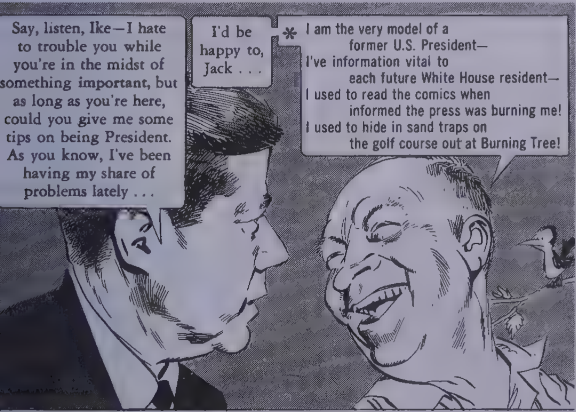
**Sung to the tune of "I Am The Monarch Of The Sea"*


We are ath-letic,
One and all—
Together we play
Touch football—
And though seven-ty-four,
I make touchdown runs—
And so do his Mrs., and his daughters, and
And his sons—
And so do his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
His Mrs., and his daughters, and his sons!
AMERICANS ARE FUN LOVING PEOPLE!

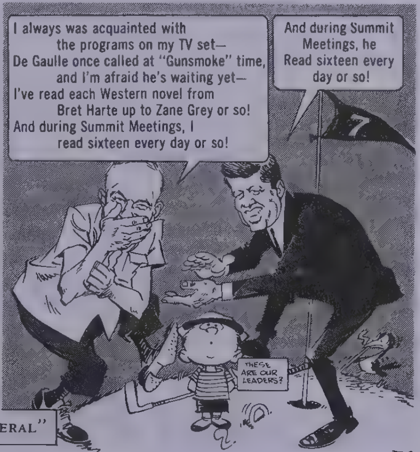

So when I tire
Of politics—
And all those
Smokey bailiwicks—
Then the Redskins I'll join—
I mean Washington's—
And so will his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
And so will his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
His daughters and his Mrs.—
His fleet-footed Mrs.—
And . . . his . . . sons!

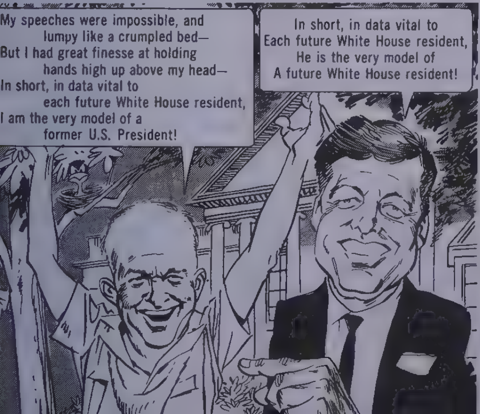
**BEN-HUR ". . . loved Ben, hated Hur!"


Just as I figured—*pant-pant*—Dad and Mom's team was too strong for us. They licked us 72—13. Now I'm exhausted, and I still have a big day ahead of me—running the country.
Why, hello there, Ike! What are you doing here?
I just flew up from Gettysburg, Jack. My favorite golf ball is missing, and I believe I may have lost it here on the White House green last October!

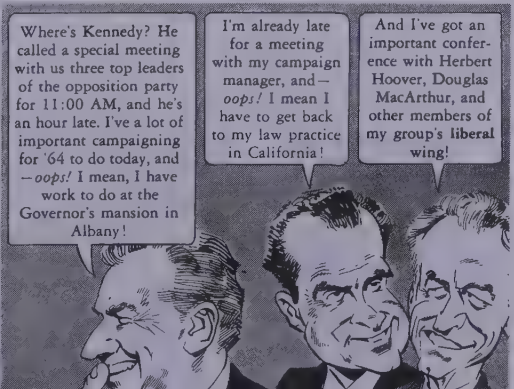

Say, listen, Ike—I hate to trouble you while you're in the midst of something important, but as long as you're here, could you give me some tips on being President. As you know, I've been having my share of problems lately . . .
I'd be happy to, Jack . . .
* I am the very model of a former U.S. President—
I've information vital to each future White House resident—
I used to read the comics when informed the press was burning me!
I used to hide in sand traps on the golf course out at Burning Tree!

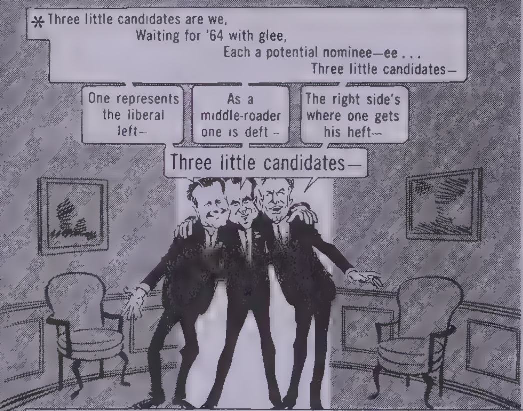
**Sung to the tune of "I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General"*


I always was acquainted with the programs on my TV set—
De Gaulle once called at "Gunsmoke" time, and I'm afraid he's waiting yet—
I've read each Western novel from Bret Harte up to Zane Grey or so!
And during Summit Meetings, I read sixteen every day or so!
And during Summit Meetings, he Read sixteen every day or so!
7
THESE ARE OUR LEADERS?

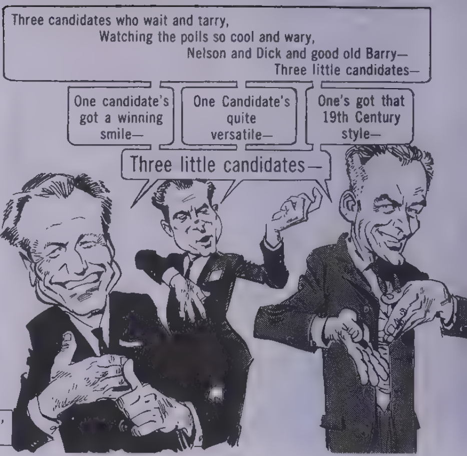

My speeches were impossible, and lumpy like a crumpled bed—
But I had great finesse at holding hands high up above my head—
In short, in data vital to each future White House resident,
I am the very model of a former U.S. President!
In short, in data vital to Each future White House resident,
He is the very model of A future White House resident!

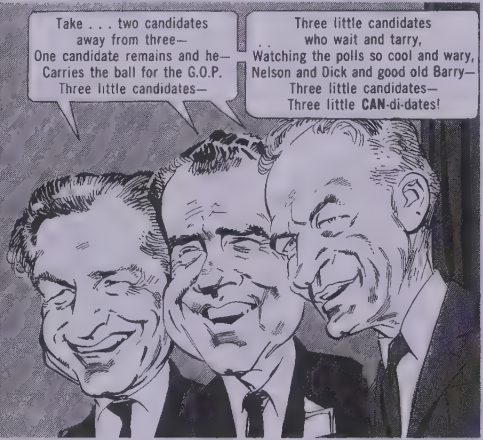
## MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE . . .

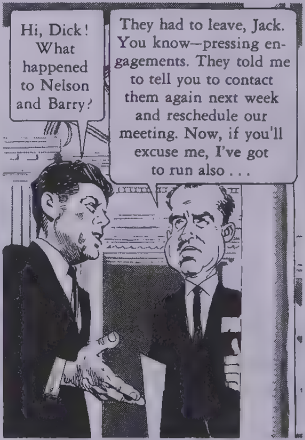

Where's Kennedy? He called a special meeting with us three top leaders of the opposition party for 11:00 AM, and he's an hour late. I've a lot of important campaigning for '64 to do today, and —*oops!* I mean, I have work to do at the Governor's mansion in Albany!
I'm already late for a meeting with my campaign manager, and—*oops!* I mean I have to get back to my law practice in California!
And I've got an important conference with Herbert Hoover, Douglas MacArthur, and other members of my group's **liberal** wing!

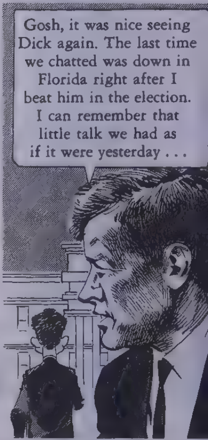

*Three little candidates are we,
Waiting for '64 with glee,
Each a potential nominee—ee . . .
Three little candidates—
One represents the liberal left—
As a middle-roader one is deft—
The right side's where one gets his heft—
Three little candidates—

*Sung to the tune of "Three Little Maids From School Are We"

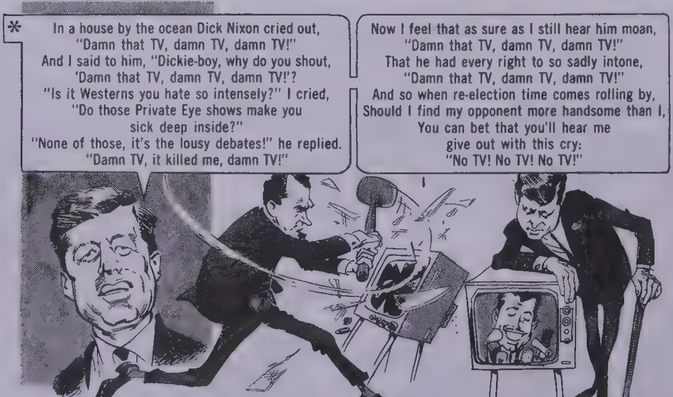

Three candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—
One candidate's got a winning smile—
One Candidate's quite versatile—
One's got that 19th Century style—
Three little candidates—

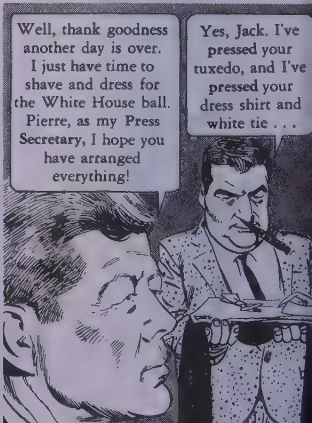

Take . . . two candidates away from three—
One candidate remains and he—
Carries the ball for the G.O.P.
Three little candidates—
Three little candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—
Three little CAN-di-dates!

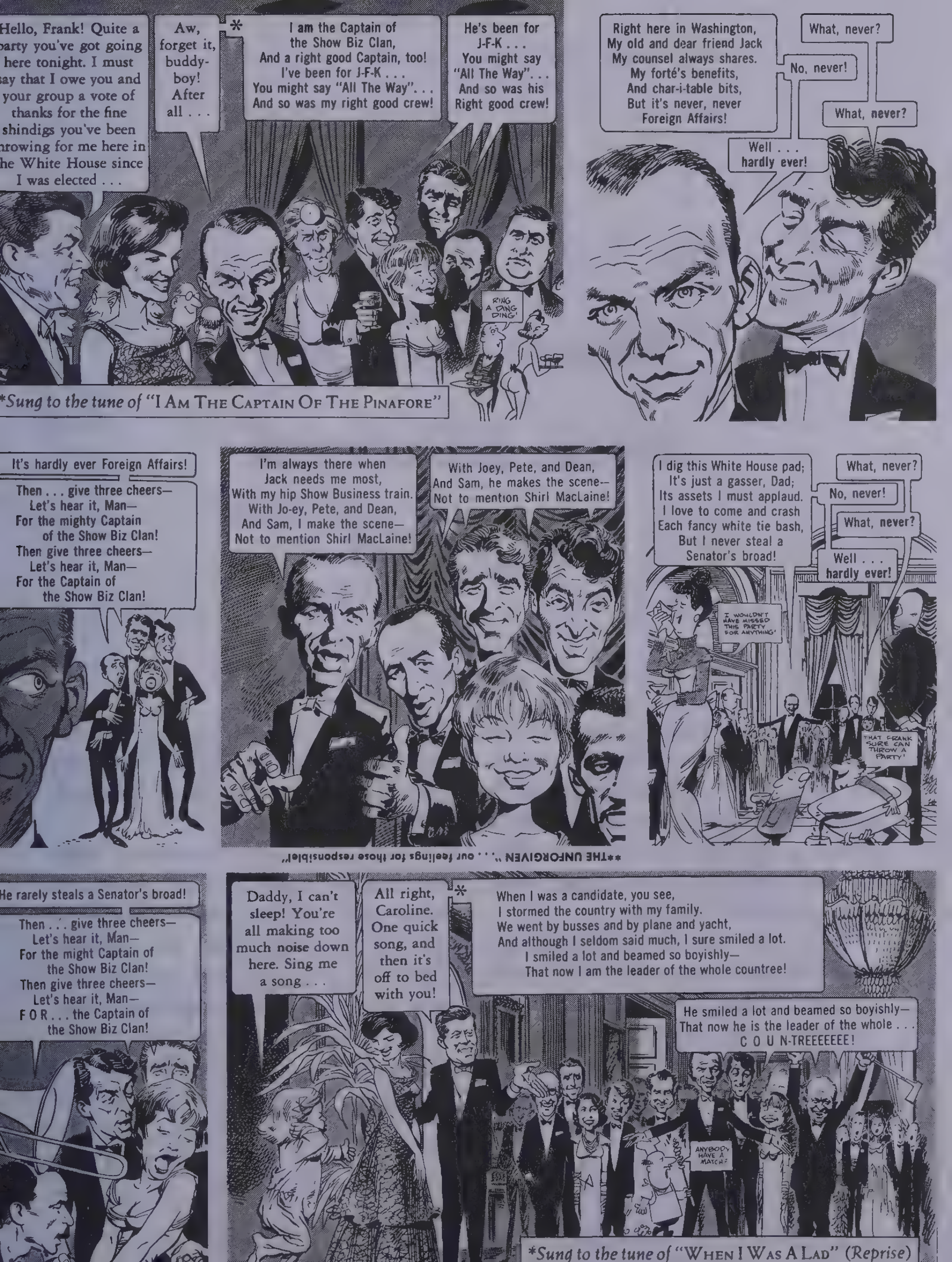

Hi, Dick! What happened to Nelson and Barry?
They had to leave, Jack. You know—pressing engagements. They told me to tell you to contact them again next week and reschedule our meeting. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to run also . . .


Gosh, it was nice seeing Dick again. The last time we chatted was down in Florida right after I beat him in the election. I can remember that little talk we had as if it were yesterday . . .

**WHO WAS THAT LADY? ". . . Mrs. Completely!"


* In a house by the ocean Dick Nixon cried out,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And I said to him, "Dickie-boy, why do you shout,
'Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!'?
"Is it Westerns you hate so intensely?" I cried,
"Do those Private Eye shows make you sick deep inside?"
"None of those, it's the lousy debates!" he replied.
"Damn TV, it killed me, damn TV!"
Now I feel that as sure as I still hear him moan,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
That he had every right to so sadly intone,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And so when re-election time comes rolling by,
Should I find my opponent more handsome than I,
You can bet that you'll hear me give out with this cry:
"No TV! No TV! No TV!"


Well, thank goodness another day is over. I just have time to shave and dress for the White House ball. Pierre, as my Press Secretary, I hope you have arranged everything!
Yes, Jack. I've pressed your tuxedo, and I've pressed your dress shirt and white tie . . .



Hello, Frank! Quite a party you've got going here tonight. I must say that I owe you and your group a vote of thanks for the fine shindigs you've been throwing for me here in the White House since I was elected . . .
Aw, forget it, buddy-boy! After all . . .
* I am the Captain of the Show Biz Clan, And a right good Captain, too! I've been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was my right good crew!
He's been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was his Right good crew!
RING A DING DING!
Right here in Washington, My old and dear friend Jack My counsel always shares. My forté's benefits, And char-i-table bits, But it's never, never Foreign Affairs!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!
It's hardly ever Foreign Affairs!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the mighty Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!
I'm always there when Jack needs me most, With my hip Show Business train. With Jo-ey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, I make the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!
With Joey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, he makes the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!
I dig this White House pad; It's just a gasser, Dad; Its assets I must applaud. I love to come and crash Each fancy white tie bash, But I never steal a Senator's broad!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS PARTY FOR ANYTHING!
THAT FRANK SURE CAN THROW A PARTY!
He rarely steals a Senator's broad!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the might Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— F O R . . . the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!
Daddy, I can't sleep! You're all making too much noise down here. Sing me a song . . .
All right, Caroline. One quick song, and then it's off to bed with you!
* When I was a candidate, you see, I stormed the country with my family. We went by busses and by plane and yacht, And although I seldom said much, I sure smiled a lot. I smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now I am the leader of the whole countree!
He smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now he is the leader of the whole . . . C O U N-TREEEEEEE!
ANYBODY HAVE A MATCH?

*Sung to the tune of "I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE"

**THE UNFORGIVEN ". . . our feelings for those responsible!"

*Sung to the tune of "WHEN I WAS A LAD" (Reprise)

# Does this ad look blurred to you?

It should look blurred to you. Mainly because it really is blurred. We photographed it out of focus on purpose, and we're printing it exactly like this in millions of magazines all over the country.

Why are we doing this? So you'll strain your eyes to read it, that's why!

We're also running ads with blurred pictures—so you'll strain your eyes on them, too! We figure if you strain your eyes bad enough on all our ads, you'll end up needing glasses. Pretty sneaky, eh?

Well, it was the best way we could think of to get you into our offices and shops so we could take you for plenty by overcharging for lenses and frames and eye-drops and like that. We, being all the greedy Optometrists & Oculists in the Better Vision Business Assoc.

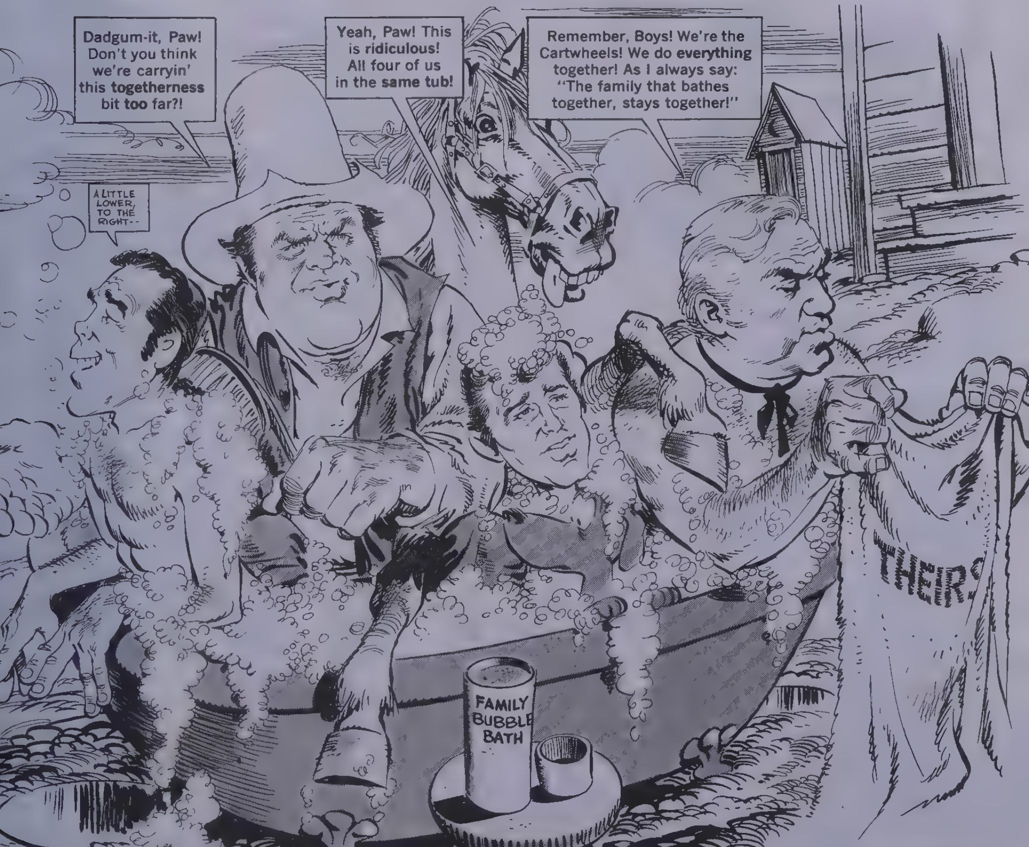
••HUGH DOWNS was born in LEXAH, CONN.

**THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE PREPOSTEROUS DEPT.**

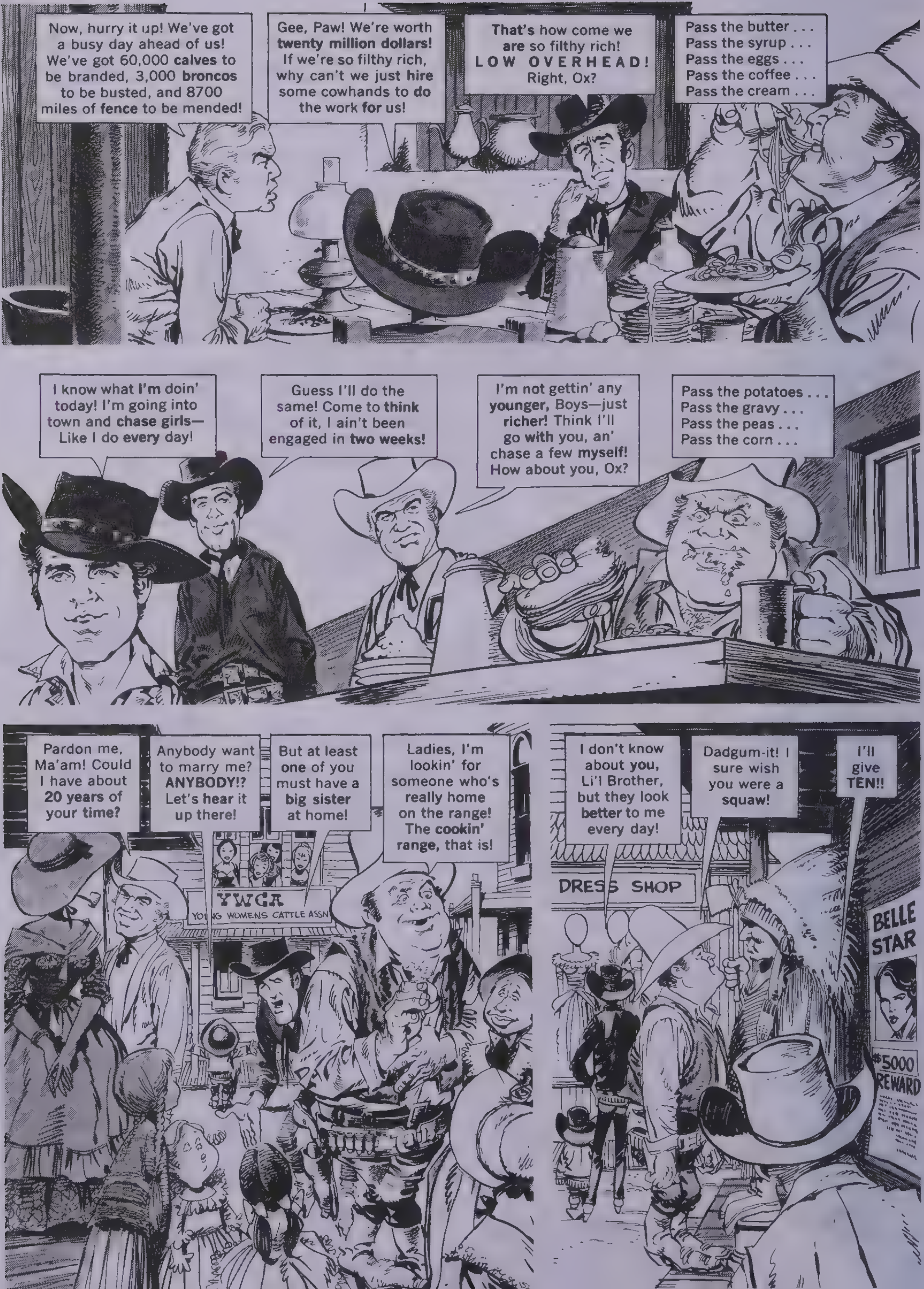
Several years ago, a Magazine Editor (who was probably separated from his wife) coined the word, "togetherness." And it took the country by storm. We were bombarded with messages of "togetherness" by magazines, newspapers, skywriting, and even deodorant commercials. Now, thanks to television, the ultimate in "togetherness" has been achieved . . . The Family Western. Gone are the gunfights and the killing and the brutality. Instead, we're getting love and romance and even compatible color—in . . .

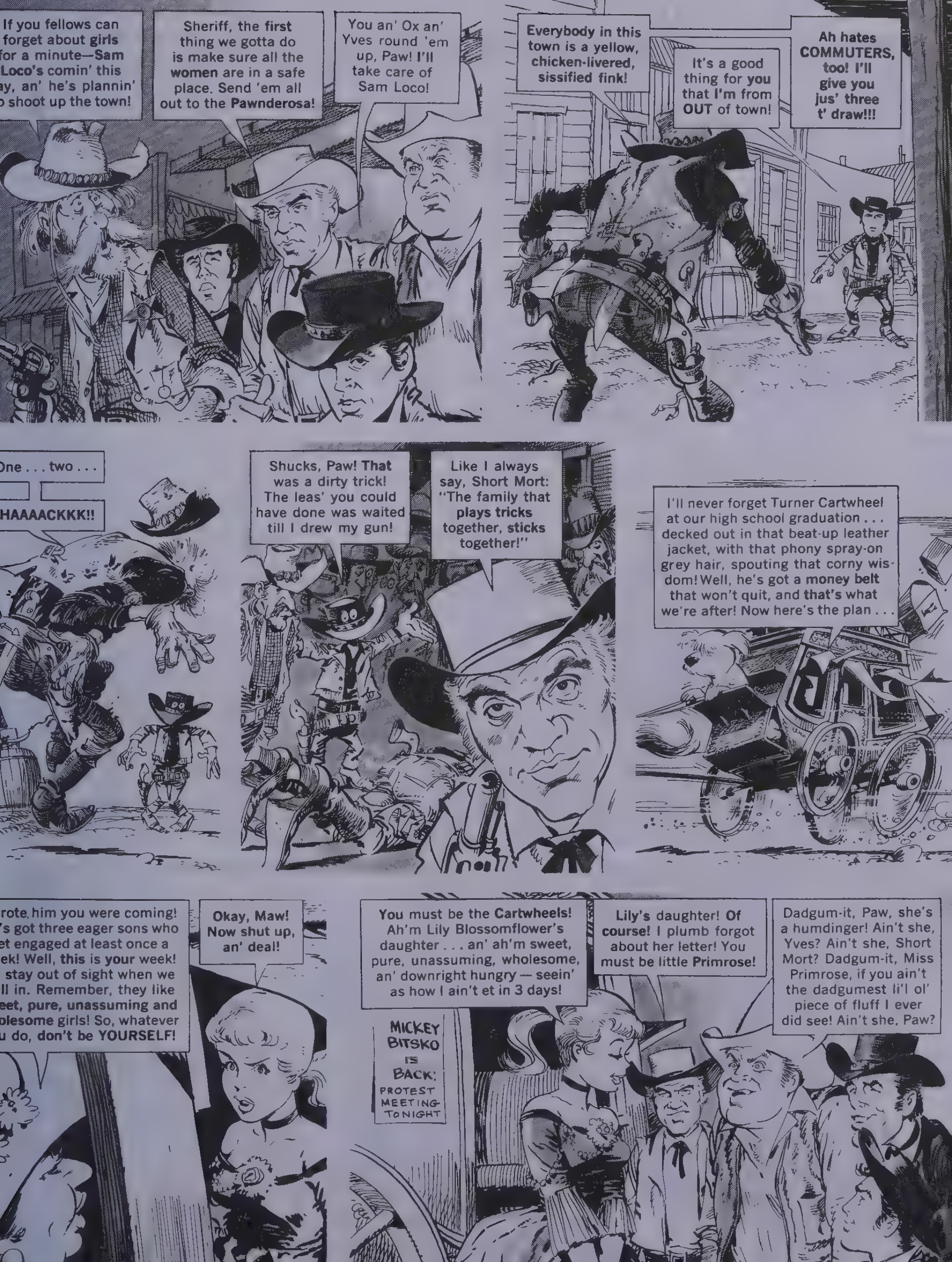
# BANANZ

## The "Family Togetherness" Western

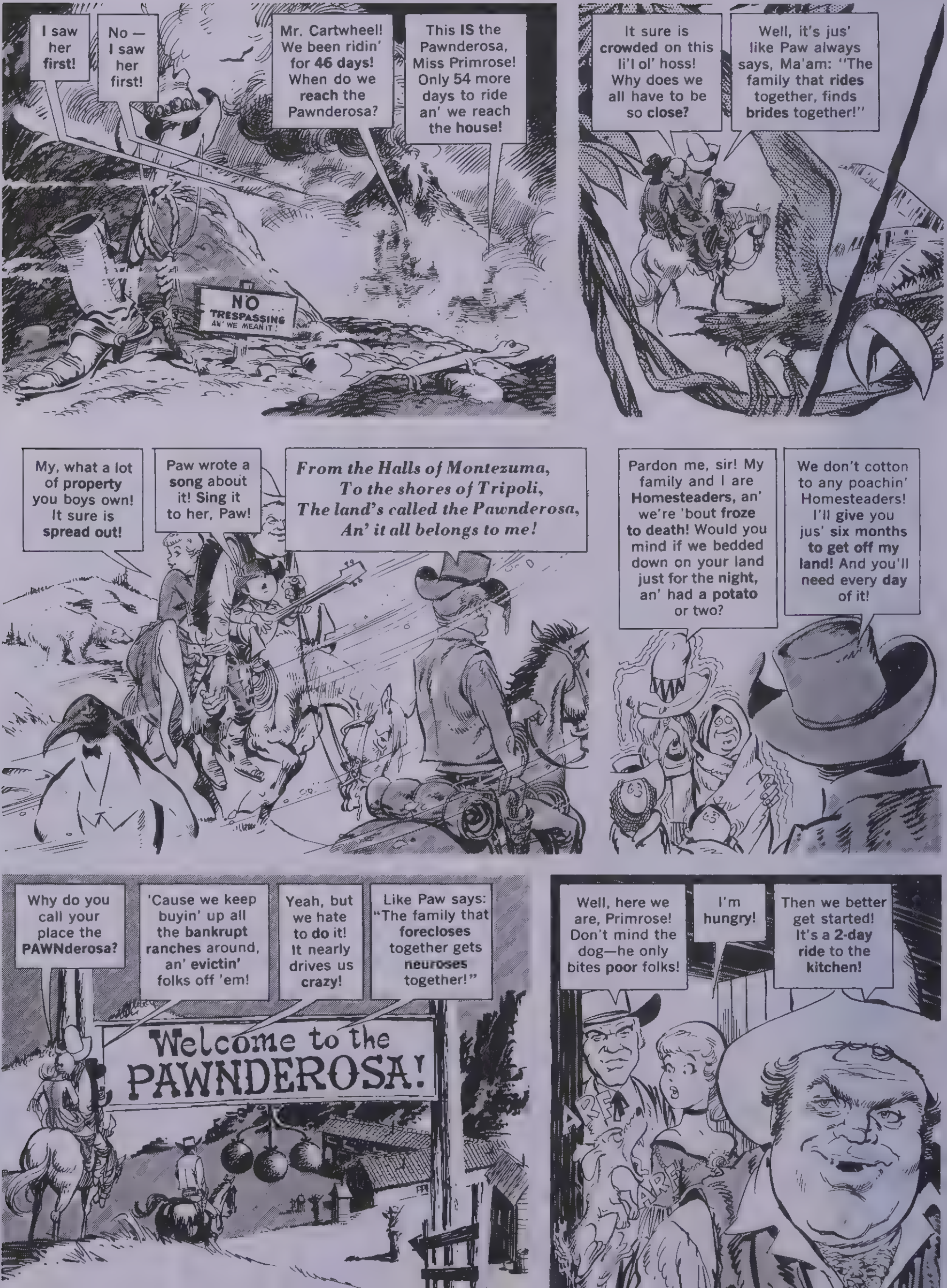

Dadgum-it, Paw! Don't you think we're carryin' this togetherness bit too far?!
Yeah, Paw! This is ridiculous! All four of us in the same tub!
Remember, Boys! We're the Cartwheels! We do everything together! As I always say: "The family that bathes together, stays together!"
A LITTLE LOWER, TO THE RIGHT--
THEIRS
FAMILY BUBBLE BATH

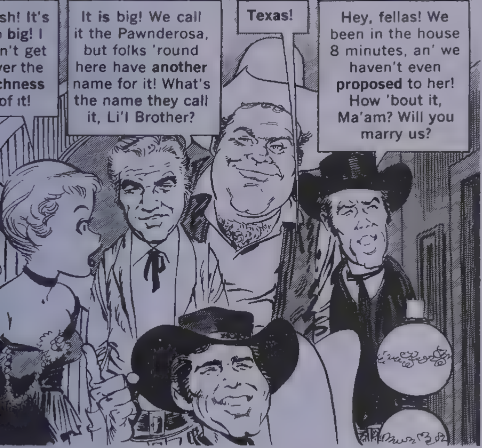
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

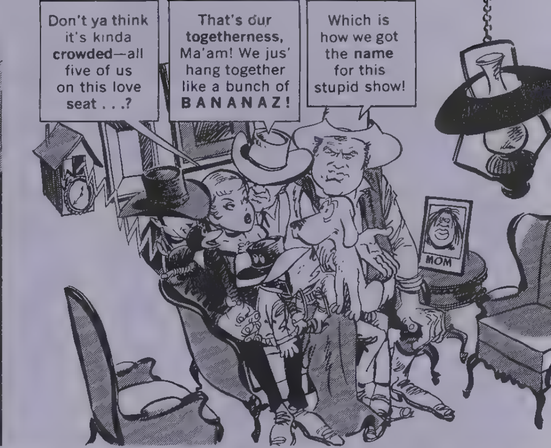

Now, hurry it up! We've got a busy day ahead of us! We've got 60,000 **calves** to be branded, 3,000 **broncos** to be busted, and 8700 miles of **fence** to be mended!
Gee, Paw! We're worth **twenty million dollars!** If we're so filthy rich, why can't we just **hire** some cowhands to **do** the work **for** us!
**That's** how come we **are** so filthy rich! **LOW OVERHEAD!** Right, Ox?
Pass the butter . . . Pass the syrup . . . Pass the eggs . . . Pass the coffee . . . Pass the cream . . .
I know what **I'm** doin' today! I'm going into town and **chase girls**— Like I do **every** day!
Guess I'll do the same! Come to **think** of it, I ain't been engaged in **two weeks!**
I'm not gettin' any **younger**, Boys—just **richer!** Think I'll go **with** you, an' chase a few **myself!** How about you, Ox?
Pass the potatoes . . . Pass the gravy . . . Pass the peas . . . Pass the corn . . .
Pardon me, Ma'am! Could I have about **20 years** of your **time?**
Anybody want to marry me? **ANYBODY!?** Let's hear it up there!
But at least **one** of you must have a **big sister** at home!
Ladies, I'm lookin' for someone who's really home on the range! The **cookin'** range, that is!
YWCA
YOUNG WOMENS CATTLE ASSN
I don't know about **you**, Li'l Brother, but they look **better** to me every day!
Dadgum-it! I sure wish you were a **squaw!**
I'll give **TEN!!**
DRESS SHOP
BELLE STAR
$5000 REWARD

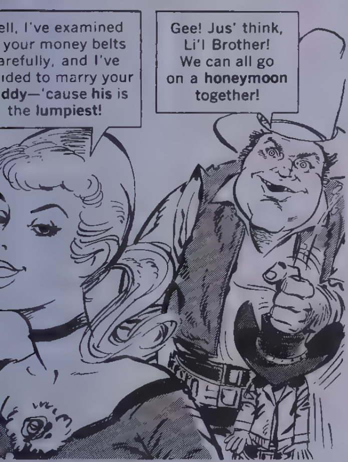

If you fellows can forget about girls for a minute—Sam Loco's comin' this ay, an' he's plannin' o shoot up the town!
Sheriff, the first thing we gotta do is make sure all the women are in a safe place. Send 'em all out to the Pawnderosa!
You an' Ox an' Yves round 'em up, Paw! I'll take care of Sam Loco!
Everybody in this town is a yellow, chicken-livered, sissified fink!
It's a good thing for you that I'm from OUT of town!
Ah hates COMMUTERS, too! I'll give you jus' three t' draw!!!
One . . . two . . .
HAAAACKKK!!
Shucks, Paw! That was a dirty trick! The leas' you could have done was waited till I drew my gun!
Like I always say, Short Mort: "The family that plays tricks together, sticks together!"
I'll never forget Turner Cartwheel at our high school graduation . . . decked out in that beat-up leather jacket, with that phony spray-on grey hair, spouting that corny wisdom! Well, he's got a money belt that won't quit, and that's what we're after! Now here's the plan . . .
rote him you were coming! 's got three eager sons who et engaged at least once a ek! Well, this is your week! stay out of sight when we ll in. Remember, they like eet, pure, unassuming and olesome girls! So, whatever u do, don't be YOURSELF!
Okay, Maw! Now shut up, an' deal!
You must be the Cartwheels! Ah'm Lily Blossomflower's daughter . . . an' ah'm sweet, pure, unassuming, wholesome, an' downright hungry — seein' as how I ain't et in 3 days!
MICKEY BITSKO IS BACK; PROTEST MEETING TONIGHT
Lily's daughter! Of course! I plumb forgot about her letter! You must be little Primrose!
Dadgum-it, Paw, she's a humdinger! Ain't she, Yves? Ain't she, Short Mort? Dadgum-it, Miss Primrose, if you ain't the dadgumest li'l ol' piece of fluff I ever did see! Ain't she, Paw?

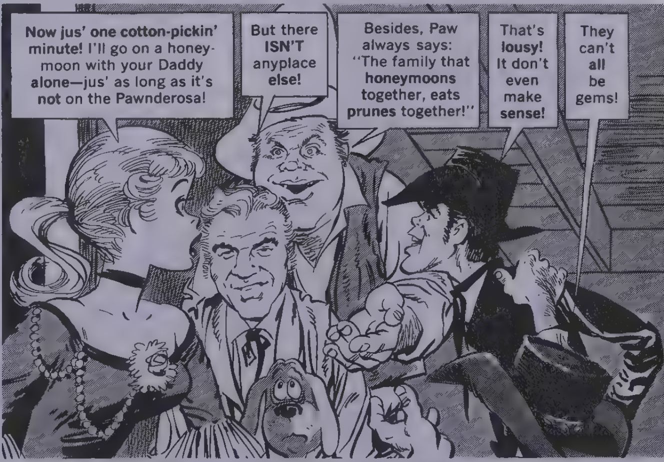
**JACK BENNY was born in ECONOMIC, CAL.

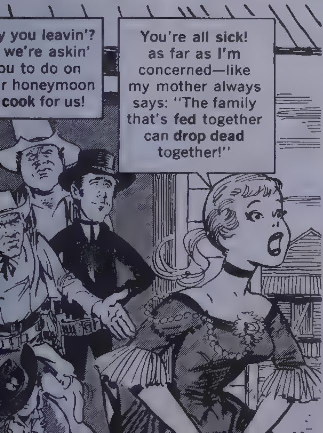

I saw her first!
No — I saw her first!
Mr. Cartwheel! We been ridin' for 46 days! When do we reach the Pawnderosa?
This IS the Pawnderosa, Miss Primrose! Only 54 more days to ride an' we reach the house!
NO TRESPASSING AN' WE MEAN IT!
It sure is crowded on this li'l ol' hoss! Why does we all have to be so close?
Well, it's jus' like Paw always says, Ma'am: "The family that rides together, finds brides together!"
My, what a lot of property you boys own! It sure is spread out!
Paw wrote a song about it! Sing it to her, Paw!
From the Halls of Montezuma, To the shores of Tripoli, The land's called the Pawnderosa, An' it all belongs to me!
Pardon me, sir! My family and I are Homesteaders, an' we're 'bout froze to death! Would you mind if we bedded down on your land just for the night, an' had a potato or two?
We don't cotton to any poachin' Homesteaders! I'll give you jus' six months to get off my land! And you'll need every day of it!
Why do you call your place the PAWNderosa?
'Cause we keep buyin' up all the bankrupt ranches around, an' evictin' folks off 'em!
Yeah, but we hate to do it! It nearly drives us crazy!
Like Paw says: "The family that forecloses together gets neuroses together!"
Welcome to the PAWNDEROSA!
Well, here we are, Primrose! Don't mind the dog—he only bites poor folks!
I'm hungry!
Then we better get started! It's a 2-day ride to the kitchen!
ARF
ARF

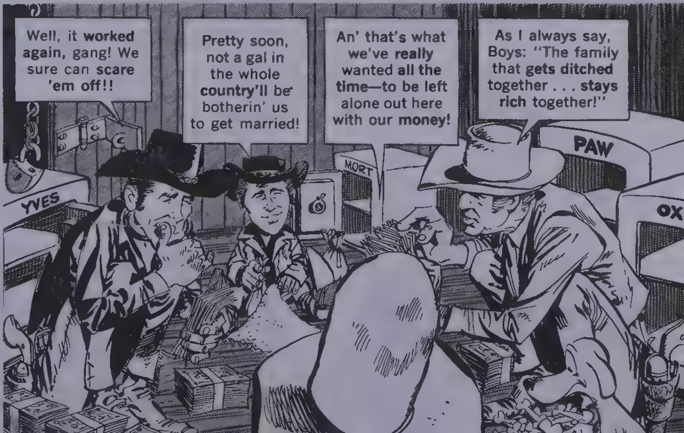

sh! It's big! I n't get ver the chness of it!
It is big! We call it the Pawnderosa, but folks 'round here have another name for it! What's the name they call it, Li'l Brother?
Texas!
Hey, fellas! We been in the house 8 minutes, an' we haven't even proposed to her! How 'bout it, Ma'am? Will you marry us?

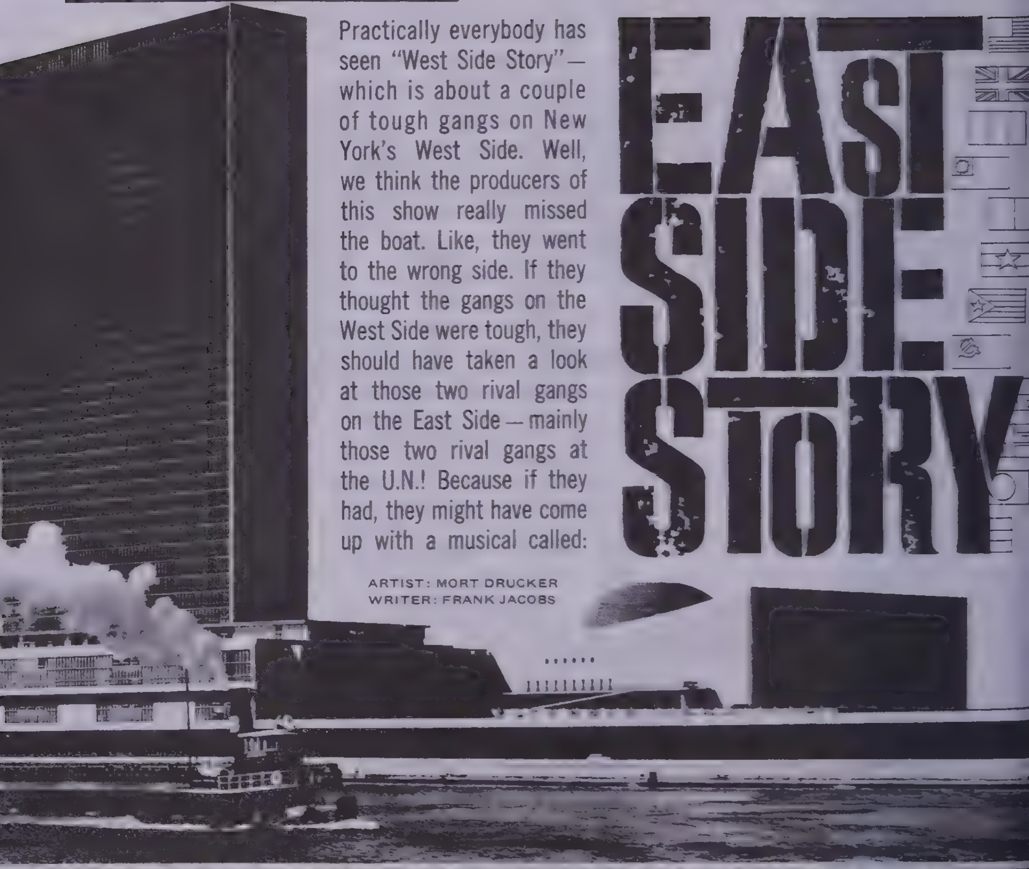

Don't ya think it's kinda crowded—all five of us on this love seat . . .?
That's our togetherness, Ma'am! We jus' hang together like a bunch of BANANAZ!
Which is how we got the name for this stupid show!
MOM


ell, I've examined your money belts arefully, and I've ided to marry your ddy—'cause his is the lumpiest!
Gee! Jus' think, Li'l Brother! We can all go on a honeymoon together!


Now jus' one cotton-pickin' minute! I'll go on a honeymoon with your Daddy alone—jus' as long as it's not on the Pawnderosa!
But there ISN'T anyplace else!
Besides, Paw always says: "The family that honeymoons together, eats prunes together!"
That's lousy! It don't even make sense!
They can't all be gems!


y you leavin'? we're askin' ou to do on r honeymoon cook for us!
You're all sick! as far as I'm concerned—like my mother always says: "The family that's fed together can drop dead together!"

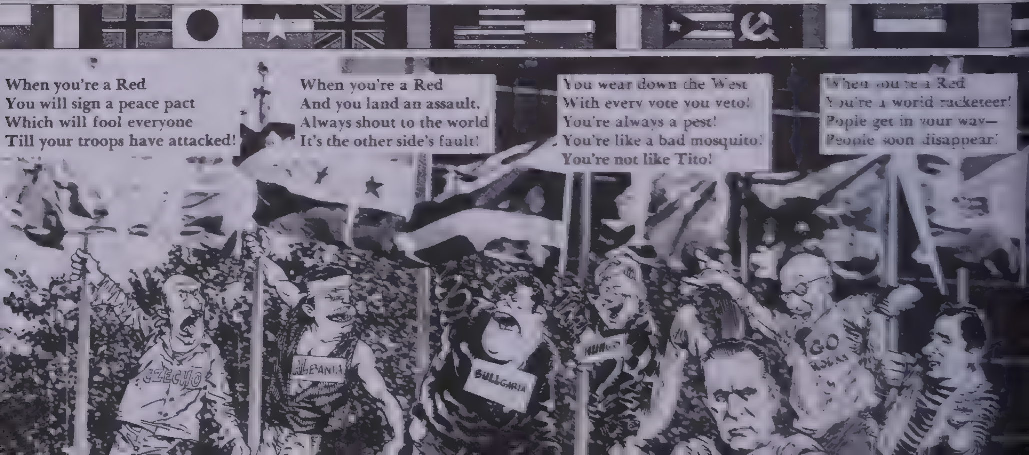

Well, it worked again, gang! We sure can scare 'em off!!
Pretty soon, not a gal in the whole country'll be botherin' us to get married!
An' that's what we've really wanted all the time—to be left alone out here with our money!
As I always say, Boys: "The family that gets ditched together . . . stays rich together!"
YVES
MORT
PAW
OX

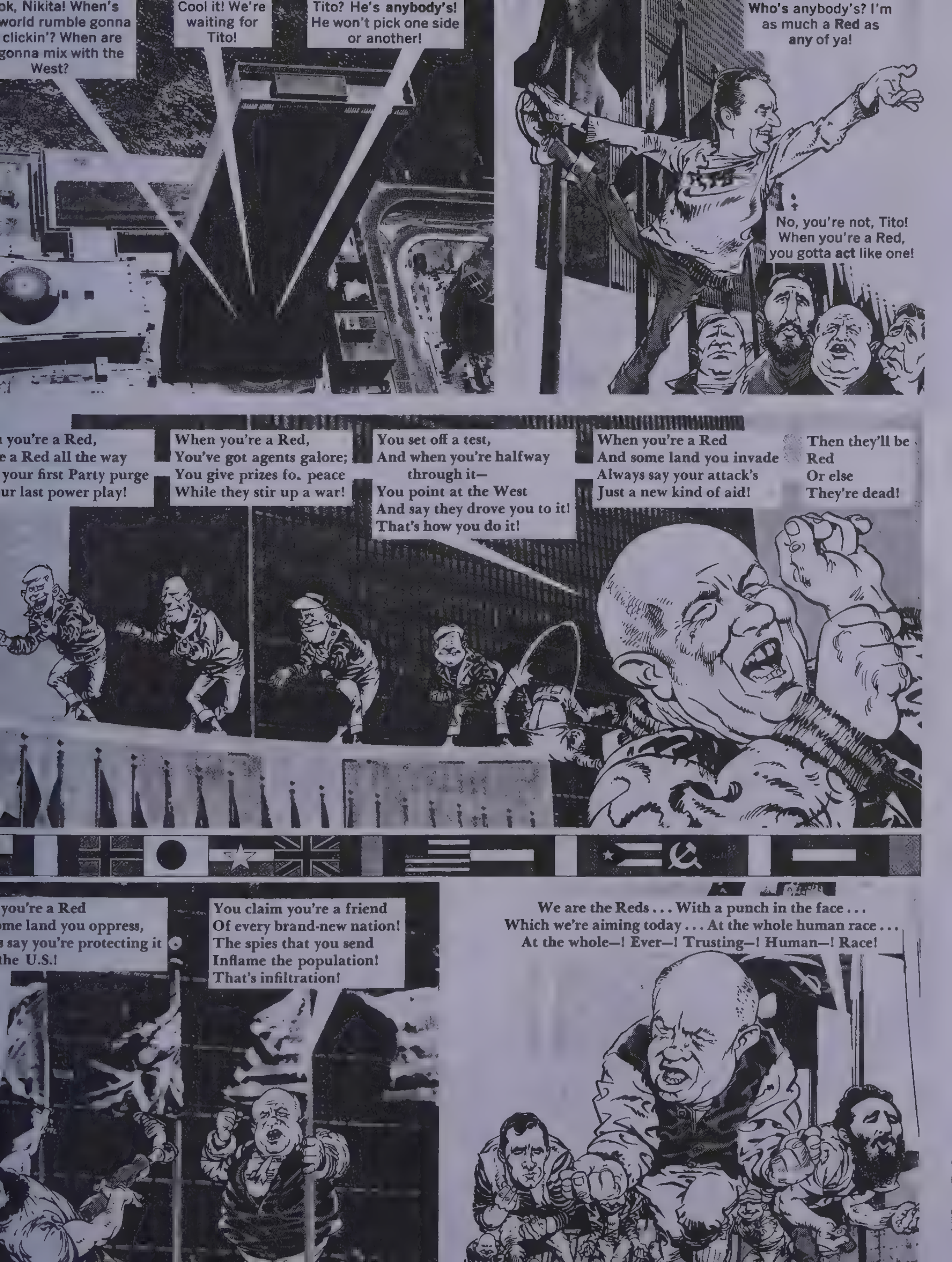


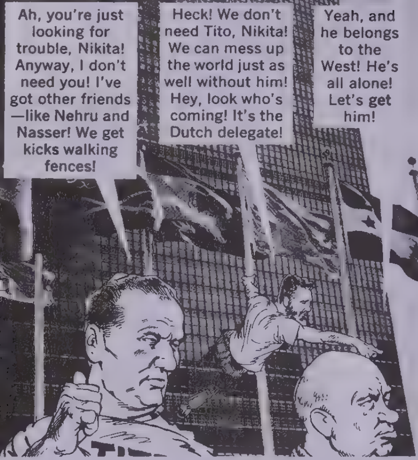
Practically everybody has seen "West Side Story"—which is about a couple of tough gangs on New York's West Side. Well, we think the producers of this show really missed the boat. Like, they went to the wrong side. If they thought the gangs on the West Side were tough, they should have taken a look at those two rival gangs on the East Side—mainly those two rival gangs at the U.N.! Because if they had, they might have come up with a musical called:

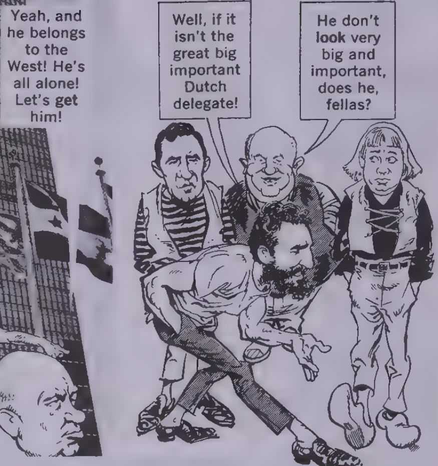
# EAST SIDE STORY

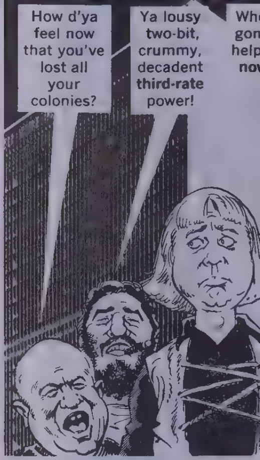
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

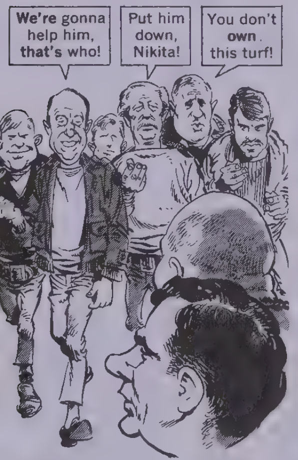

When you're a Red
You will sign a peace pact
Which will fool everyone
Till your troops have attacked!
When you're a Red
And you land an assault,
Always shout to the world
It's the other side's fault!
You wear down the West
With every vote you veto!
You're always a pest!
You're like a bad mosquito!
You're not like Tito!
When you're a Red
You're a world racketeer!
People get in your way—
People soon disappear!
CZECHO
ALBANIA
BULGARIA
GO

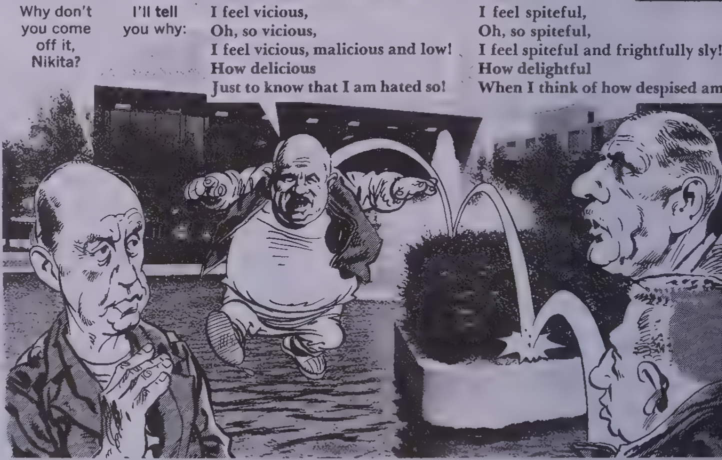

ok, Nikita! When's world rumble gonna clickin'? When are gonna mix with the West?
Cool it! We're waiting for Tito!
Tito? He's **anybody's**! He won't pick one side or another!
Who's anybody's? I'm as much a **Red** as any of ya!
No, you're not, Tito! When you're a Red, you gotta **act** like one!
you're a Red,
e a Red all the way
your first Party purge
ur last power play!
When you're a Red,
You've got agents galore;
You give prizes fo. peace
While they stir up a war!
You set off a test,
And when you're halfway through it—
You point at the West
And say they drove you to it!
That's how you do it!
When you're a Red
And some land you invade
Always say your attack's
Just a new kind of aid!
Then they'll be Red
Or else
They're dead!
you're a Red
ome land you oppress,
s say you're protecting it
the U.S.!
You claim you're a friend
Of every brand-new nation!
The spies that you send
Inflame the population!
That's infiltration!
We are the Reds . . . With a punch in the face . . .
Which we're aiming today . . . At the whole human race . . .
At the whole—! Ever—! Trusting—! Human—! Race!

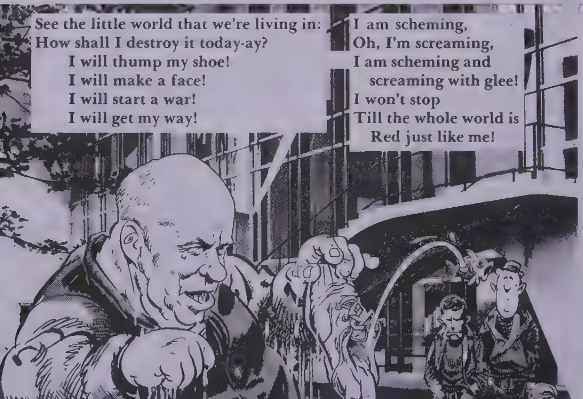

Ah, you're just looking for trouble, Nikita! Anyway, I don't need you! I've got other friends—like Nehru and Nasser! We get kicks walking fences!
Heck! We don't need Tito, Nikita! We can mess up the world just as well without him! Hey, look who's coming! It's the Dutch delegate!
TITO

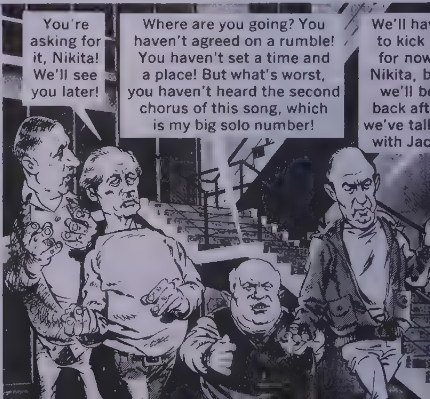

Yeah, and he belongs to the West! He's all alone! Let's **get** him!
Well, if it isn't the great big important Dutch delegate!
He don't **look** very big and important, does he, fellas?

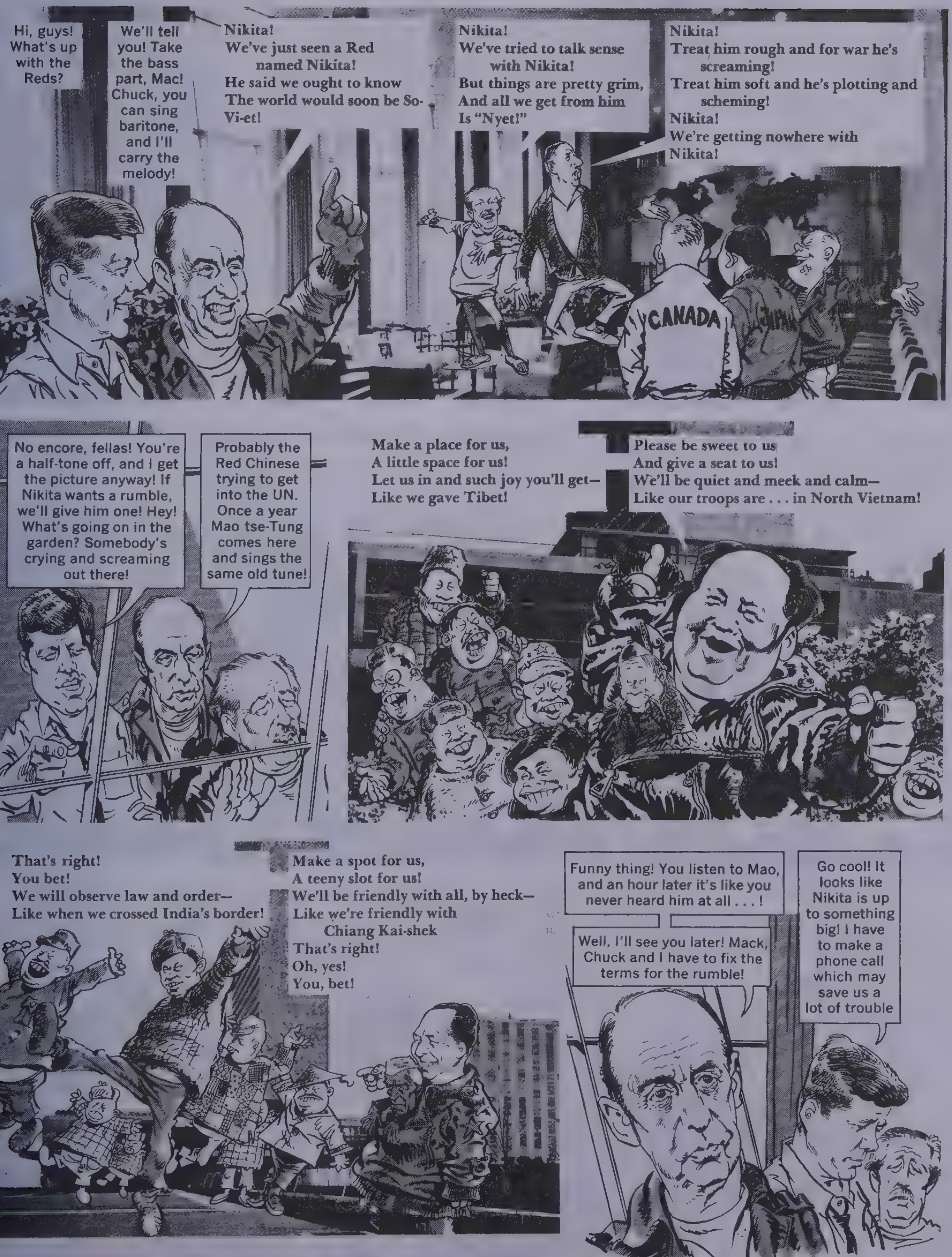

How d'ya feel now that you've lost all your colonies?
Ya lousy two-bit, crummy, decadent **third-rate** power!
Wh gon help no

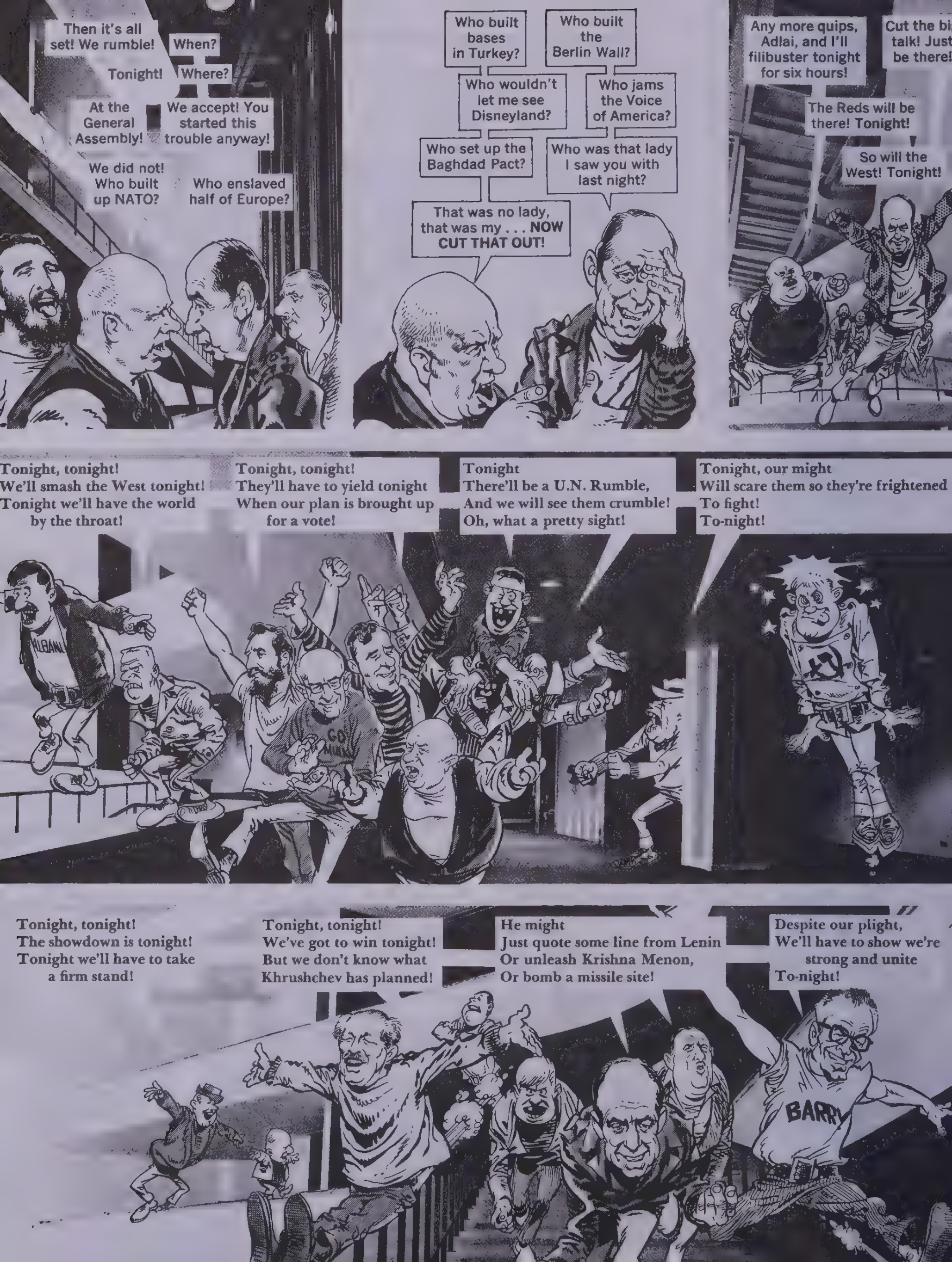

**We're** gonna help him, **that's** who!
Put him down, Nikita!
You don't **own** this turf!

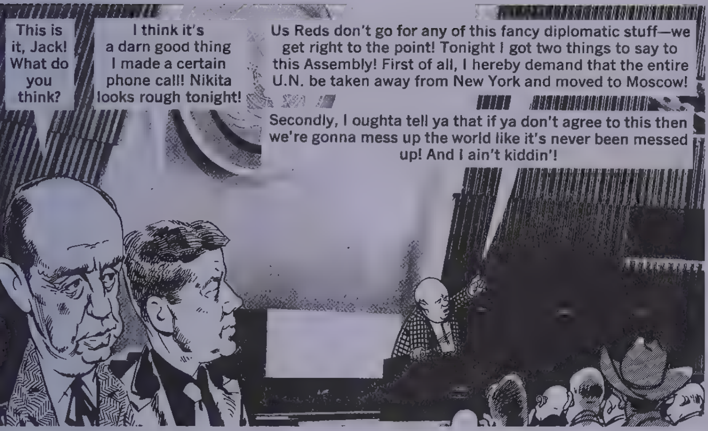

Why don't you come off it, Nikita?
I'll **tell** you why:
I feel vicious,
Oh, so vicious,
I feel vicious, malicious and low!
How delicious
Just to know that I am hated so!
I feel spiteful,
Oh, so spiteful,
I feel spiteful and frightfully sly!
How delightful
When I think of how despised am

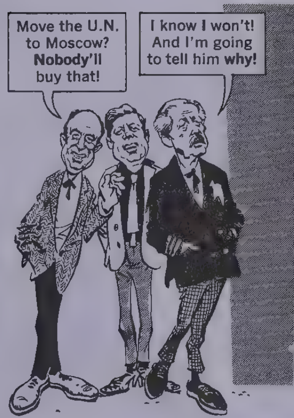

See the little world that we're living in:
How shall I destroy it today-ay?
I will thump my shoe!
I will make a face!
I will start a war!
I will get my way!
I am scheming,
Oh, I'm screaming,
I am scheming and screaming with glee!
I won't stop
Till the whole world is Red just like me!

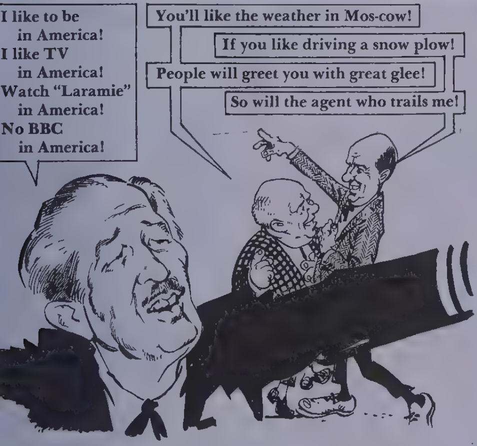

You're asking for it, Nikita! We'll see you later!
Where are you going? You haven't agreed on a rumble! You haven't set a time and a place! But what's worst, you haven't heard the second chorus of this song, which is my big solo number!
We'll hav to kick for now Nikita, b we'll be back aft we've tall with Jac

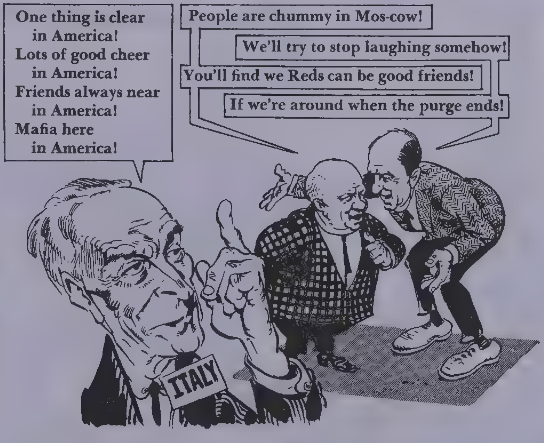

Hi, guys! What's up with the Reds?
We'll tell you! Take the bass part, Mac! Chuck, you can sing baritone, and I'll carry the melody!
Nikita! We've just seen a Red named Nikita! He said we ought to know The world would soon be So-Vi-et!
Nikita! We've tried to talk sense with Nikita! But things are pretty grim, And all we get from him Is "Nyet!"
Nikita! Treat him rough and for war he's screaming! Treat him soft and he's plotting and scheming! Nikita! We're getting nowhere with Nikita!
CANADA
JAPAN
No encore, fellas! You're a half-tone off, and I get the picture anyway! If Nikita wants a rumble, we'll give him one! Hey! What's going on in the garden? Somebody's crying and screaming out there!
Probably the Red Chinese trying to get into the UN. Once a year Mao tse-Tung comes here and sings the same old tune!
Make a place for us, A little space for us! Let us in and such joy you'll get— Like we gave Tibet!
Please be sweet to us And give a seat to us! We'll be quiet and meek and calm— Like our troops are . . . in North Vietnam!
That's right! You bet! We will observe law and order— Like when we crossed India's border!
Make a spot for us, A teeny slot for us! We'll be friendly with all, by heck— Like we're friendly with Chiang Kai-shek That's right! Oh, yes! You, bet!
Funny thing! You listen to Mao, and an hour later it's like you never heard him at all . . . !
Well, I'll see you later! Mack, Chuck and I have to fix the terms for the rumble!
Go cool! It looks like Nikita is up to something big! I have to make a phone call which may save us a lot of trouble

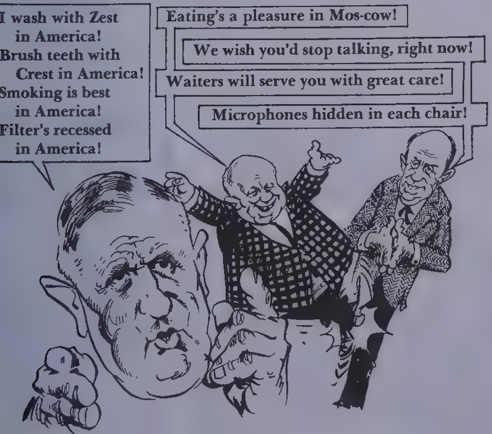

Then it's all set! We rumble!
When?
Tonight!
Where?
At the General Assembly!
We accept! You started this trouble anyway!
We did not! Who built up NATO?
Who enslaved half of Europe?
Who built bases in Turkey?
Who built the Berlin Wall?
Who wouldn't let me see Disneyland?
Who jams the Voice of America?
Who set up the Baghdad Pact?
Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
That was no lady, that was my . . . NOW CUT THAT OUT!
Any more quips, Adlai, and I'll filibuster tonight for six hours!
Cut the bi talk! Just be there!
The Reds will be there! Tonight!
So will the West! Tonight!
Tonight, tonight! We'll smash the West tonight! Tonight we'll have the world by the throat!
Tonight, tonight! They'll have to yield tonight When our plan is brought up for a vote!
Tonight There'll be a U.N. Rumble, And we will see them crumble! Oh, what a pretty sight!
Tonight, our might Will scare them so they're frightened To fight! To-night!
ALBANI
Tonight, tonight! The showdown is tonight! Tonight we'll have to take a firm stand!
Tonight, tonight! We've got to win tonight! But we don't know what Khrushchev has planned!
He might Just quote some line from Lenin Or unleash Krishna Menon, Or bomb a missile site!
Despite our plight, We'll have to show we're strong and unite To-night!
BARRY

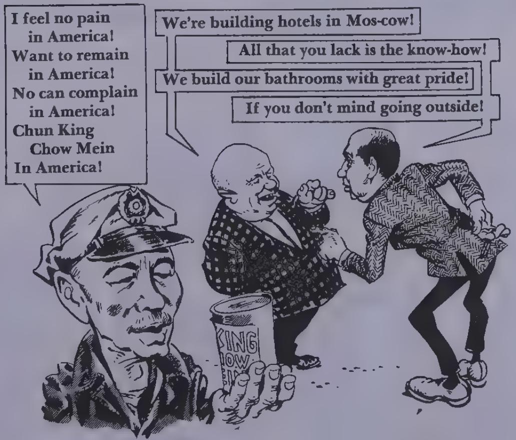

This is it, Jack! What do you think?
I think it's a darn good thing I made a certain phone call! Nikita looks rough tonight!
Us Reds don't go for any of this fancy diplomatic stuff—we get right to the point! Tonight I got two things to say to this Assembly! First of all, I hereby demand that the entire U.N. be taken away from New York and moved to Moscow!
Secondly, I oughta tell ya that if ya don't agree to this then we're gonna mess up the world like it's never been messed up! And I ain't kiddin'!

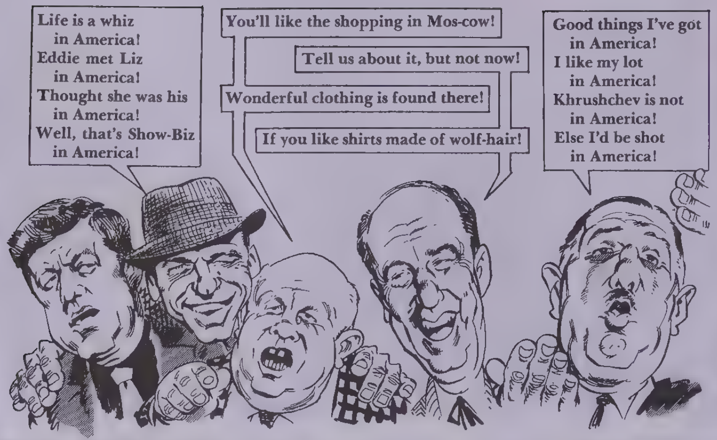

Move the U.N. to Moscow? **Nobody'll** buy that!
I know I won't! And I'm going to tell him **why!**

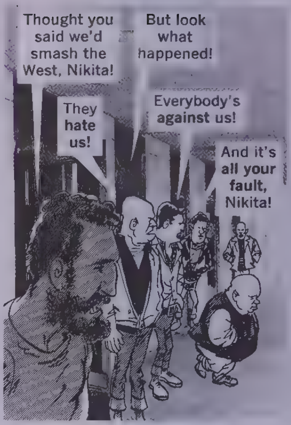

I like to be in America! I like TV in America! Watch "Laramie" in America! No BBC in America!
You'll like the weather in Mos-cow!
If you like driving a snow plow!
People will greet you with great glee!
So will the agent who trails me!

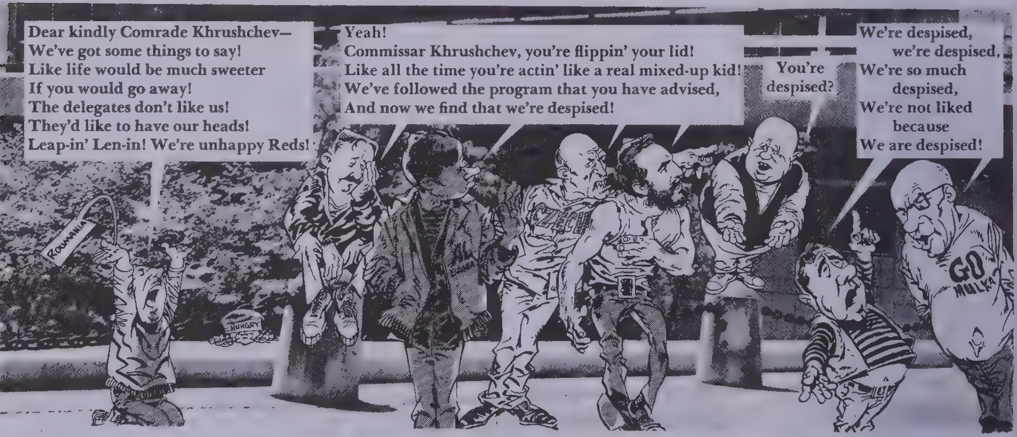

One thing is clear in America! Lots of good cheer in America! Friends always near in America! Mafia here in America!
ITALY
People are chummy in Mos-cow!
We'll try to stop laughing somehow!
You'll find we Reds can be good friends!
If we're around when the purge ends!

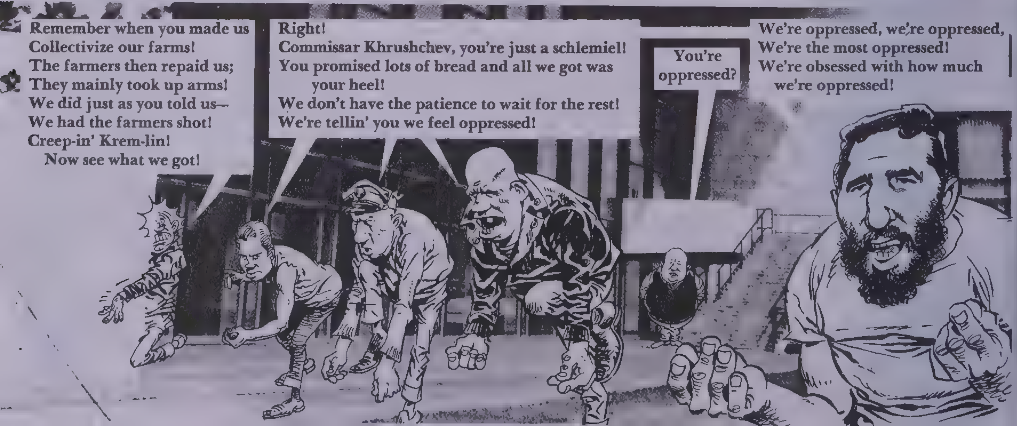

I wash with Zest in America! Brush teeth with Crest in America! Smoking is best in America! Filter's recessed in America!
Eating's a pleasure in Mos-cow!
We wish you'd stop talking, right now!
Waiters will serve you with great care!
Microphones hidden in each chair!

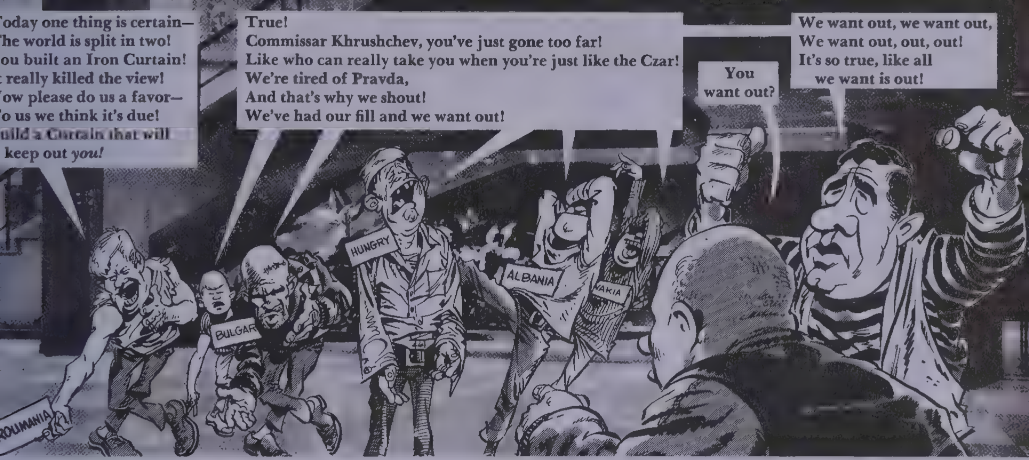

I feel no pain in America! Want to remain in America! No can complain in America! Chun King Chow Mein In America!
We're building hotels in Mos-cow!
All that you lack is the know-how!
We build our bathrooms with great pride!
If you don't mind going outside!

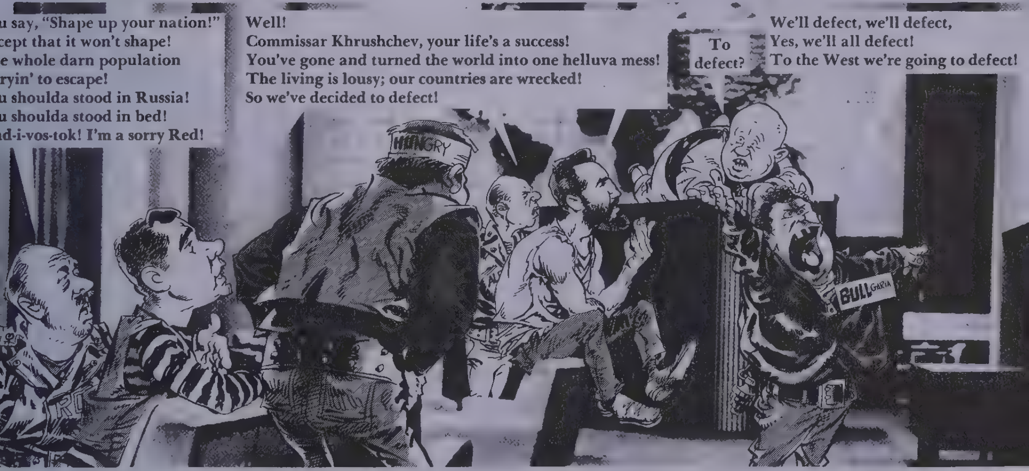

Life is a whiz
in America!
Eddie met Liz
in America!
Thought she was his
in America!
Well, that's Show-Biz
in America!
You'll like the shopping in Mos-cow!
Tell us about it, but not now!
Wonderful clothing is found there!
If you like shirts made of wolf-hair!
Good things I've got
in America!
I like my lot
in America!
Khrushchev is not
in America!
Else I'd be shot
in America!

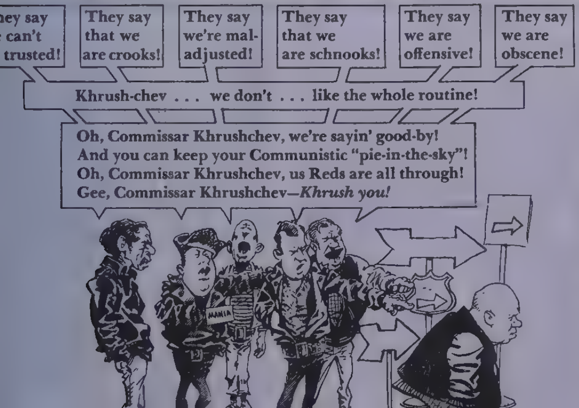

Thought you said we'd smash the West, Nikita!
But look what happened!
They hate us!
Everybody's against us!
And it's all your fault, Nikita!

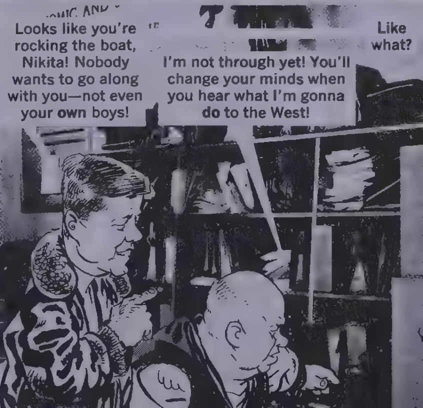

Dear kindly Comrade Khrushchev—
We've got some things to say!
Like life would be much sweeter
If you would go away!
The delegates don't like us!
They'd like to have our heads!
Leap-in' Len-in! We're unhappy Reds!
Yeah!
Commissar Khrushchev, you're flippin' your lid!
Like all the time you're actin' like a real mixed-up kid!
We've followed the program that you have advised,
And now we find that we're despised!
You're despised?
We're despised,
we're despised,
We're so much
despised,
We're not liked
because
We are despised!
ROUMANIA
HUNGRY
CZECH
AL BANIA
GO MULKA

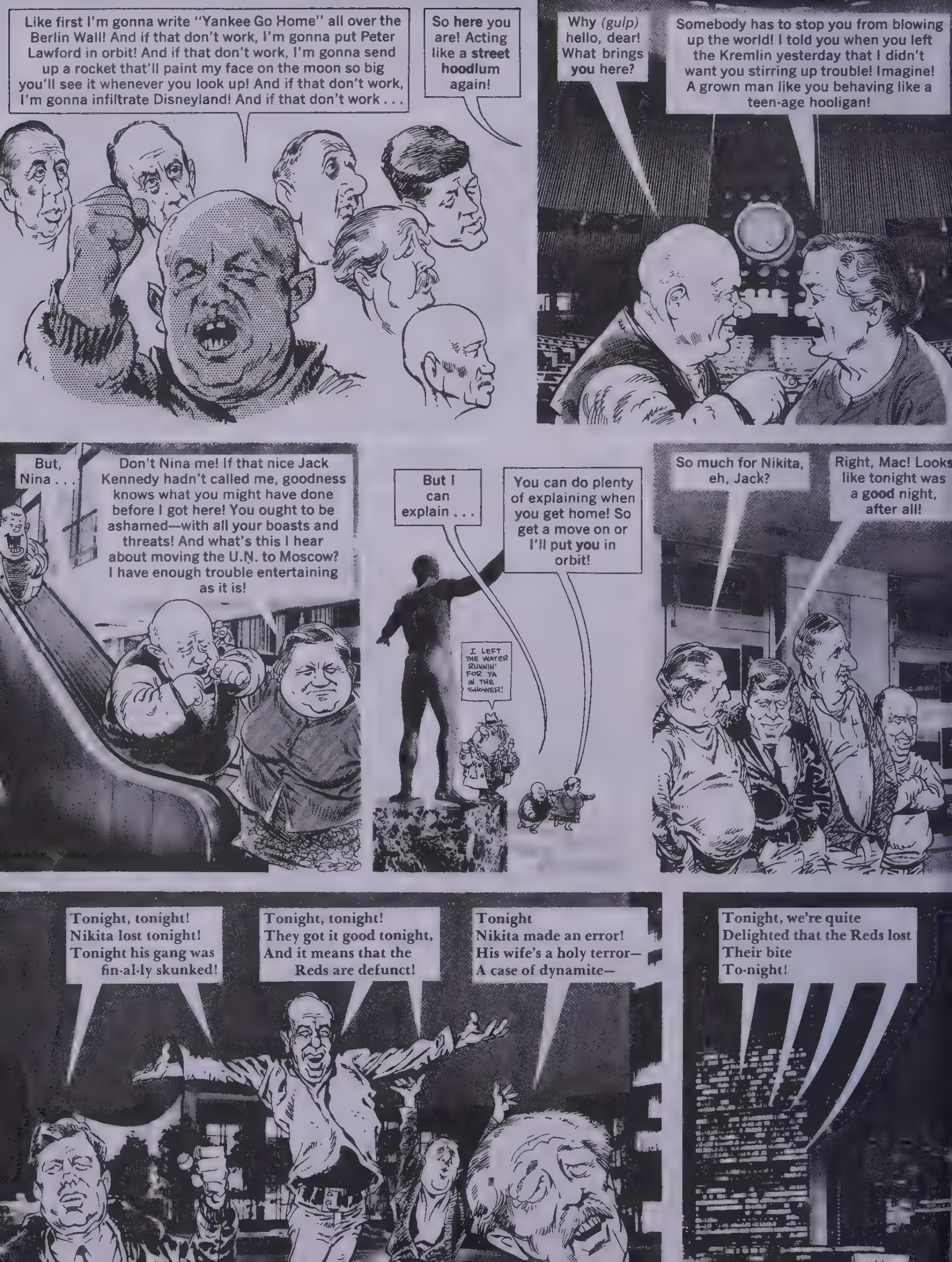

Remember when you made us
Collectivize our farms!
The farmers then repaid us;
They mainly took up arms!
We did just as you told us—
We had the farmers shot!
Creep-in' Krem-lin!
Now see what we got!
Right!
Commissar Khrushchev, you're just a schlemiel!
You promised lots of bread and all we got was
your heel!
We don't have the patience to wait for the rest!
We're tellin' you we feel oppressed!
You're oppressed?
We're oppressed, we're oppressed,
We're the most oppressed!
We're obsessed with how much
we're oppressed!


Today one thing is certain—
The world is split in two!
You built an Iron Curtain!
It really killed the view!
Now please do us a favor—
To us we think it's due!
Build a Curtain that will
keep out *you!*
True!
Commissar Khrushchev, you've just gone too far!
Like who can really take you when you're just like the Czar!
We're tired of Pravda,
And that's why we shout!
We've had our fill and we want out!
You want out?
We want out, we want out,
We want out, out, out!
It's so true, like all
we want is out!
ROUMANIA
BULGAR
HUNGRY
ALBANIA
VAKIA


u say, "Shape up your nation!"
cept that it won't shape!
e whole darn population
ryin' to escape!
u shoulda stood in Russia!
u shoulda stood in bed!
ad-i-vos-tok! I'm a sorry Red!
Well!
Commissar Khrushchev, your life's a success!
You've gone and turned the world into one helluva mess!
The living is lousy; our countries are wrecked!
So we've decided to defect!
To defect?
We'll defect, we'll defect,
Yes, we'll all defect!
To the West we're going to defect!
HUNGRY
BULLGARIA


hey say
e can't
trusted!
They say that we are crooks!
They say we're maladjusted!
They say that we are schnooks!
They say we are offensive!
They say we are obscene!
Khrush-chev . . . we don't . . . like the whole routine!
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, we're sayin' good-by!
And you can keep your Communistic "pie-in-the-sky"!
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, us Reds are all through!
Gee, Commissar Khrushchev—*Khrush you!*
MANIA

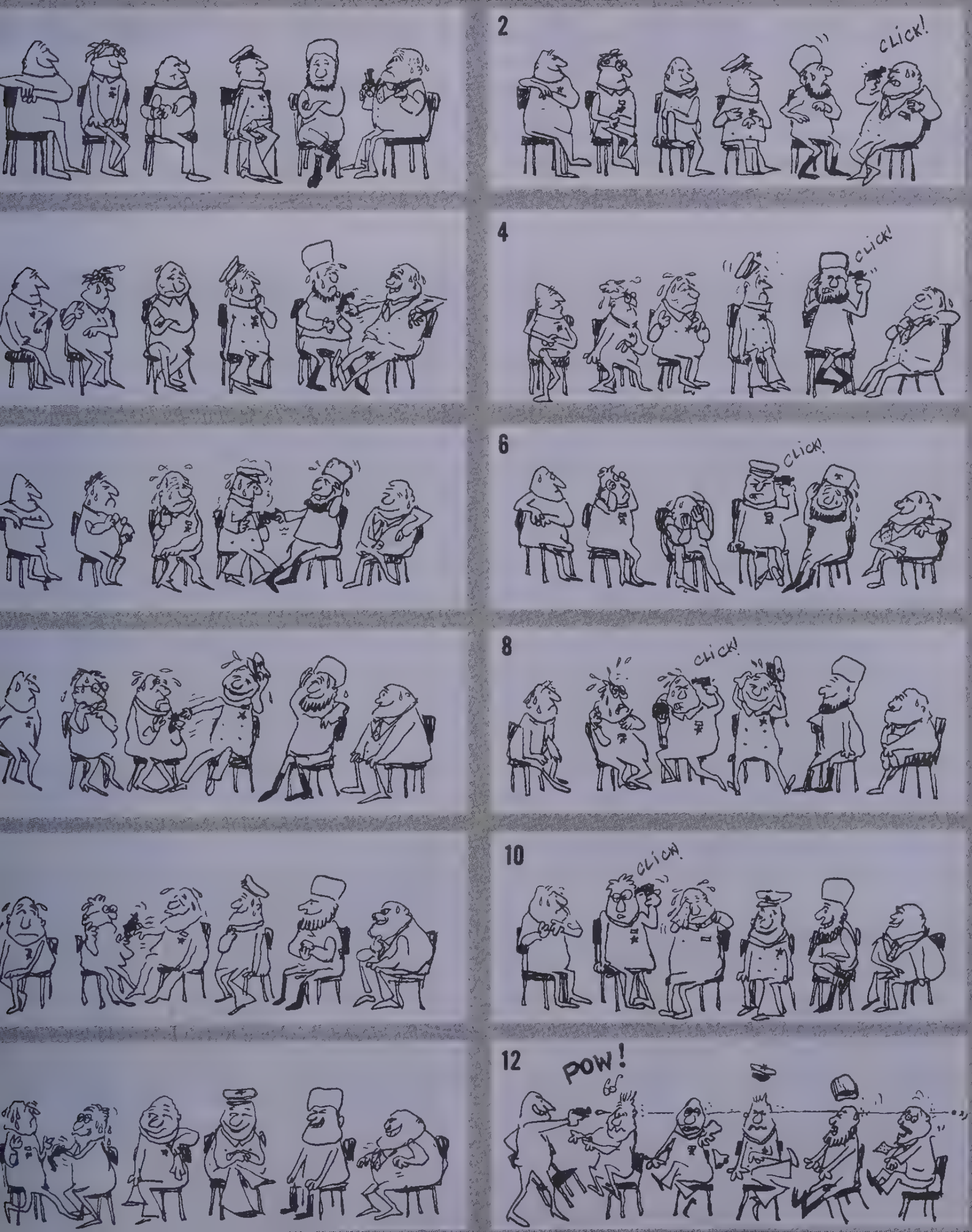

Looks like you're rocking the boat, Nikita! Nobody wants to go along with you—not even your own boys!
I'm not through yet! You'll change your minds when you hear what I'm gonna do to the West!
Like what?


Like first I'm gonna write "Yankee Go Home" all over the Berlin Wall! And if that don't work, I'm gonna put Peter Lawford in orbit! And if that don't work, I'm gonna send up a rocket that'll paint my face on the moon so big you'll see it whenever you look up! And if that don't work, I'm gonna infiltrate Disneyland! And if that don't work . . .
So **here** you are! Acting like a **street hoodlum** again!
Why *(gulp)* hello, dear! What brings **you** here?
Somebody has to stop you from blowing up the world! I told you when you left the Kremlin yesterday that I didn't want you stirring up trouble! Imagine! A grown man like you behaving like a teen-age hooligan!
But, Nina . . .
Don't Nina me! If that nice Jack Kennedy hadn't called me, goodness knows what you might have done before I got here! You ought to be ashamed—with all your boasts and threats! And what's this I hear about moving the U.N. to Moscow? I have enough trouble entertaining as it is!
But I can explain . . .
You can do plenty of explaining when you get home! So get a move on or I'll put **you** in orbit!
I LEFT THE WATER RUNNIN' FOR YA IN THE SHOWER!
So much for Nikita, eh, Jack?
Right, Mac! Looks like tonight was a **good** night, after all!
Tonight, tonight! Nikita lost tonight! Tonight his gang was fin-al-ly skunked!
Tonight, tonight! They got it good tonight, And it means that the Reds are defunct!
Tonight Nikita made an error! His wife's a holy terror— A case of dynamite—
Tonight, we're quite Delighted that the Reds lost Their bite To-night!

THE "RED" BADGE OF COURAGE DEPT.

# RUSSIAN "RUSSIAN ROULETTE"

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

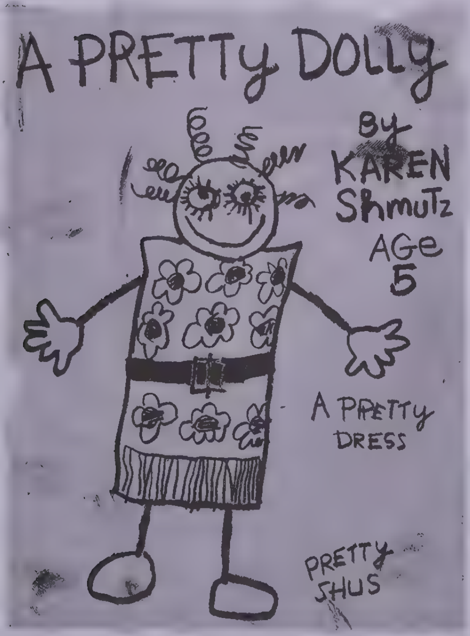

2
CLICK!
4
CLICK!
6
CLICK!
8
CLICK!
10
CLICK!
12
POW!

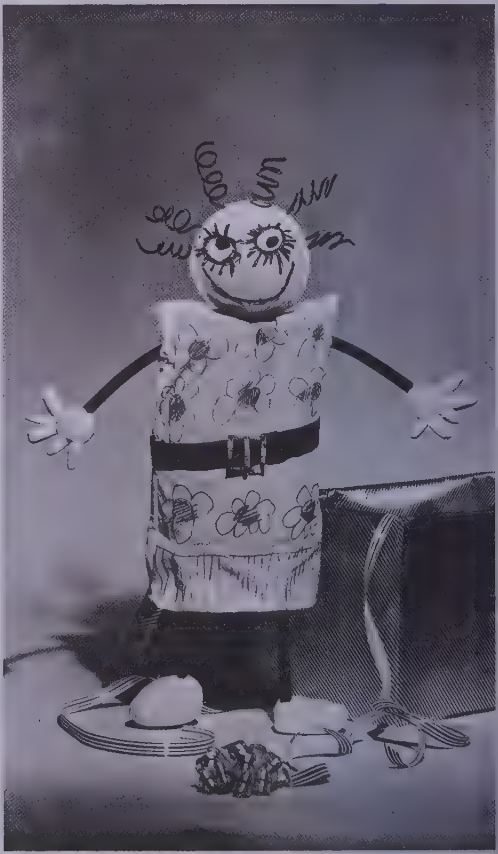
## THEY DREW WHAT THEY WANTED DEPT.

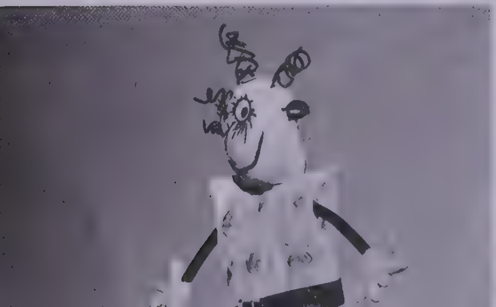
We at MAD feel that the designs of today's Christmas toys reflect our warped adult sense of values. We at MAD also feel that the success of today's Christmas toys exposes our basic insecurity as parents trying to buy the love of our children with material things. But mainly, we at MAD feel too cheap to spend that money on our kids! So here is our idea: Instead of nuclear physicists designing complicated costly toys, why not let kids design them? Children's drawings show simple, beautiful, joyous viewpoints that no grown-up can hope to capture. Here, then, is what we would be seeing . . .

# IF KIDS THEIR

STORY AND MODELS BY AL JAFF



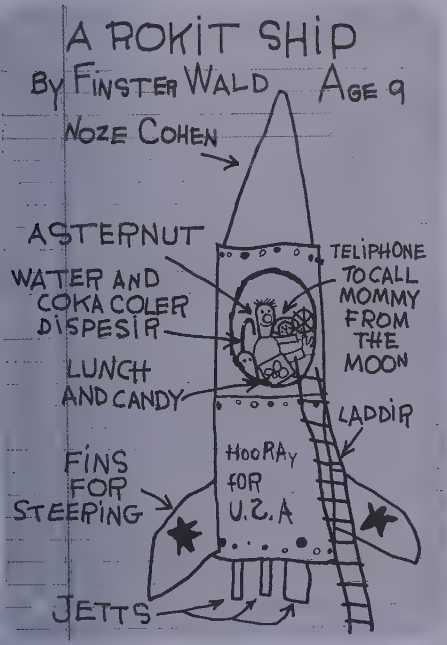


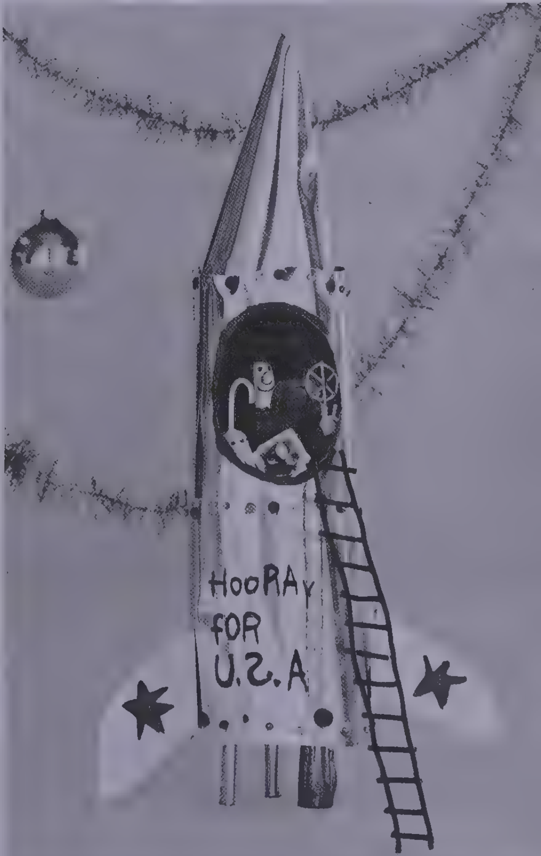


Dolls have become so complicated and realistic today, they're almost human. But little girls don't want human dolls. If you don't believe it, watch how little girls torture baby brothers or sisters. We interrupted little Karen Shmutz while she was sticking her finger down her baby brother's throat, and asked her to design this doll.

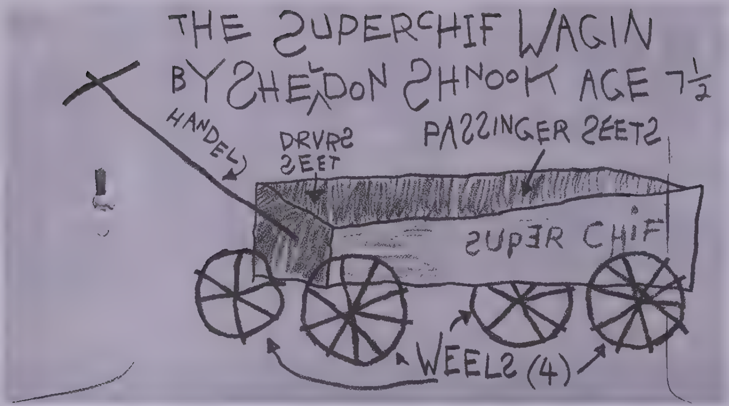
# DESIGNED TOYS
# VN XMAS

OS BY LESTER KRAUSS

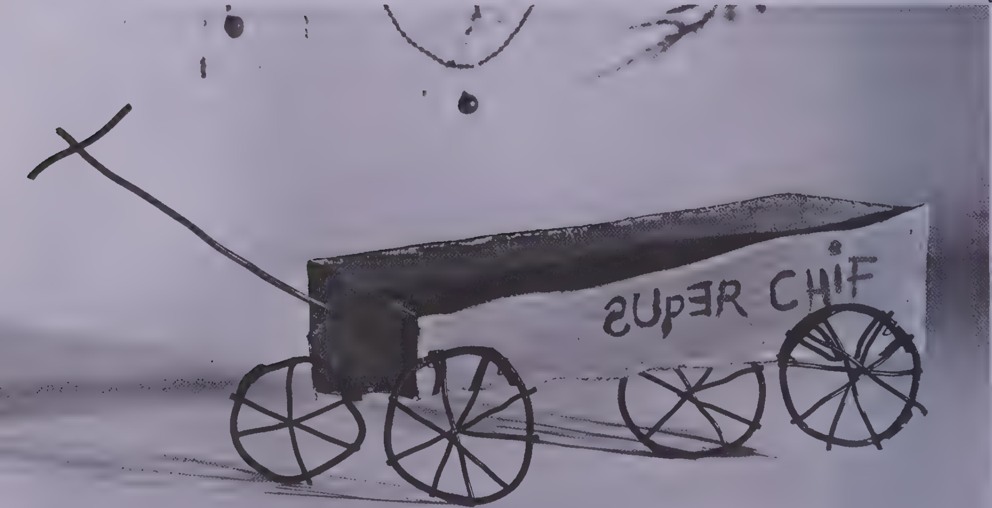

A ROKIT SHIP
By FINSTER WALD Age 9
NOZE COHEN
ASTERNUT
WATER AND COKA COLER DISPESIR
LUNCH AND CANDY
TELIPHONE TO CALL MOMMY FROM THE MOON
LADDIR
HOORAY FOR U.Z.A
FINS FOR STEERING
JETTS

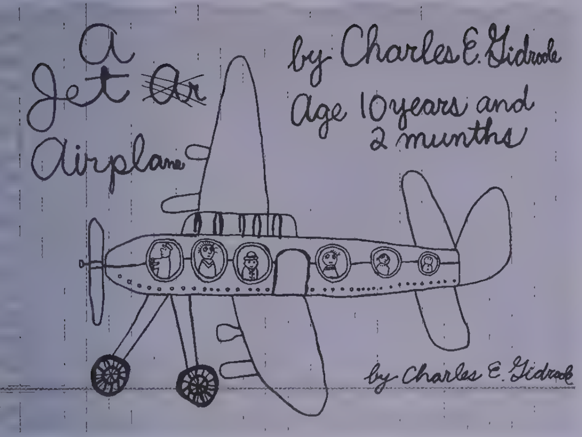

HooRAy
FOR
U.Z.A

Nine year old Finster Wald's design for a rocket ship seems far more interesting to us than the realistic ones turned out by areo-space scientists working for toy companies. And it probably works as well as the ones these guys designed for the U.S. space effort before they left to go to work for the toy companies.

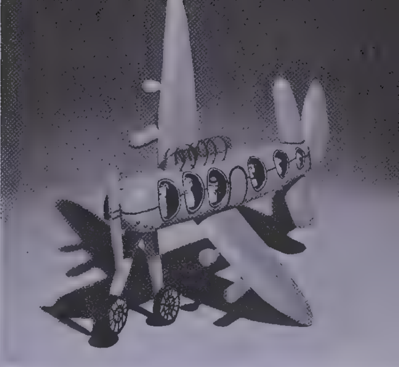

THE SUPERCHIF WAGIN
BY SHELDON SHNOOK AGE 7½
HANDEL
DRVRS SEET
PASSINGER SEETS
SUPER CHIF
WEELS (4)

**Notice the brilliant new concepts that 7-and-one-half year old Sheldon Shnook's wagon introduces to the toymaker's art . . . brilliant new concepts like crooked sides . . . wheels that won't turn . . . and perspectives that haven't even been discovered yet! But Sheldon's wagon has one thing that no one can take away from it: its inner beauty . . . namely, its low price!**




a Jet ~~Air~~ airplane
by Charles E. Gidrode
Age 10 years and 2 munths
by Charles E. Gidrode

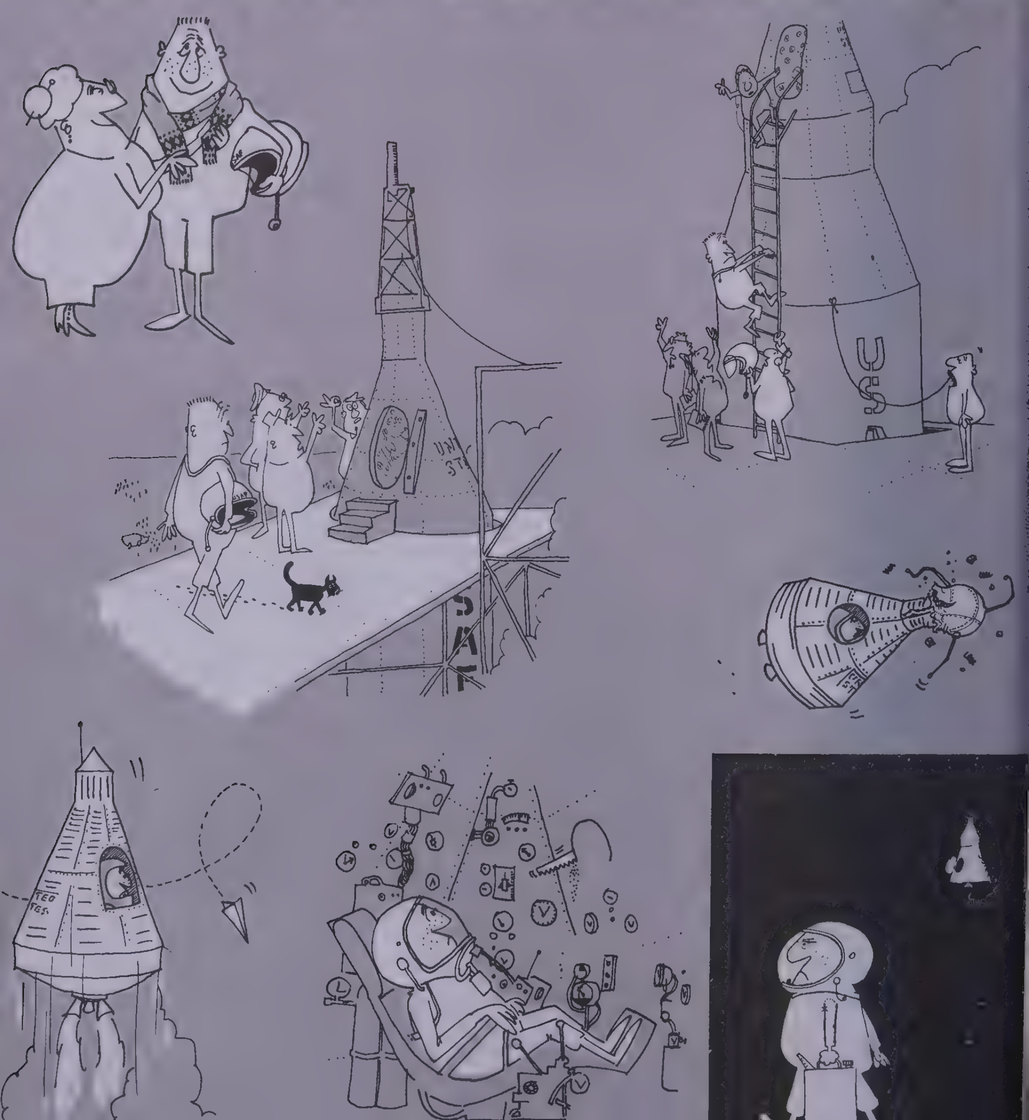
**Charlie misses nothing when he sees a jet airplane. Of course, he misses plenty when he draws one . . . but we think it's grand anyway. His attention to detail is enchanting. It's also a bit cockeyed, but that's okay because we're hoping some forward-looking toy company will manufacture Charlie's plane and he'll make enough money on royalties to afford the glasses he needs.**



**CAPSULE HUMOR DEPT.**

As Americans, one of our most admirable traits is the ability we have laugh at ourselves and make light of serious matters. Even Cape Canaver couldn't escape the humorous onslaughts directed its way by such comi

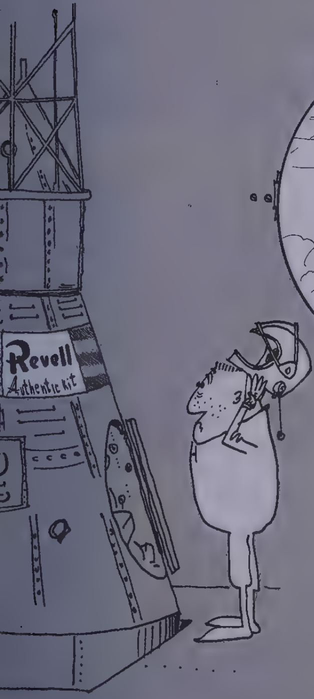
# A MAD LOOK AT TH

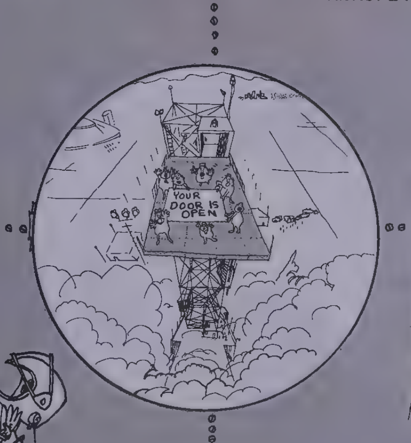


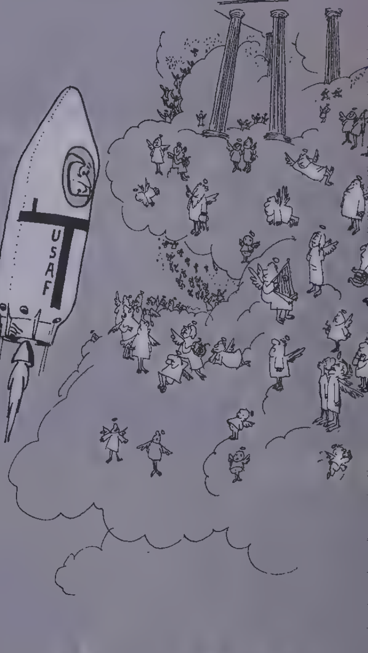
chols and May ("But, Mother—I was sending up Vanguard!"), Bill Dana
gonna cry a lot!"), Charlie Manna ("I'm not goin' without my crayons!"),
And so, in answer to many requests that we add our observations, here's

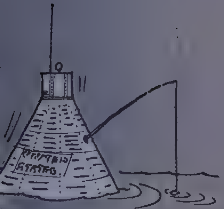
# J.S. SPACE EFFORT

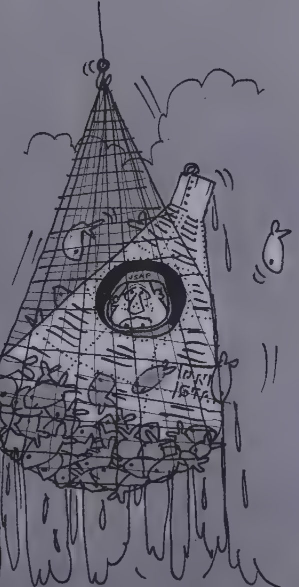
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

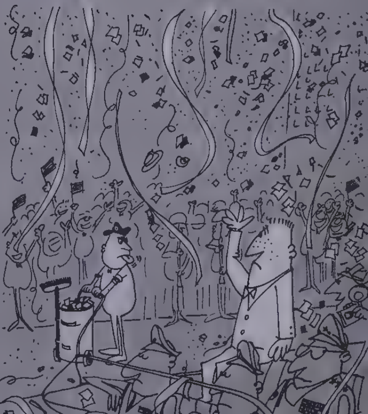

Revell
Authentic kit


YOUR DOOR IS OPEN





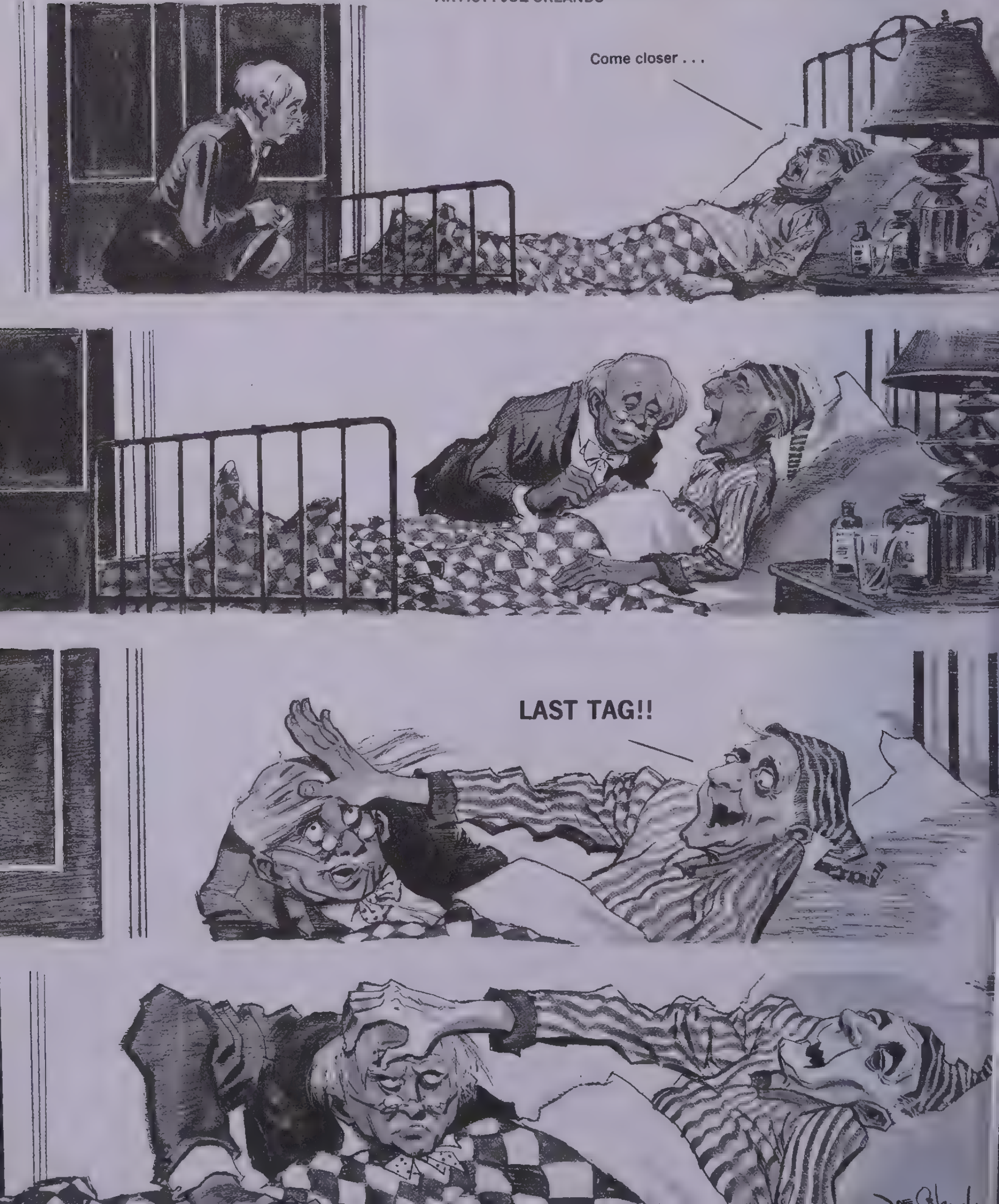




**TOUCH-AND-GO DEPT.**

# THE PARTING SHOT

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO


Come closer . . .
LAST TAG!!

# 1964-1966

Early 1964: The nation is still reeling from the November 22, 1963, assassination of President John F. Kennedy. On February 9th a musical group from Liverpool, England, with a new sound and shockingly long hair appears on the *Ed Sullivan Show* to an audience of seventy million viewers; Beatlemania sweeps the country. Ford Motors introduces in April a sporty new model car that becomes an instant classic: the Mustang, priced at $2,368. And "the usual gang of idiots" stumbles onward.

The Norman Mingo cover of issue #89 (September 1964) is a takeoff on the plastic model kit/monster craze of the early to mid-sixties. Many of the classic movie monsters were then available in kit form from Aurora (Frankenstein's Monster, The Wolfman, Dracula, The Mummy, et cetera), under license from Universal. Alfred had a model kit of his own (also made by Aurora, priced at the time at $1.49), which made for an amusing reverse twist cover idea. Universal, who owned the rights to the famous bolt-necked image of the Frankenstein monster, was not amused and threatened legal action. However, like many such legal threats against the magazine, no actual suit was pursued.

Adorning the cover of issue #93 (March 1965) was the "MAD POIUYT," which was an optical illusion MAD bought from a contributor who claimed it was original. The readers soon pointed out, to the staff's embarrassment, that the image had appeared in many different publications over the previous year. The name "POIUYT," of course, is the last six letters of the second row of a typewriter, in reverse.

Issue #94's cover (April 1965) was inspired by Bill Gaines's love of big things in general, and of King Kong in particular. Around the same time, Sergio Aragonés made a life-size papier-mâché head of King Kong to fit into the window in Gaines's office; it still resides in the MAD office today. Sprinkled around the magazine during this period (and a year or so before) were various MAD icons: the "MAD Zeppelin," Arthur the avocado plant, and a scrawny, long-necked bird who also seemed to have no particular significance.

The "painting the road" cover of issue #96 (July 1965) is quintessentially MAD: absurd, surreal, and funny. Note the low-flying "MAD Zeppelin" just above the horizon. The 100th issue of the magazine (January 1966) was celebrated in typical self-deprecating fashion: "Big Deal!"

In January 1964 the Federal Trade Commission proposed plans to require warning labels on cigarette packs and to ban cigarette advertisements featuring endorsements by athletes. MAD had long held an anti-smoking stance, and with the evidence of the health risks mounting, the magazine embarked on a relentless series of parodies of cigarette advertisements. One such parody, "Likely Strife," appears in this section. MAD staffers again play the parts: The ad features De Fuccio, Meglin, and Putnam. Also appearing: Lenny Brenner in the "Concertina" ad and Bill Gaines as "Arnold Finster" in the "Bilked Telephone System" ad.

The "Beautiful Hair—Blecch" parody is one of the all-time classic ad parodies ever to appear in MAD. The piece appeared on the back cover of issue #90 (October 1964, but on the newsstands in August). Although tame by today's standards, in 1964 Beatle haircuts were the subject of great debate, not to mention parental indignation. Frank Frazetta did the gorgeous rendering of the doe-eyed Ringo Starr. Frazetta had done some work on Gaines's EC comics, and by the mid-sixties had become a very successful commercial artist, doing paintings for book covers, record jackets, and movie posters. Today, Frank Frazetta is considered the premier fantasy illustrator, and his works have sold in the six-figure range. Frazetta's only other piece for MAD, "Early One Morning in the Jungle" (issue #106, October 1966), appears in this section as well. The original artwork for "Early One Morning in the Jungle" was auctioned by Christie's in December 1992 for an amazing $30,800.

The "MAD's Great Moments in Advertising—Hertz" is a parody of a popular and long-running series of television ads for Hertz Car Rentals. The spot used "flying" people to show how fast Hertz could get travelers in their cars and on their way. The MAD twist: what if the top were left up? A similar idea was used as a running gag in the farcical film *Good Neighbor Sam* (1964), which starred Jack Lemmon as a high-strung ad man. The other "Great Moments in Advertising" parody appearing here juxtaposes two different advertising characters: the Jolly Green Giant and the Action detergent Genie, who usually popped out of the washer.

Al Jaffee's "Fold-Ins" have been one of MAD's most popular features for more than thirty years. The first-ever "MAD Fold-In" (MAD #86, April 1964) appears in this section. The early "Fold-Ins" were printed in black and white, since MAD didn't begin running full color on the inside covers until the middle of 1968. Another Jaffee favorite, "Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions," spawned a long series of paperback books. The first "Snappy Answers" is presented here, from MAD #98 (October 1965).

"The Phewgitive" is MAD's send-up of *The Fugitive*, the popular television drama that ran from 1963 to 1967. The series starred David Janssen as Dr. Richard Kimble, who was on a quest for his wife's killer, the elusive "one-armed man." The final episode of the series, where Kimble finally catches up with the "one-armed man," had one of the largest viewing audiences in television history.

"A Celebrity's Wallet: Ringo Starr" is a very funny take on the then brand-new Beatles phenomenon. Like Sinatra in the forties and Elvis in the fifties, the Beatles were considered by their detractors to be just a very bright flash in the pan, little more than a fabulously successful combination of hype, hairstyle, and luck. Especially noteworthy in this piece is the "letter" from Moe of the Three Stooges and the inclusion of MAD's own "Blecch" parody ad.

Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side of . . ." is another long-running and well-loved feature. The piece in this section looks at "Teenage Parties." As usual, Berg handles his subject with a gentle and affectionate humor.

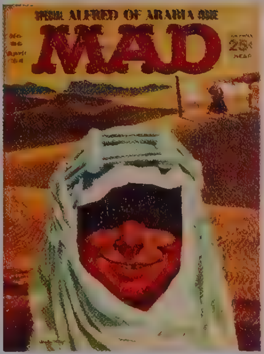
The "43-Man Squamish" article, by George Woodbridge and Tom Koch, developed a life of its own beyond the pages of MAD. Introduced as a MAD alternative to collegiate sports like football and basketball, the game's utterly indecipherable rules and the large number of players required made it impossible to play. In spite of this, "43-Man Squamish" was all the rage for a time on college campuses, with numerous "Squamish" teams being formed. How the teams managed to play the game is a mystery, but perhaps the impossibly absurd nature of the game was the very thing that accounted for its popularity.

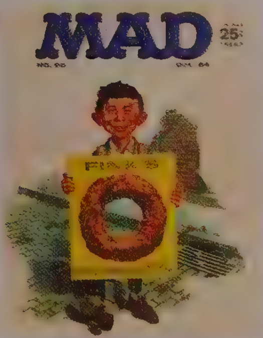
"The Man from A.U.N.T.I.E." sends up *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, which was the first TV series inspired by James Bond–style secret agents. The series opening featured agents Solo and Kuryakin entering the tailor shop that served as the "front" to the secret U.N.C.L.E. headquarters. Writer Arnie Kogen's MAD version begins with the agents, Polo and Nutcrackin, entering through the wrong tailor shop.

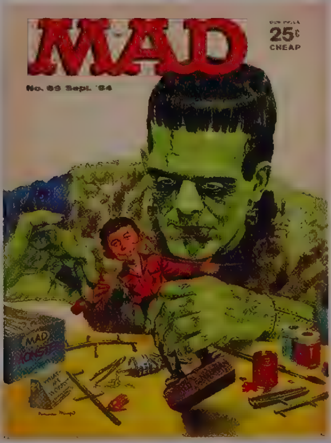
Jack Davis, one of America's most versatile and brilliant cartoonists, was one of the original MAD artists. Davis worked on Harvey Kurtzman's MAD as far back as the first issue and left with Kurtzman to work on Hugh Hefner's ill-fated and short-lived *Trump* magazine. After almost ten years of every kind of freelance work imaginable (including work on several inferior MAD imitations), Davis rejoined "the usual gang of idiots." "Horror Movie Scenes We'd Like to See" (MAD #99, December 1965) is the first piece Davis illustrated upon his return, done in his trademark "crosshatched" style. "Horror Movie Scenes" writer Don Edwing will be familiar to current MAD readers as artist/writer "Duck" Edwing.

In 1966 a show that was the very essence of the word "camp" appeared on TV screens. The show was called *Batman*, and it launched an intense but relatively short-lived "Bat-craze." Starring Adam West as Batman, the series was based on the popular DC comic book super hero but done with tongue firmly in cheek. Filmed with off-kilter camera angles, bright primary colors, comic book–style sound effects ("BIFF!," "POW!!," "BANG!!!"), and campy dialogue like "Holy Batcave, Batman!," the show became an overnight sensation. However entertaining and successful *Batman* was, though, it unfortunately set the notion of comic books as adult entertainment back by at least twenty years. MAD's spin on the program focused on "Sparrow, the Boy Wonderful" and the effect his secret identity was having on his love life. Sparrow's revelation at the end of the MAD piece, if applied to Burt Ward's Robin, might actually have had the effect of prolonging the life of the real *Batman* series. Sex sells, even in Gotham City!

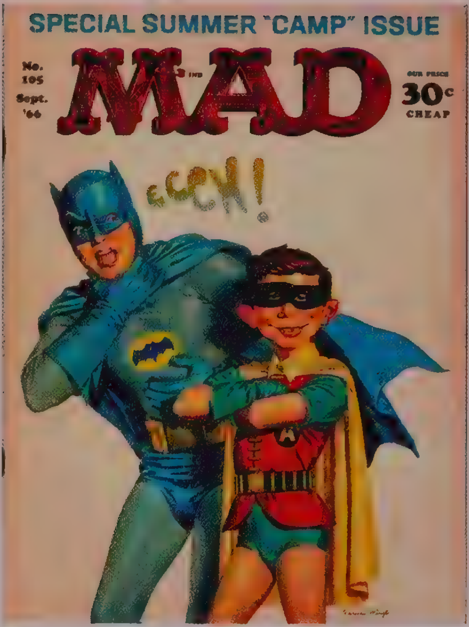
SPECIAL "MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD" ISSUE
MAD
OUR PRICE 30¢ CHEAP?
No. 96
July '65
MAD BRAND


SPECIAL ALFRED OF ARABIA ISSUE
No. 86 April '64
MAD
25¢ CHEAP

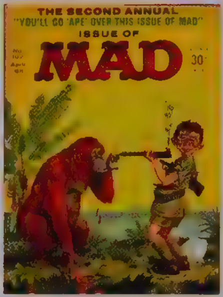

MAD
25¢
No. 90
Oct. '64

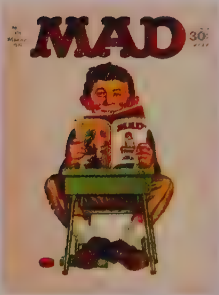

MAD
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
No. 89 Sept. '64
MAD MONSTER

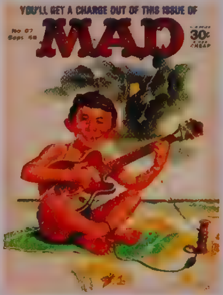
MAD
25¢ CHEAP
No. 93
March '65
INTRODUCING THE MAD POIUYT

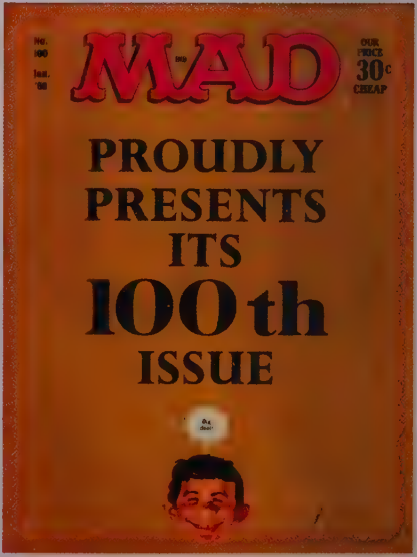

SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE
No. 105
Sept. '66
MAD
OUR PRICE
30¢
CHEAP
ECCH!

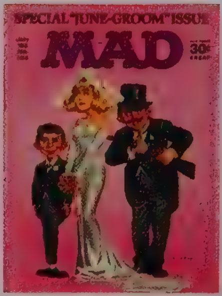
YOU'LL GO 'APE' OVER THIS ISSUE OF
MAD
25¢
CHEAP


THE SECOND ANNUAL
"YOU'LL GO 'APE' OVER THIS ISSUE OF MAD"
ISSUE OF
MAD
30¢


MAD
30¢

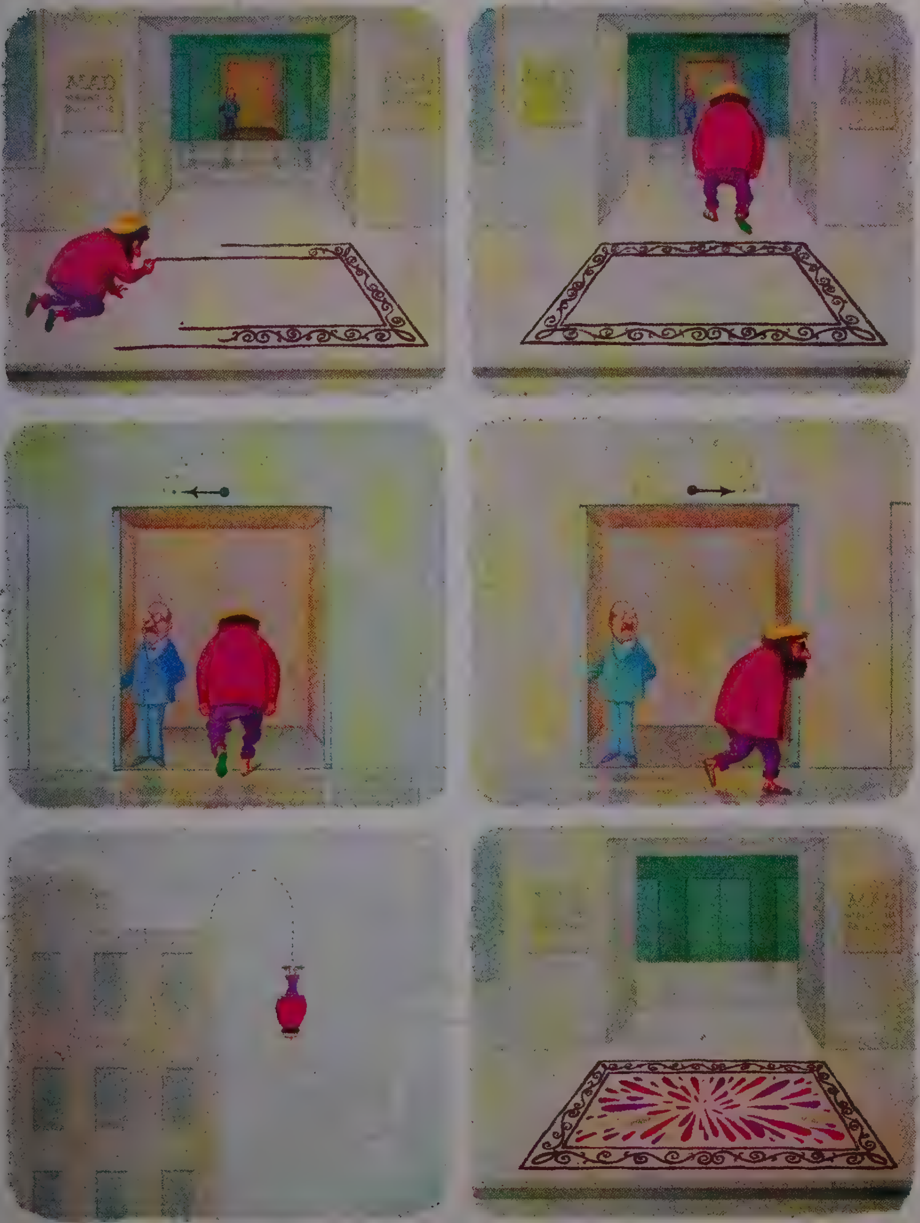

YOU'LL GET A CHARGE OUT OF THIS ISSUE OF
MAD
30¢
CHEAP


No. 100
Jan. '66
MAD
OUR PRICE
30¢
CHEAP
PROUDLY
PRESENTS
ITS
100th
ISSUE
Big deal!

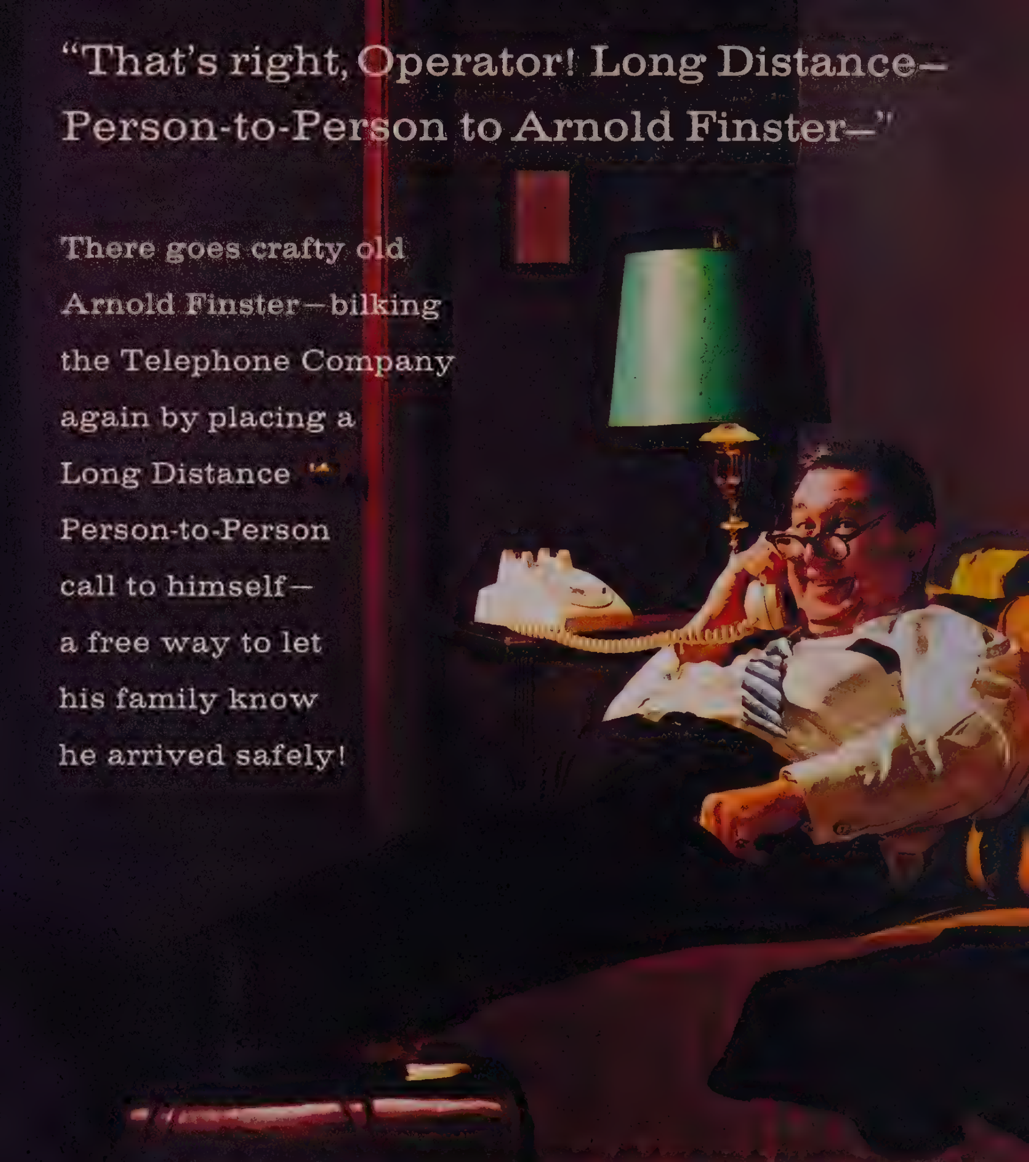

SPECIAL "JUNE-GROOM" ISSUE
MAD
30¢

# SELF-PORTRAIT

WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



# "That's right, Operator! Long Distance— Person-to-Person to Arnold Finster—"

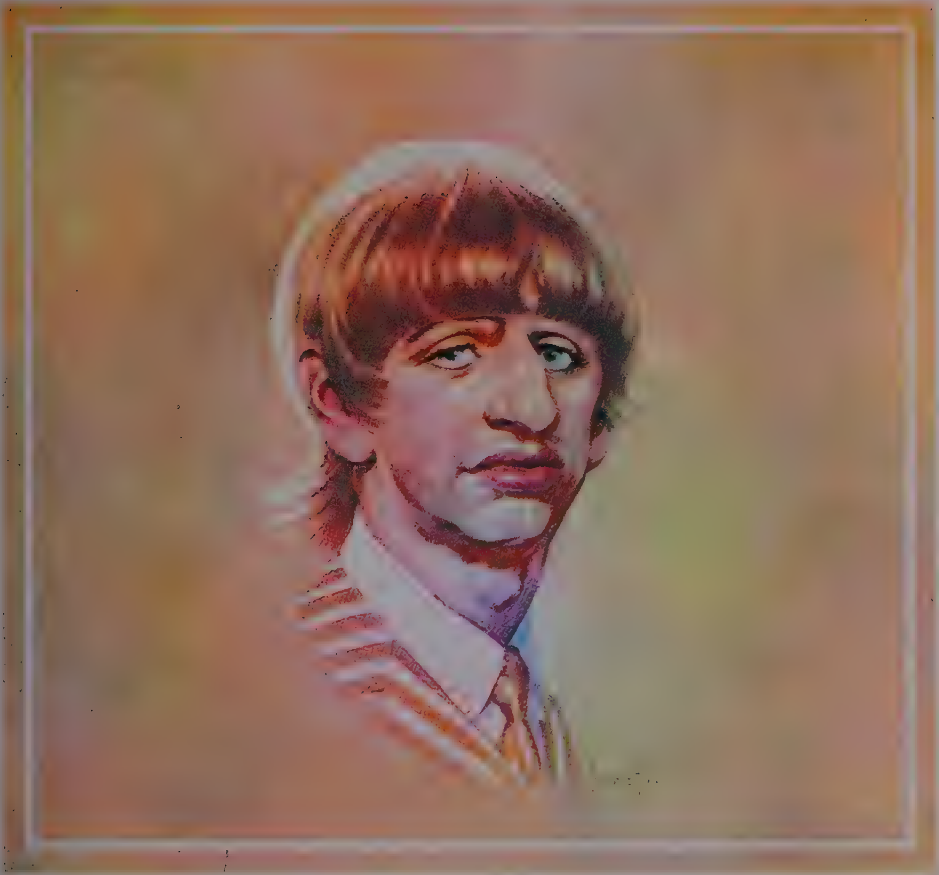


There goes crafty old
Arnold Finster—bilking
the Telephone Company
again by placing a
Long Distance
Person-to-Person
call to himself—
a free way to let
his family know
he arrived safely!

**Maybe if we stopped spending millions of dollars for fancy ads like these to get folks to phone Long Distance . . . and lowered our rates instead, guys like Arnold Finster could afford to make legitimate Long Distance telephone calls!**

**BILKED TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Calling yourself Person-to-Person is the next best thing to calling Long Distance*

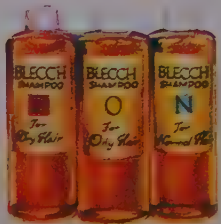


## Make Beautiful Hair

# BLECCH

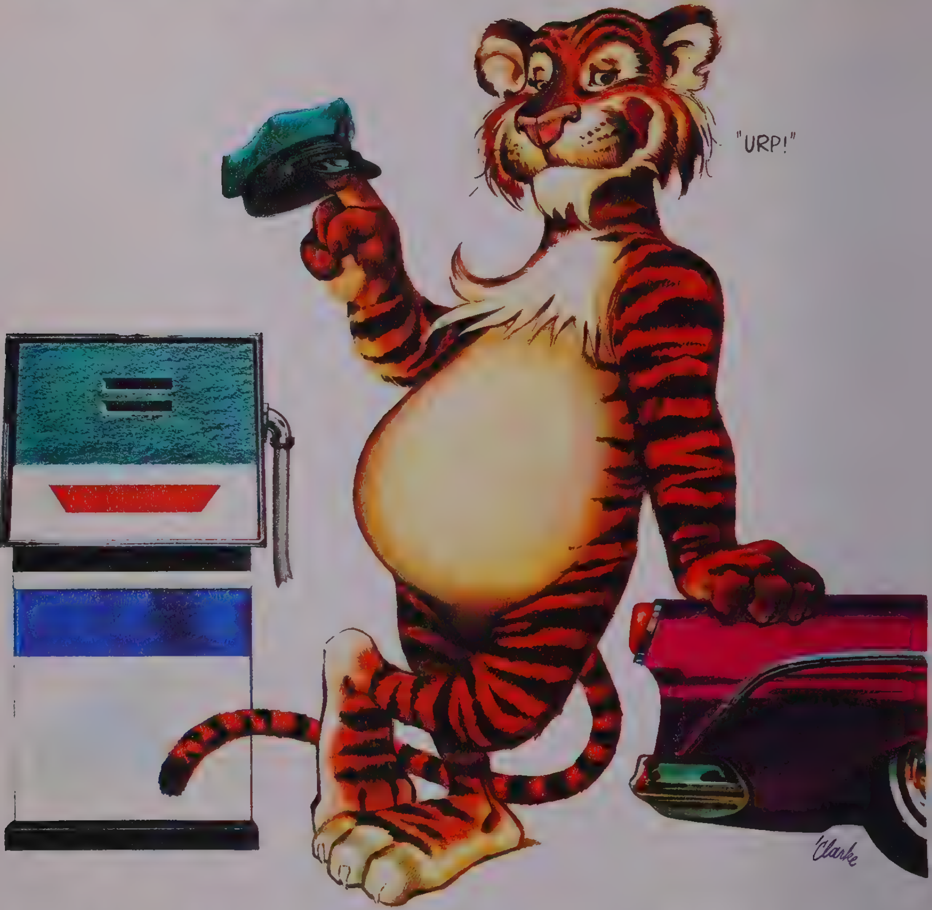
### THERE ARE THREE BLECCH SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Are you a teenage boy with Beautiful Hair? Well no wonder the girls hardly notice you. Today, you've got to be a teenage boy with Blecch hair. Then the girls will scream with delight, roll on the floor and kick their feet when they see you. So why waste another minute? Shampoo your hair with Blecch tonight. Blecch comes in three special formulas:


BLECCH SHAMPOO
For Dry Hair
BLECCH SHAMPOO
O
For Oily Hair
BLECCH SHAMPOO
N
For Normal Hair

● For dry hair—a special formula that takes neat crew-cut type hair and lays it down over your ears. ● For oily hair—loosens up that slick-combing stuff so it spills down over your eyes. ● For normal hair—gives it proper body so it mushrooms all over your head. Get the shampoo that's right for you, and make your hair "Blecch"! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

# I JUST PUT A GAS STATION ATTENDANT IN MY TANK!



## MAINLY BECAUSE I GOT SICK AND TIRED OF BEING EXPLOITED!

1 First there was that idiotic Tiger on all them boxes of Sugar Frosted Flakes–used by

**Kellogg's**

2 Then came them ads for those Tiger paw tires on Pontiac's GTO Tiger to sell you

**U.S.Royals**

3 Then there's that ridiculous broad lying all over the Tiger skin on TV for

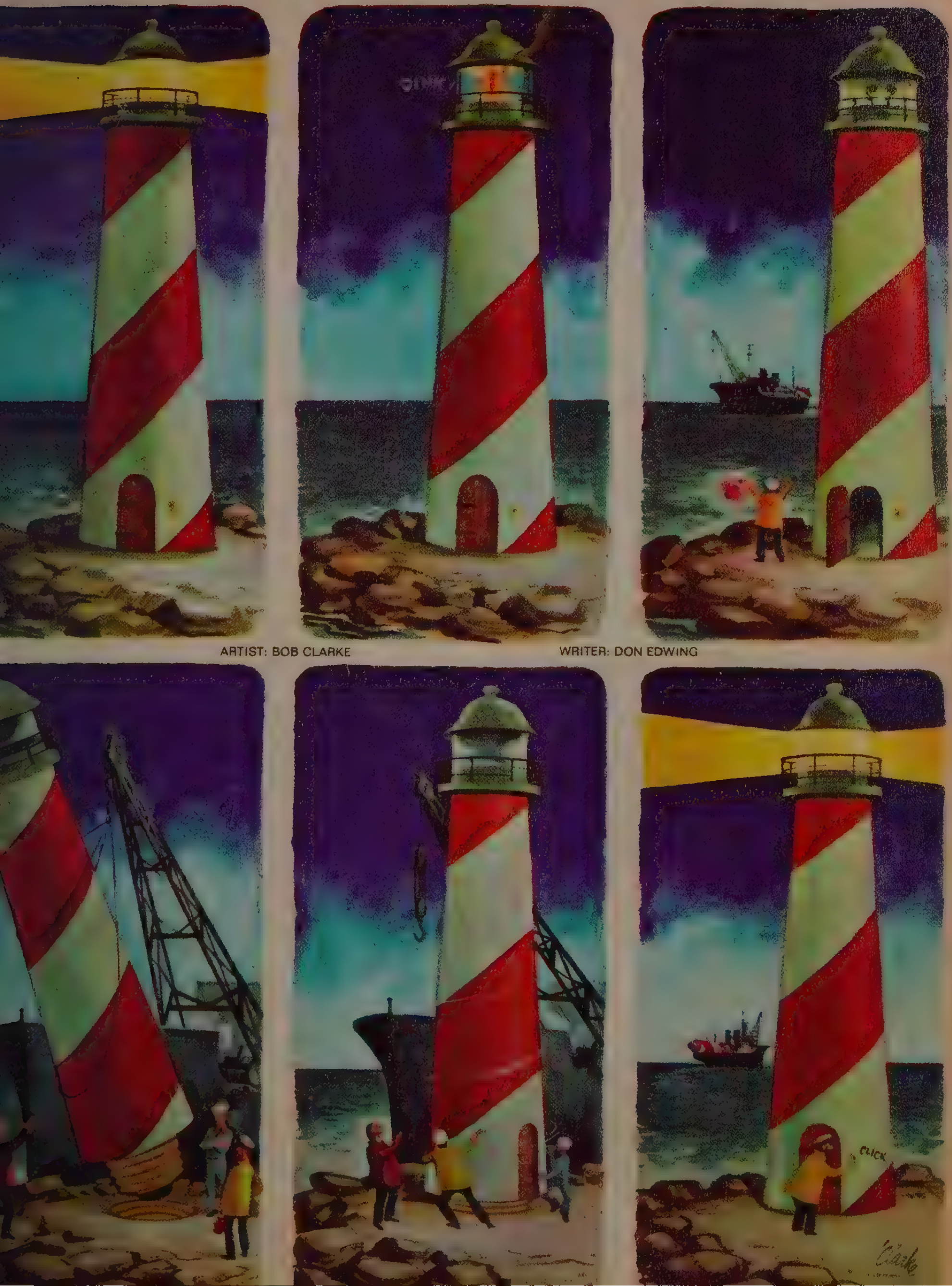
**'TOP BRASS'.**

4 And finally there's this stupid idea of putting a Tiger in your car's tank by using

**HUMBLE Esso**

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! HONESTLY, I'M JUST FED UP WITH MADISON AVENUE'S PREOCCUPATION WITH TIGERS! NOW, MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY COME OUT WITH ANOTHER ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FEATURING ME!

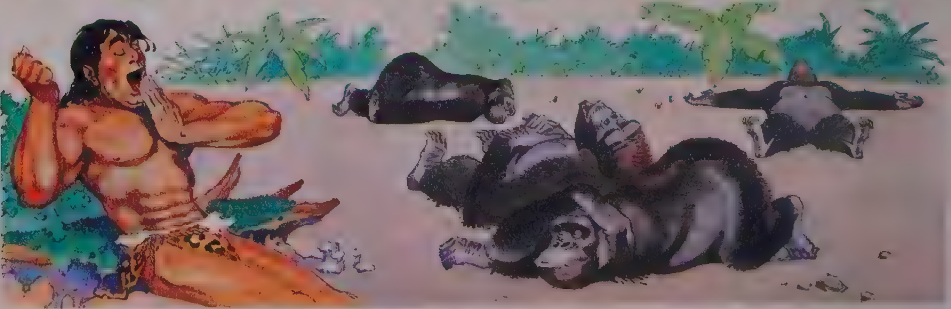
# THE REPLACEMENT


DINK
CLICK
Clarke

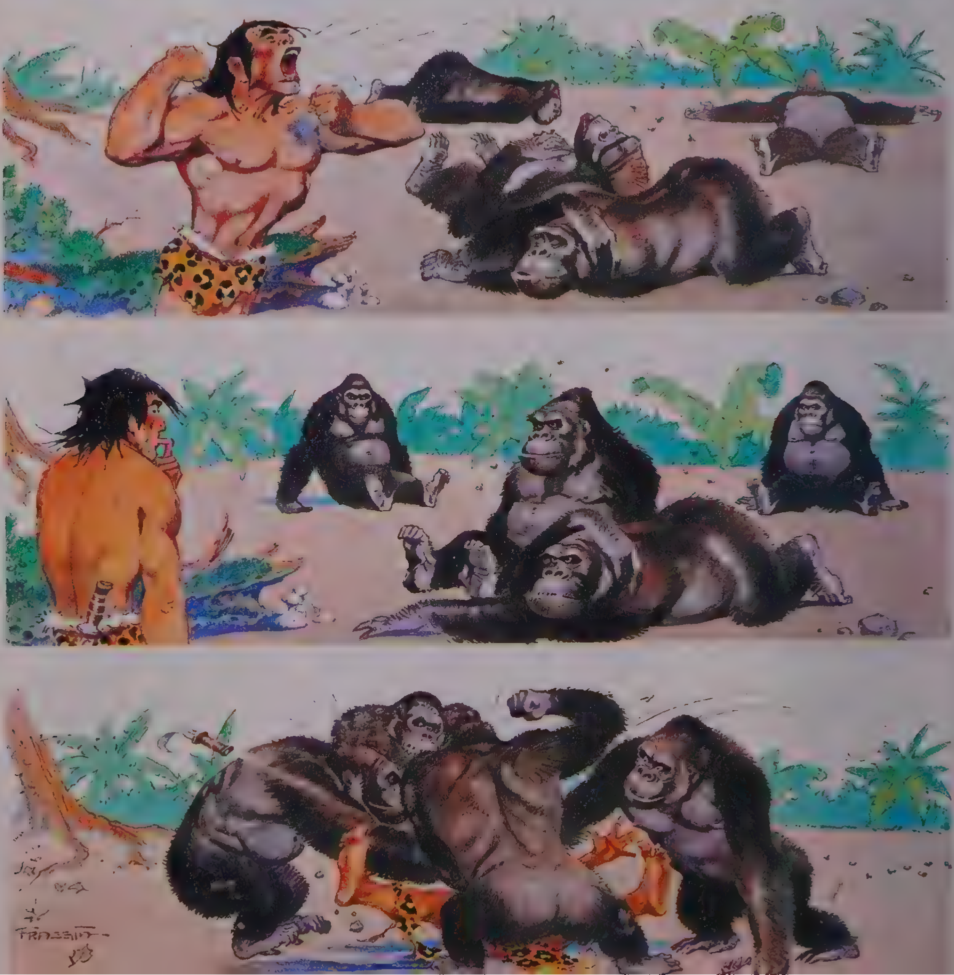
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING

# Early One Morning In The Jungle



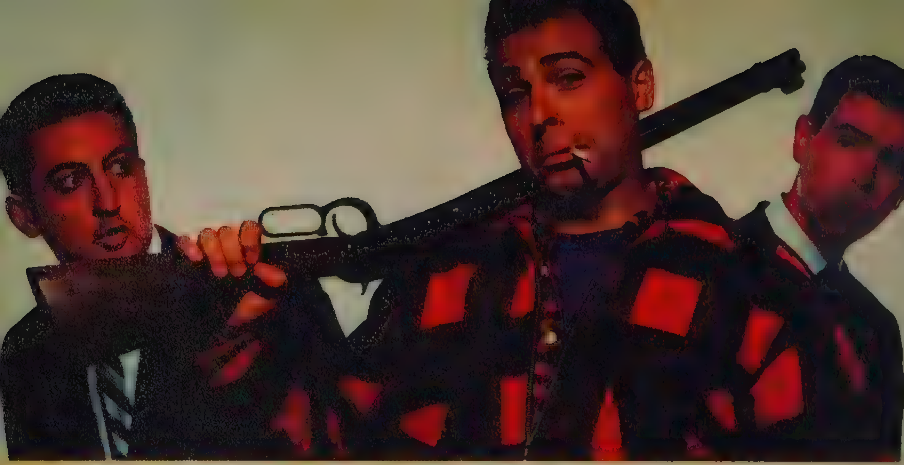
ARTIST: FRANK FRAZETTA WRITER: DON EDWING



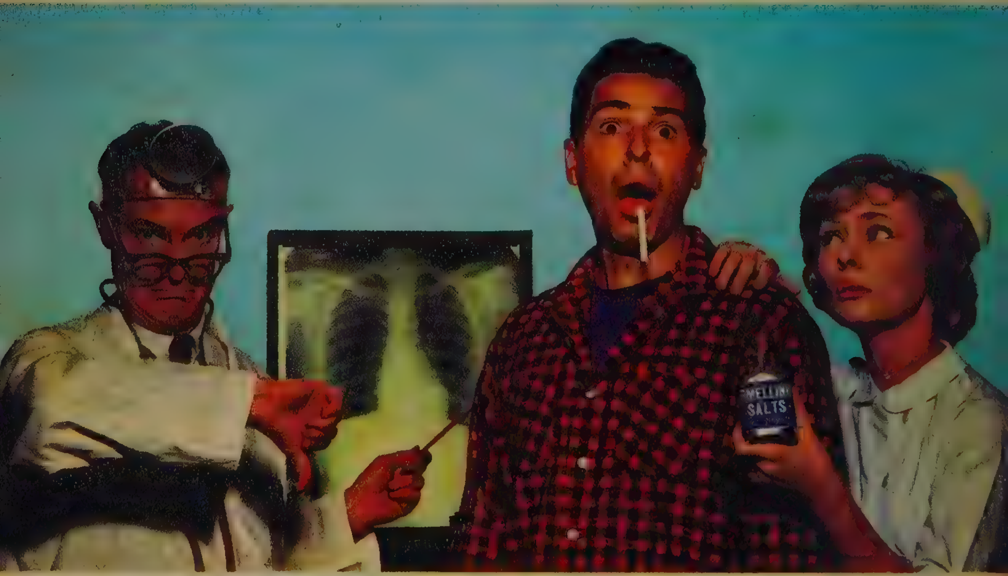
# I'm the guy who puts eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can!!

All day long – squashing, squooshing, slamming, splattering . . . Yeccch, what a mess! Thank goodness it's my last week at this gooky job! Next week my company starts using a new-type can, and I'll be able to stuff those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can without ending up looking like I've been attacked with a meat cleaver. Mainly because our new "little bitty can" expands into a "biggy wiggy can" like an accordion.

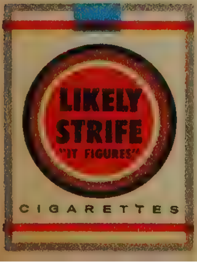
Concertina
EXPANDING CAN



**Likely Strife separates the men from the boys...**



**but not from the doctors.**

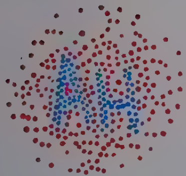

LIKELY
STRIFE
"IT FIGURES"
CIGARETTES

**Smoking is a habit we'd like to get all you kids hooked on. Hey, kids! Wanna feel grown up? Wanna feel like a man? Wanna be separated from the boys—but not from the girls? Smoke Likely Strife—and you'll discover one other thing: You'll also be separated from your health!**

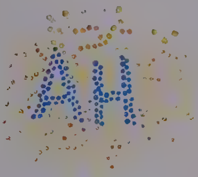
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER (L.S./M.F.T.) KRAUSS

# What have we got against colds?

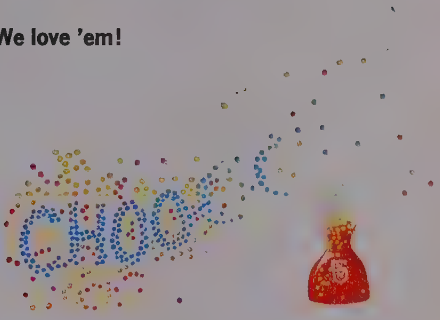
**Absolutely nothing! We love 'em!**



We manufacture capsules that have these tiny red "time pills" which stop sniffles and runny nose.



They also have yellow and white "time pills" which stop sneezing and gagging and choking and yecching.

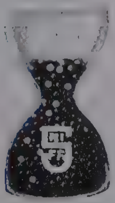


These "time pills" don't actually cure the cold — they just suppress the symptoms so you feel good.

That's how we move plenty of these capsules. You go around spreading cold germs instead of staying in bed.

*CONTACT* ALL DAY / ALL NIGHT GERM SPREADING

SNIFF



We call this a "Time Capsule" because it gives you time to spread the cold.

**1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS**

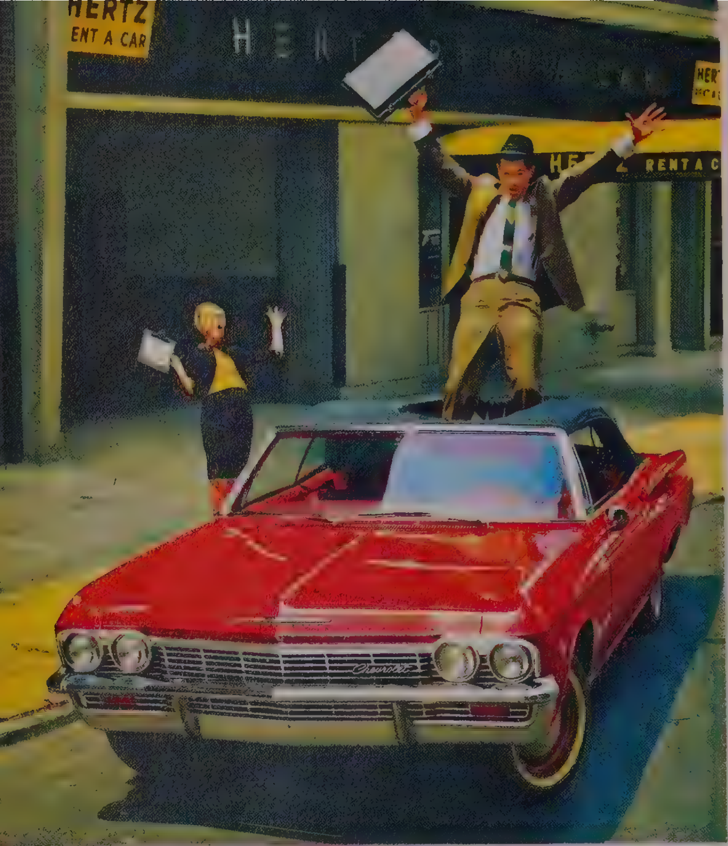
will do nothing for you, but plenty for us. Because the more colds, the more capsules we'll move. Personal contact is needed to spread colds, but who's gonna be stupid enough to go near someone slobbering with a juicy cold? Nobody! That's why we created this tricky capsule. It makes colds **seem** to disappear—so

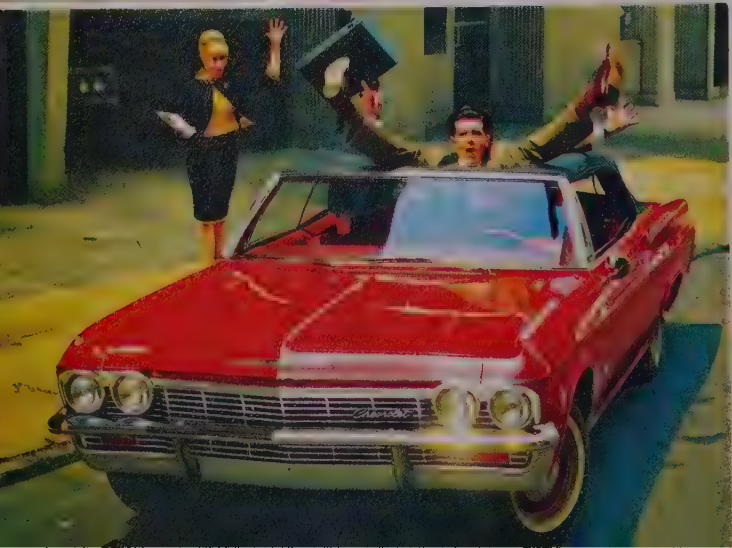
**COLDS SPREAD ON**

# CONTACT

10 CONTINUOUSLY CONTAGIOUS CAPSULES—STOP SYMPTOMS, NOT GERMS

**Today's largest selling substitute for legitimate prescription cold remedies.**


HERTZ
RENT A CAR
HERTZ
RENT A C
Chevrolet

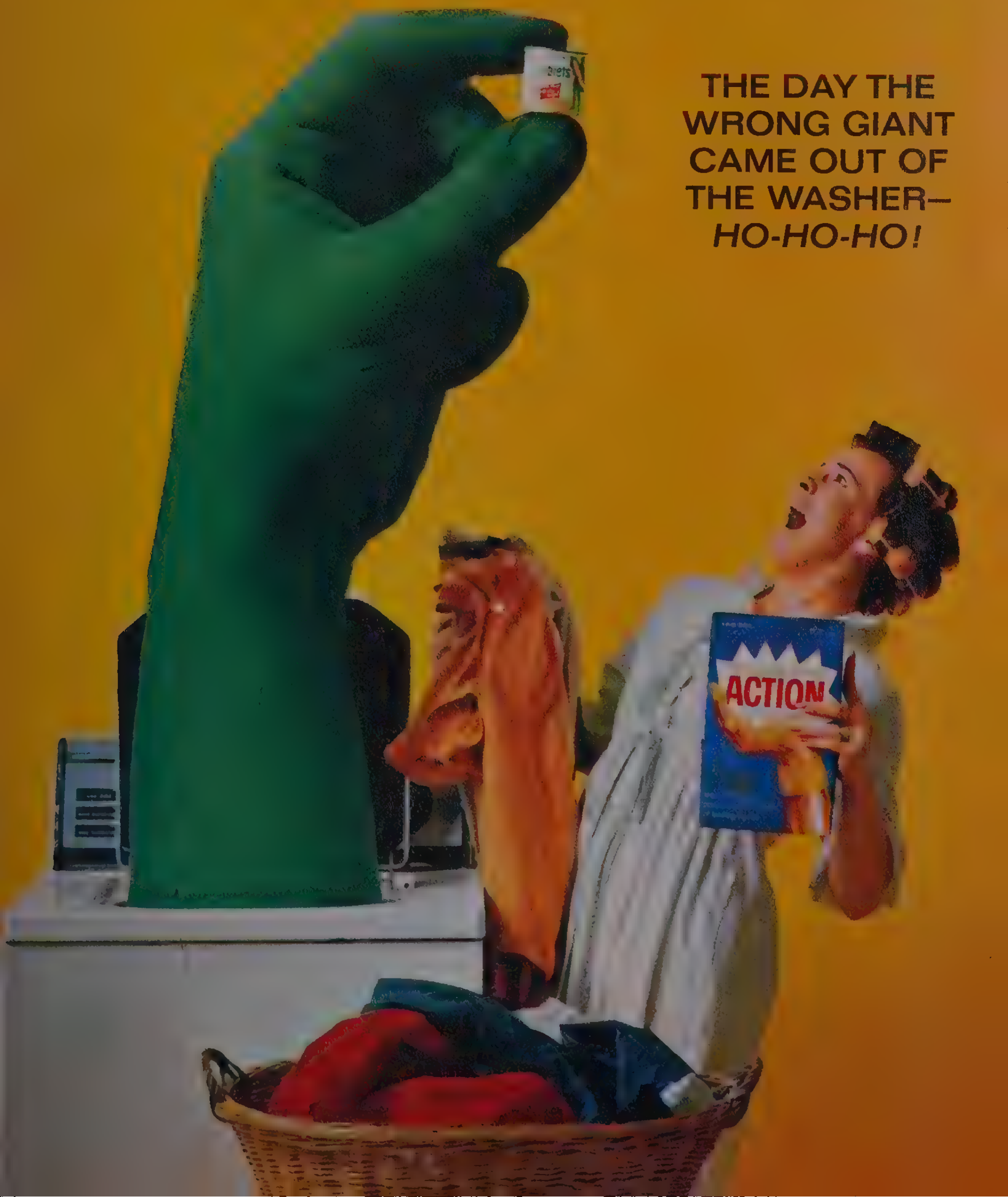


# MAD's Great Moments In Advertisin

## THE DAY THEY FORGOT TO PUT THE TOP DOWN FOR THE HERTZ COMMERCIAL

Photography by Irving "Avis" Schild

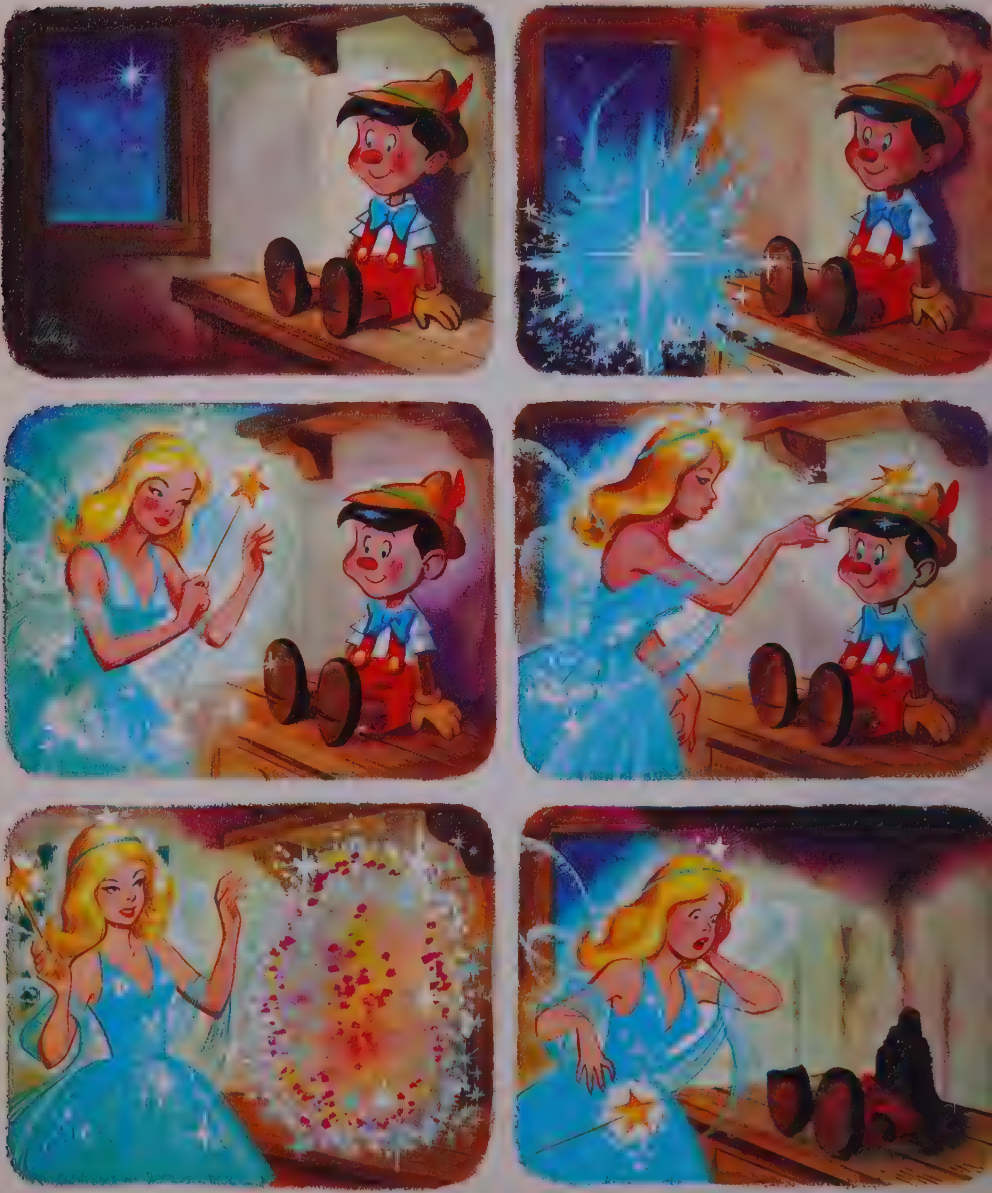
# MAD's Great Moments In Advertising



THE DAY THE
WRONG GIANT
CAME OUT OF
THE WASHER–
*HO-HO-HO!*

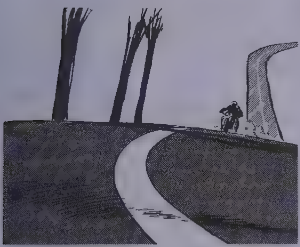
# THE LITTLE WOODEN PUPPET

## A Scene We'd Like to See

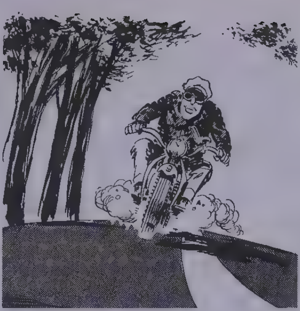


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

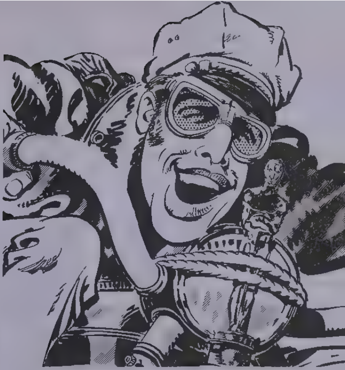
## WHAT KIND O'TOOLE AM I? DEPT.



Here is MAD's version of the Academy Award-winning movie that opens with a wild motorcycle ride taken by one of the most mysterious and confusing personalities in world history . . .



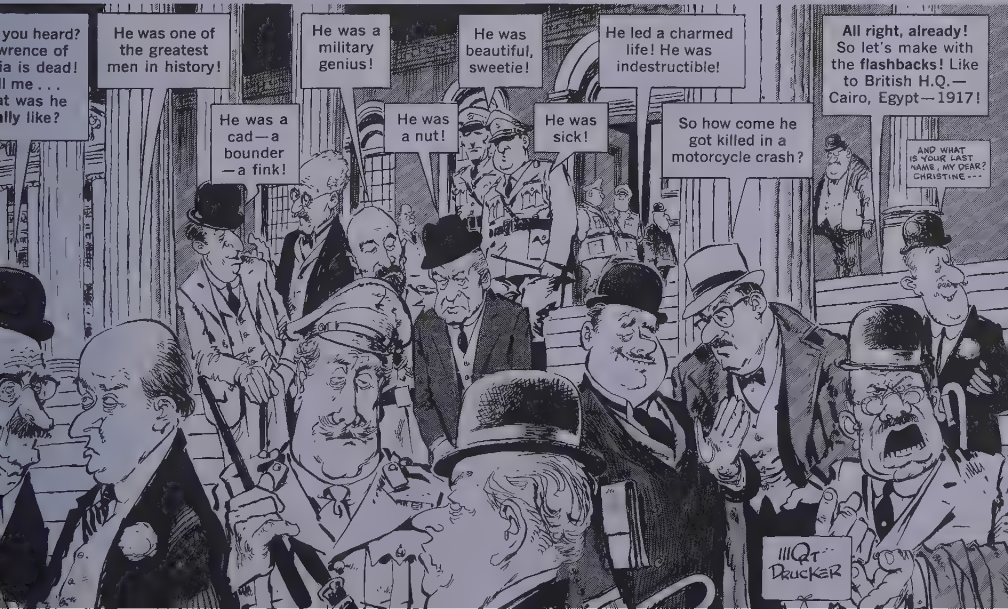
This motorcycle rider had once been a rough-and-tumble soldier, despite the fact that he was well-educated, well-mannered, dressed immaculately, and spoke with perfect diction . . .



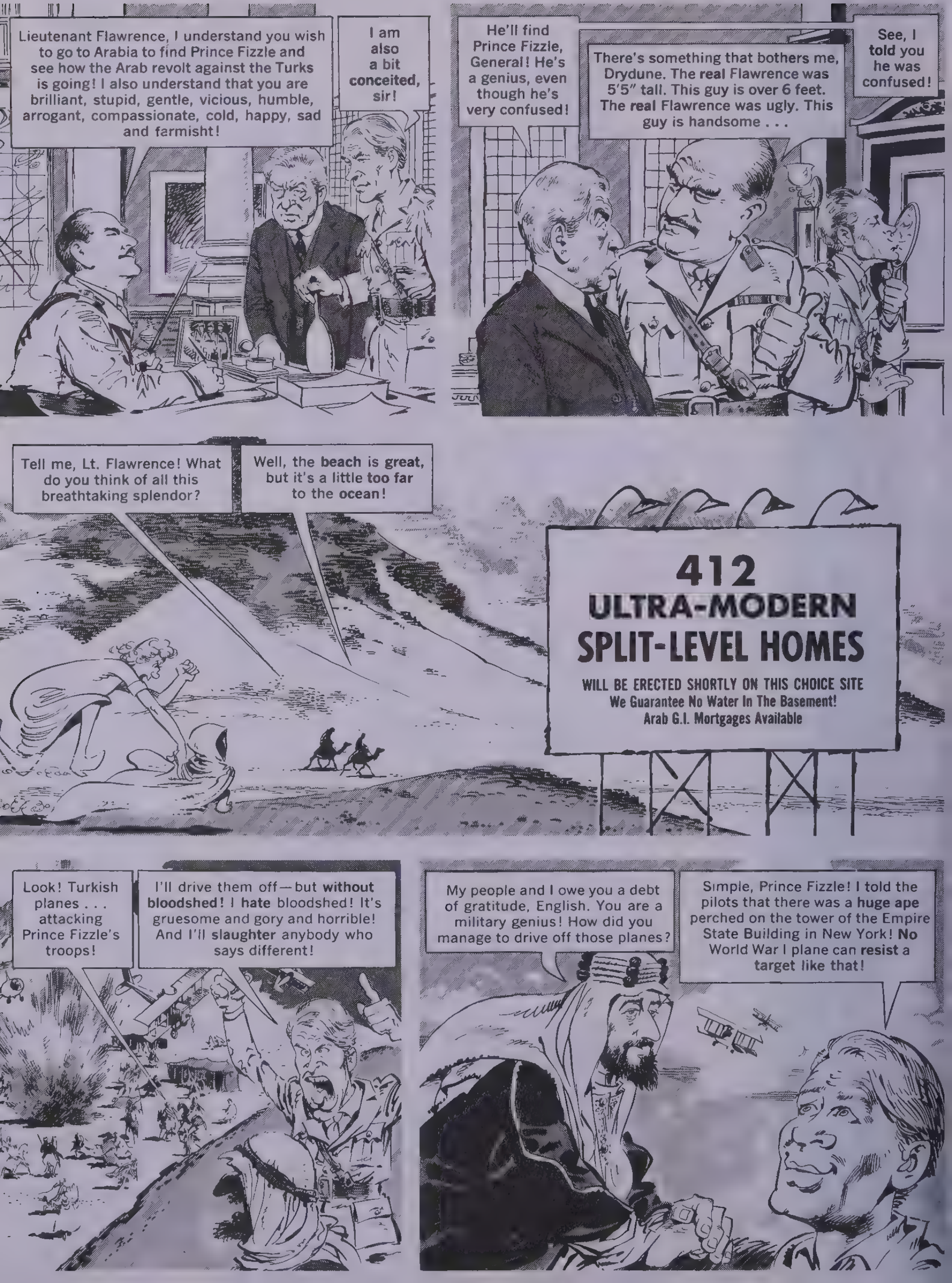
Ooops! — Wrong motorcycle rider! Hey, you guys up in the projection booth! That's Marlon Brando in the opening scene from "The Wild One!" That was a character we **understood**! Not like

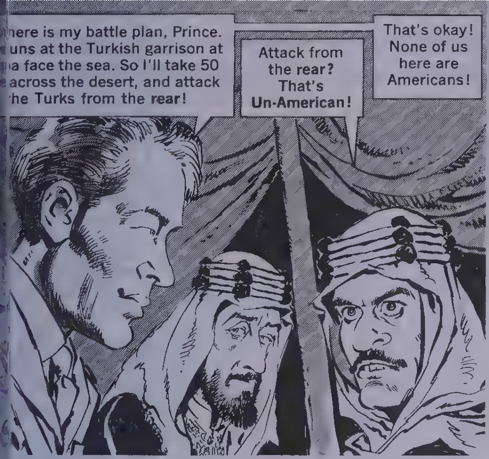
# FLAWRENCE OF ARABIA

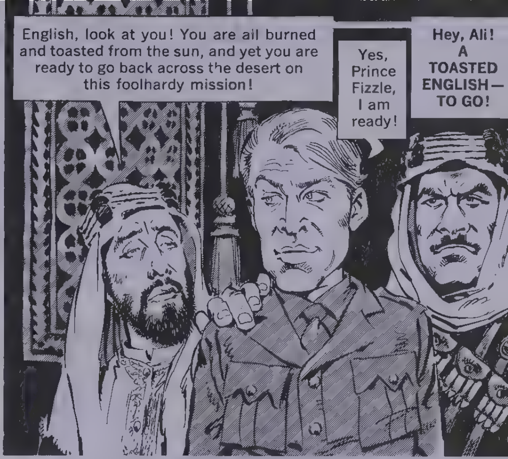
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

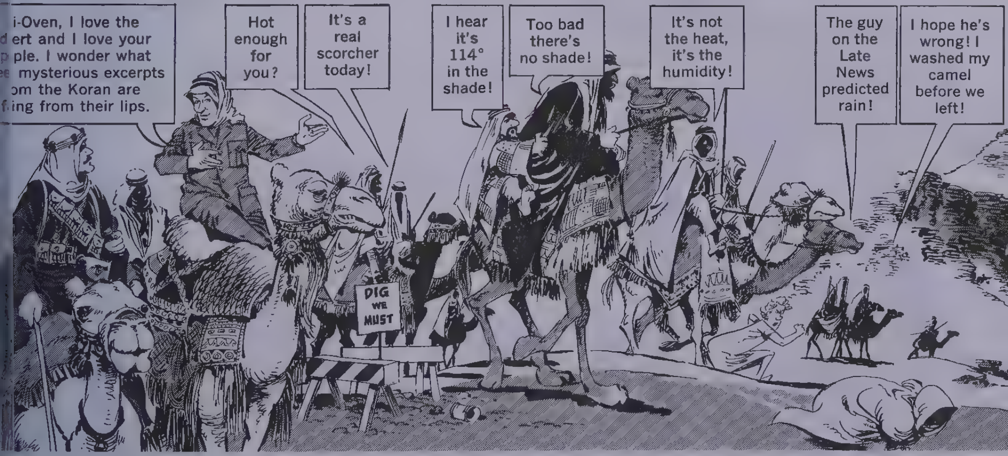


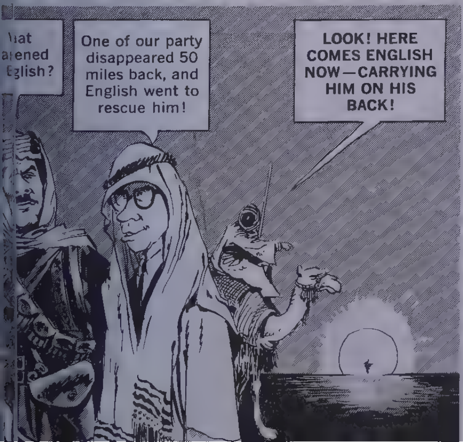
you heard? wrence of ia is dead! ll me . . . t was he ally like?
He was one of the greatest men in history!
He was a cad — a bounder — a fink!
He was a military genius!
He was a nut!
He was beautiful, sweetie!
He was sick!
He led a charmed life! He was indestructible!
So how come he got killed in a motorcycle crash?
All right, already! So let's make with the flashbacks! Like to British H.Q. — Cairo, Egypt — 1917!
AND WHAT IS YOUR LAST NAME, MY DEAR? CHRISTINE - - -
MORT DRUCKER

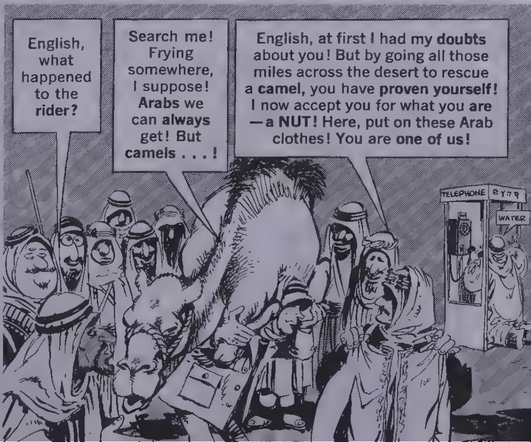

Lieutenant Flawrence, I understand you wish to go to Arabia to find Prince Fizzle and see how the Arab revolt against the Turks is going! I also understand that you are brilliant, stupid, gentle, vicious, humble, arrogant, compassionate, cold, happy, sad and farmisht!
I am also a bit **conceited,** sir!
He'll find Prince Fizzle, General! He's a genius, even though he's very confused!
There's something that bothers me, Drydune. The **real** Flawrence was 5'5" tall. This guy is over 6 feet. The **real** Flawrence was ugly. This guy is handsome . . .
See, I **told** you he was confused!
Tell me, Lt. Flawrence! What do you think of all this breathtaking splendor?
Well, the **beach** is **great,** but it's a little **too far** to the **ocean**!
412
ULTRA-MODERN
SPLIT-LEVEL HOMES
WILL BE ERECTED SHORTLY ON THIS CHOICE SITE
We Guarantee No Water In The Basement!
Arab G.I. Mortgages Available
Look! Turkish planes . . . attacking Prince Fizzle's troops!
I'll drive them off—but **without bloodshed!** I **hate** bloodshed! It's gruesome and gory and horrible! And I'll **slaughter** anybody who says different!
My people and I owe you a debt of gratitude, English. You are a military genius! How did you manage to drive off those planes?
Simple, Prince Fizzle! I told the pilots that there was a **huge ape** perched on the tower of the Empire State Building in New York! **No** World War I plane can **resist** a target like that!

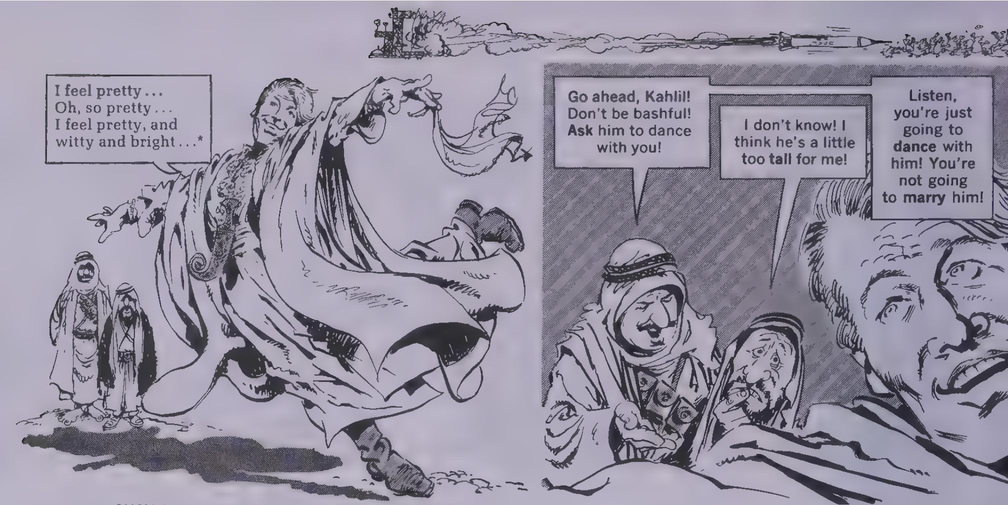

here is my battle plan, Prince.
uns at the Turkish garrison at
a face the sea. So I'll take 50
across the desert, and attack
he Turks from the rear!
Attack from the rear? That's Un-American!
That's okay! None of us here are Americans!


English, look at you! You are all burned and toasted from the sun, and yet you are ready to go back across the desert on this foolhardy mission!
Yes, Prince Fizzle, I am ready!
Hey, Ali! A TOASTED ENGLISH—TO GO!

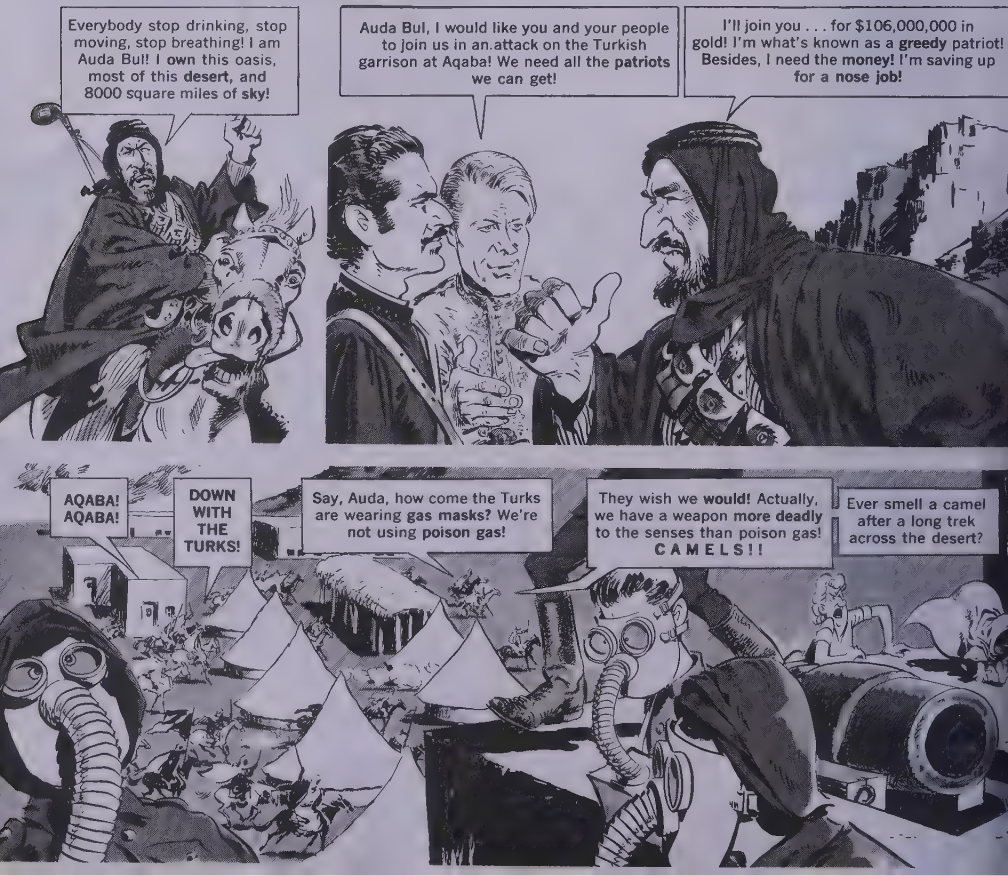

i-Oven, I love the
ert and I love your
ple. I wonder what
e mysterious excerpts
om the Koran are
ing from their lips.
Hot enough for you?
It's a real scorcher today!
I hear it's 114° in the shade!
Too bad there's no shade!
It's not the heat, it's the humidity!
The guy on the Late News predicted rain!
I hope he's wrong! I washed my camel before we left!
DIG WE MUST

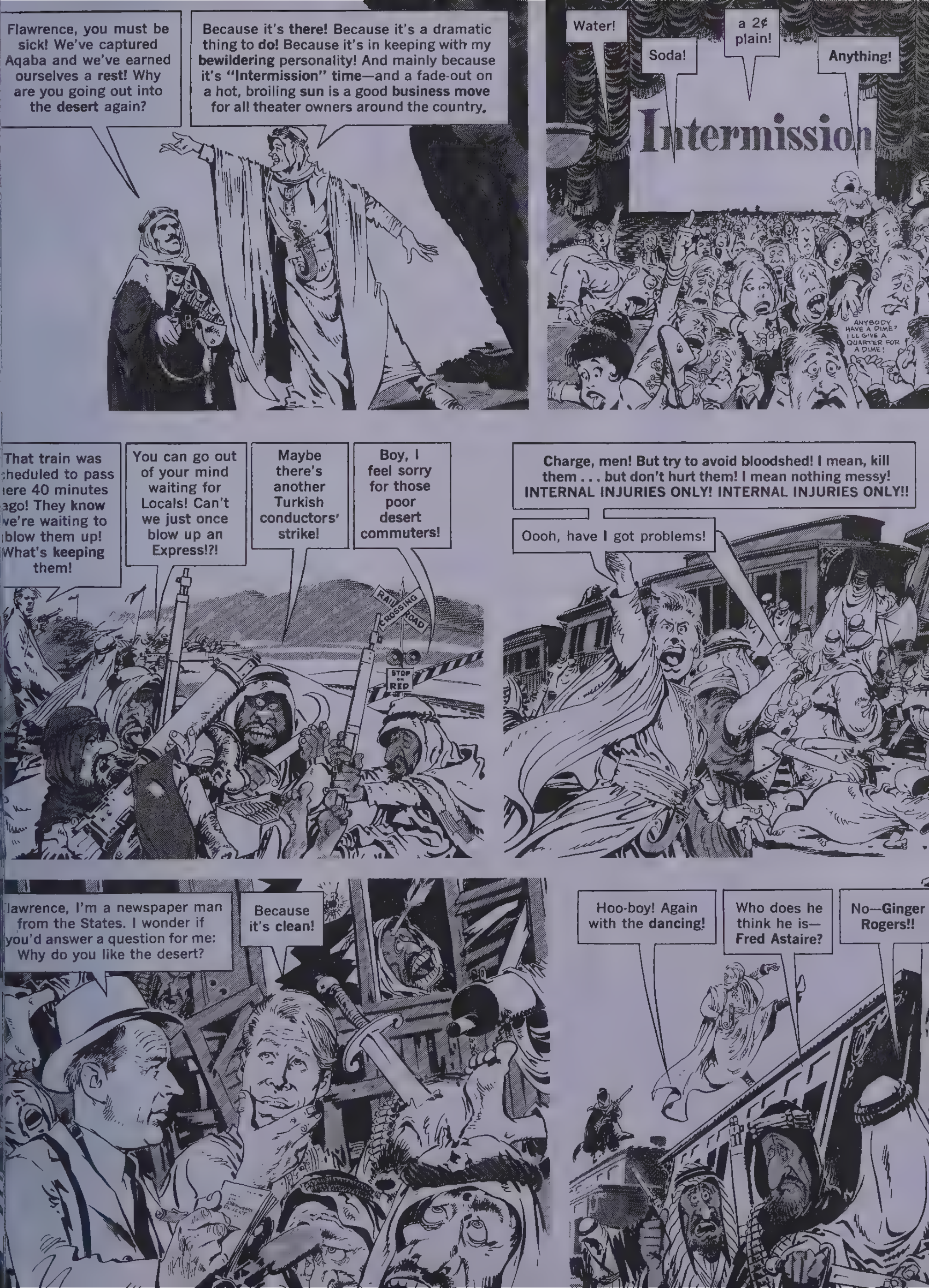

hat
ened
glish?
One of our party disappeared 50 miles back, and English went to rescue him!
LOOK! HERE COMES ENGLISH NOW—CARRYING HIM ON HIS BACK!

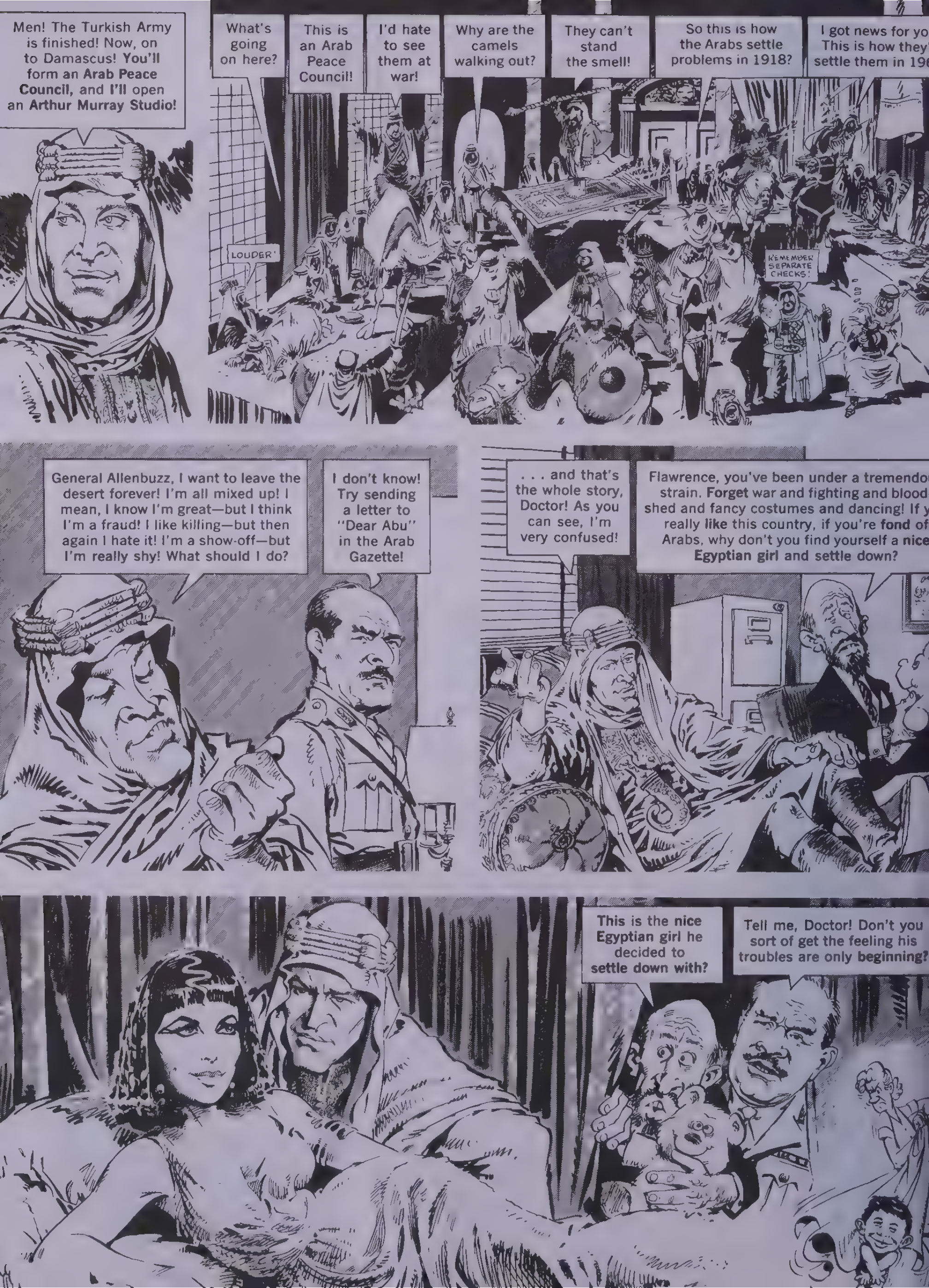

English, what happened to the rider?
Search me! Frying somewhere, I suppose! Arabs we can always get! But camels . . . !
English, at first I had my doubts about you! But by going all those miles across the desert to rescue a camel, you have proven yourself! I now accept you for what you are—a NUT! Here, put on these Arab clothes! You are one of us!
TELEPHONE
WATER


I feel pretty . . .
Oh, so pretty . . .
I feel pretty, and witty and bright . . .*
Go ahead, Kahlil! Don't be bashful! **Ask** him to dance with you!
I don't know! I think he's a little too **tall** for me!
Listen, you're just going to **dance** with him! You're not going to **marry** him!

* ©MCMLVII by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim

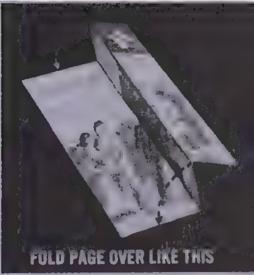

Everybody stop drinking, stop moving, stop breathing! I am Auda Bul! I **own** this oasis, most of this **desert,** and 8000 square miles of **sky!**
Auda Bul, I would like you and your people to join us in an attack on the Turkish garrison at Aqaba! We need all the **patriots** we can get!
I'll join you . . . for $106,000,000 in gold! I'm what's known as a **greedy** patriot! Besides, I need the **money!** I'm saving up for a **nose job!**
AQABA! AQABA!
DOWN WITH THE TURKS!
Say, Auda, how come the Turks are wearing **gas masks?** We're not using **poison gas!**
They wish we **would!** Actually, we have a weapon more **deadly** to the senses than poison gas! **CAMELS!!**
Ever smell a camel after a long trek across the desert?


Flawrence, you must be sick! We've captured Aqaba and we've earned ourselves a **rest!** Why are you going out into the **desert** again?
Because it's **there!** Because it's a dramatic thing to **do!** Because it's in keeping with my **bewildering** personality! And mainly because it's **"Intermission" time**—and a fade-out on a hot, broiling **sun** is a good **business move** for all theater owners around the country.
Water!
Soda!
a 2¢ plain!
Anything!
Intermission
ANYBODY HAVE A DIME? I'LL GIVE A QUARTER FOR A DIME!
That train was cheduled to pass ere 40 minutes ago! They **know** ve're waiting to blow them up! What's **keeping** them!
You can go out of your mind waiting for Locals! Can't we just once blow up an Express!?!
Maybe there's another Turkish conductors' strike!
Boy, I feel sorry for those poor desert commuters!
RAIL CROSSING ROAD
STOP ON RED
**Charge, men! But try to avoid bloodshed! I mean, kill them . . . but don't hurt them! I mean nothing messy! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY!!**
Oooh, have I got problems!
lawrence, I'm a newspaper man from the States. I wonder if you'd answer a question for me: Why do you like the desert?
Because it's **clean!**
Hoo-boy! Again with the **dancing!**
Who does he think he is— **Fred Astaire?**
No—**Ginger Rogers!!**


Men! The Turkish Army is finished! Now, on to Damascus! You'll form an **Arab Peace Council**, and **I'll** open an **Arthur Murray Studio!**
What's going on here?
This is an Arab Peace Council!
I'd hate to see them at war!
Why are the camels walking out?
They can't stand the smell!
So this is how the Arabs settle problems in 1918?
I got news for yo This is how they' settle them in 19
LOUDER!
REMEMBER SEPARATE CHECKS!
General Allenbuzz, I want to leave the desert forever! I'm all mixed up! I mean, I know I'm great—but I think I'm a fraud! I like killing—but then again I hate it! I'm a show-off—but I'm really shy! What should I do?
I don't know! Try sending a letter to "Dear Abu" in the Arab Gazette!
. . . and that's the whole story, Doctor! As you can see, I'm very confused!
Flawrence, you've been under a tremendo strain. **Forget** war and fighting and blood shed and fancy costumes and dancing! If y really **like** this country, if you're **fond** of Arabs, why don't you find yourself a **nice** **Egyptian girl** and settle down?
This is the **nice Egyptian girl** he decided to **settle down with?**
Tell me, Doctor! Don't you sort of get the feeling his troubles are only **beginning?**

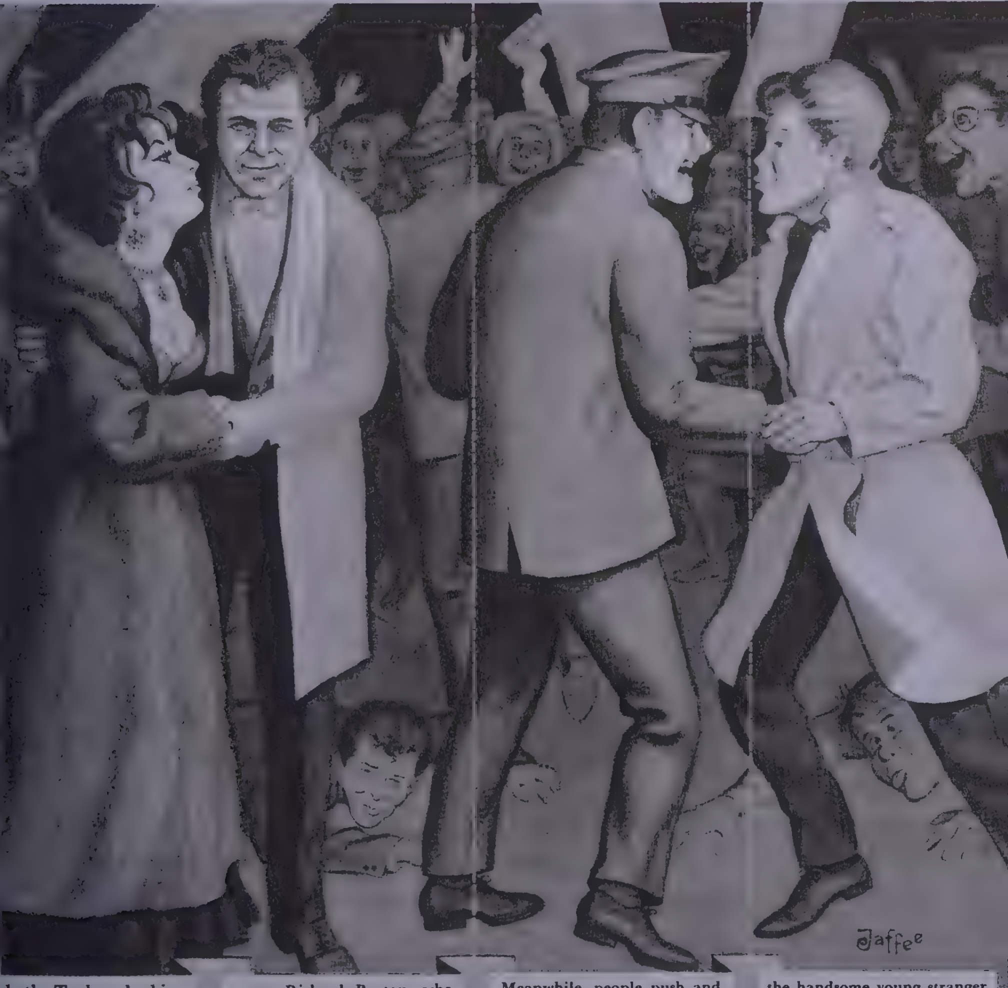
MAD is often asked why it doesn't have expensive full-color three-page fold-outs the way other high-class magazines like "Life" and "Playboy" have. There are two reasons for this! One: MAD is against ostentatious, snobbish, status-seeking gimmicks, and Two: MAD is cheap! So here instead is our economy-minded black-and-white one-page

# MAD FOLD-IN


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT

FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT



beth Taylor, looking
ntly beautiful at the
iere of her latest film,
ositively enchanted by

escort Richard Burton, who glows in the knowledge that he is the only one in her heart, and that she is his.

Meanwhile, people push and shove for autographs while police try to keep them in check! Hey! Take a look at

the handsome young stranger in the crowd moving in for his chance. Obviously, he's destined to be next in line.

**INHALE-SAFE DEPT.**

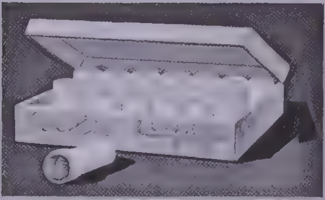
**Smoking has been linked with so many horrible sicknesses, you'd imagine that everybody would be giving it up. Not so! Most smokers simply cannot! And so—they are now doubly-plagued! Not only are they deteriorating physically from smoking, but mentally, too—from worrying about it. In order to help all these poor trapped souls, we now offer . . .**

# SOME MAD DEVICES FOR SAFER SMOKING

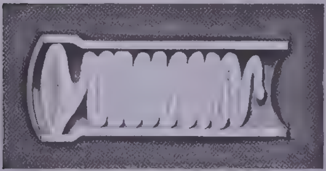
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Cigarette smoking is largely a nervous habit in which the act of "lighting u and "taking a deep drag" is more important than the actual smoke!—so say leadi

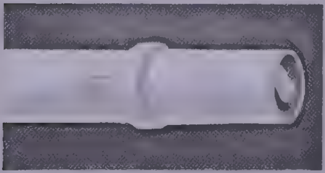
## DISPOSABLE LUNG-LINER TIPS



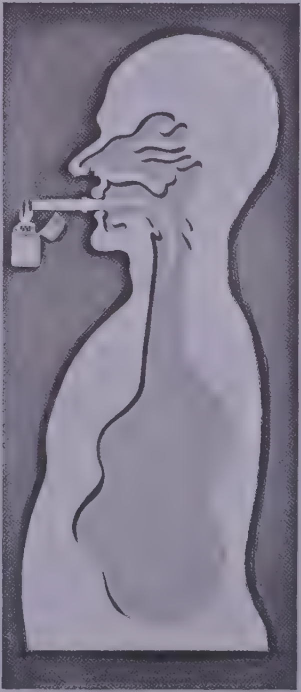
"Lung-Liner Tips" come in boxes of 20 to accommodate regular pack of cigarettes.



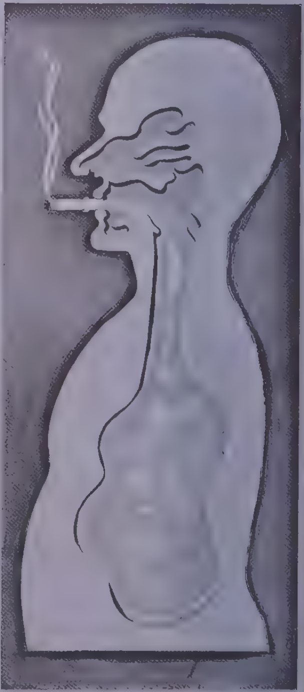
X-Ray view of Tip reveals folded plastic bag inside.



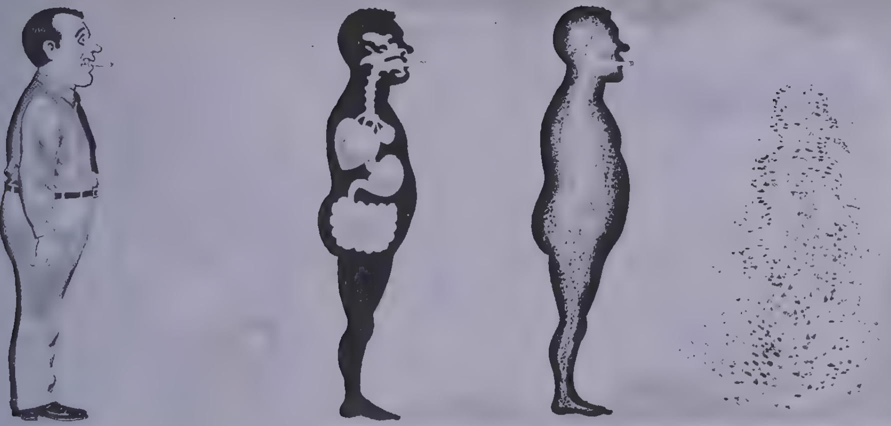
Liner Tip attaches to the cigarette, and looks just like a regular filter tip.



As smoker inhales, folded plastic liner is drawn down throat into lungs. Plastic is extremely thin, clings like Saran Wrap to insides.



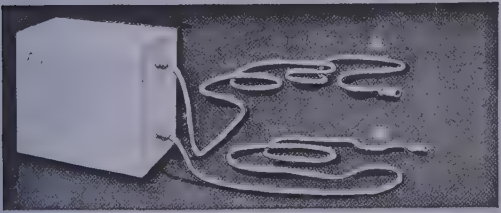
Thus, "Lung-Liner" transmits 90% of smoking's sensation with 100% safety. After use, liner is easily withdrawn for convenient disposal.



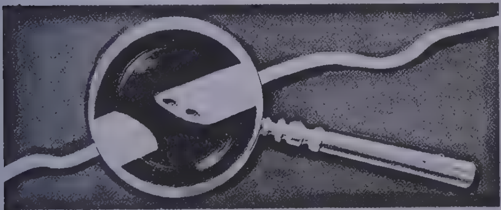
A SMOKER'S MENTAL PICTURE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING INSIDE HIM

psychologists. With this in mind, MAD has designed—and now offers—these devices which retain the main actions of smoking while eliminating the smoke itself...

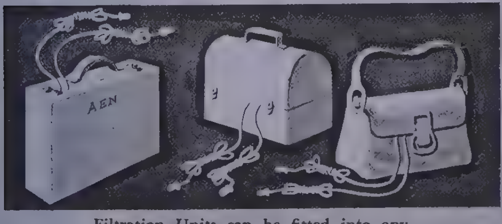
## PORTABLE FILTRATION UNITS



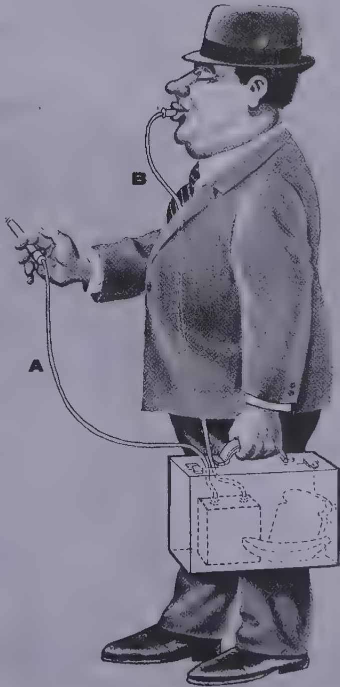
"Filtration Unit" is small, but efficient version of a Military Gas Mask canister.



Close up of cross-section shows pinch-proof construction of tubes **"A"** and **"B"**.

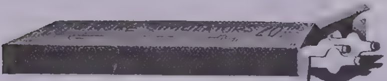


Filtration Units can be fitted into any number of portable containers, such as attache case, lunch box, handbag, etc.

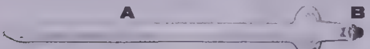


In use, when smoker inhales, harmful smoke travels down from cigarette thru tube **"A"** to Filtration Unit, returns as pure fresh air thru tube **"B"** to healthy satisfied smoker.

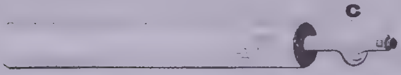
## SMOKE SIMULATORS



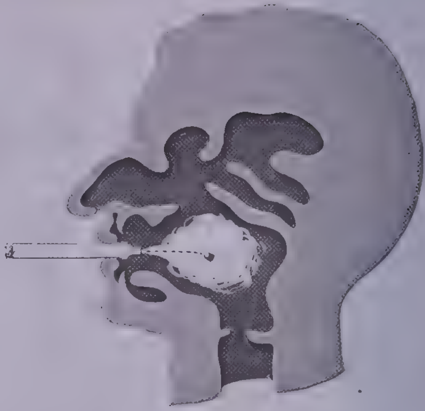
"Smoke Simulators" also come in boxes of 20 . . . providing one for each cigarette.



Simulators are hollow Pyrex tubes filled with water **"A"** and corked at one end **"B"**.



Inserted into cigarette, note how disc **"C"** blocks smoke, seals off end of cigarette.

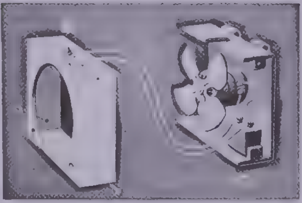


As smoker lights up, hot ash of cigarette boils water in Pyrex Simulator tube. Steam pops cork (which is made of edible material and can be swallowed safely). The steam feels just like smoke. Tests in dark rooms proved this: A smoker cannot distinguish between real smoke, hot air, or steam. Now, smoking with a cold (using Simulator) is not only enjoyable, but downright soothing and healing as well!

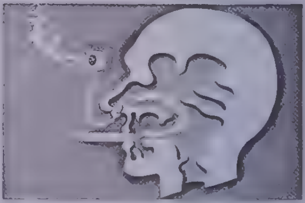
The following devices are for the confirmed smoker who must taste the real smoke if he is to be satisfied. For

## NASAL EXHAUST FAN

Tiny "Nasal Exhaust Fan" (Note size of penny **"A"**!) has flesh-tone tubes and nose plugs **"B"**.

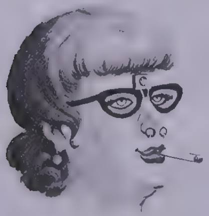


Tiny fan motor is powered by long-lasting battery **"C"** and is controlled by switch **"D"**.

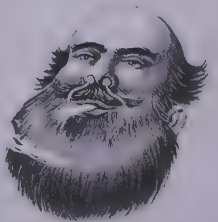


In operation, fan pulls smoke from cigarette up through nose, thus avoiding throat and lungs.

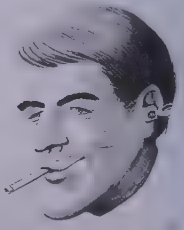
**Attached to eyeglasses**



**Hidden in beard**

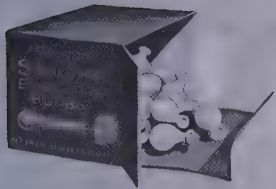


**Used like a hearing aid**

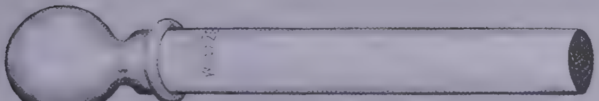


There are many possible ways of wearing a "Nasal Exhaust Fan". A few are shown above. Main benefit of this device is: it keeps smoke from affecting hard-to-get-at throat and lungs. Nose cancer is much easier to reach and treat.

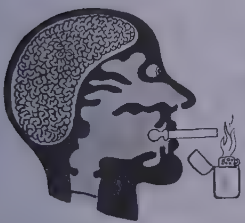
## SMOKE-EJECTOR BULBS



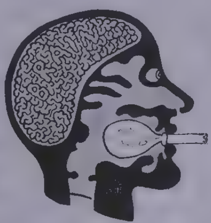
"Smoke-Ejector Bulbs" are small balloon-like objects



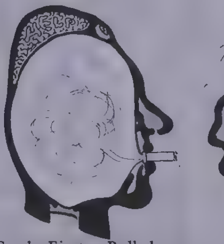
They attach easily to the mouth end of any cigarette, filtered or unfiltered.



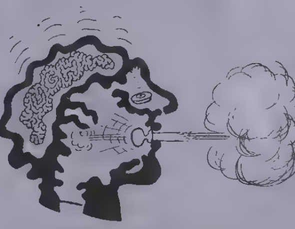
Smoker inserts cigarette—with "Smoke-Ejector Bulb" attached—into mouth, and lights cigarette normally.



As smoker begins to inhale, the Ejector Bulb begins to fill with smoke and expand.



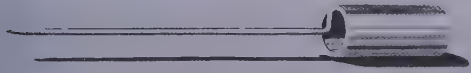
Smoke-Ejector Bulb keeps on expanding as long as smoker is able to keep on inhaling.



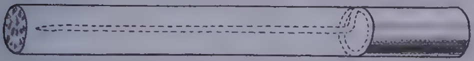
If smoker releases tension, Bulb collapses and smoke is ejected without ever touching the inside of his mouth.

him, cutting down the amount and the intensity of smoke aken in may at least reduce the danger to some degree.

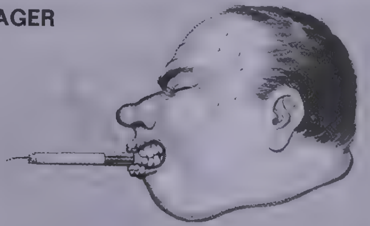
## "HOT LIPS" DISCOURAGER



The "Hot Lips" Discourager is made of an extremely high heat-conducting silver rod with a silver tip at the end.

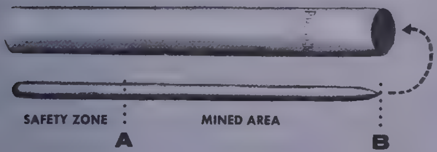


Silver rod is inserted into cigarette, and silver tip fits flush to cigarette-end like an expensive holder.

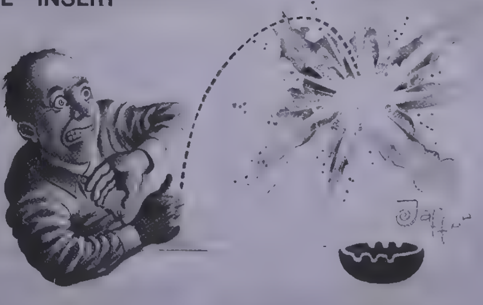


As smoker begins to puff, silver rod heats up fast and transmits heat to end which sears smoker's lips. Hardy smokers may stick till half the cigarette is gone, but average threshold of pain makes most quit ¼ way thru.

## THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE" INSERT

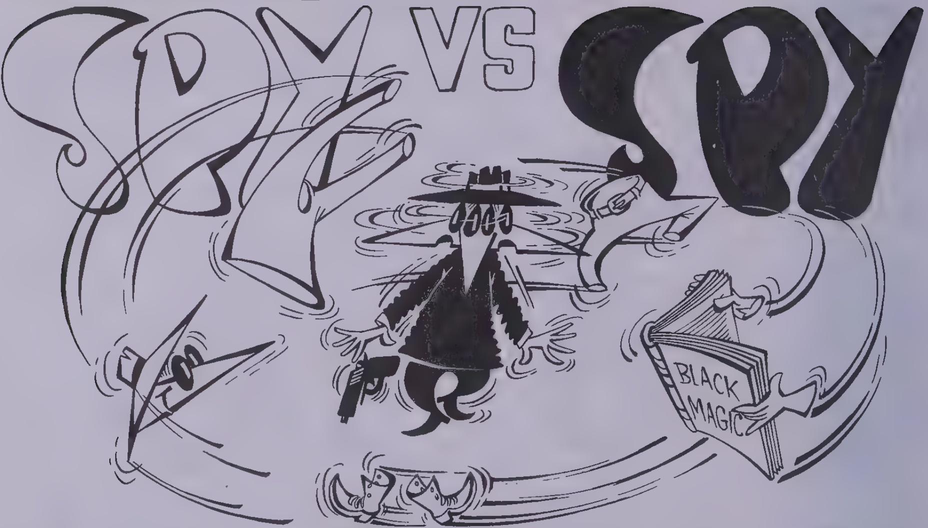


This ingenious insert looks like a solid metal spike, but is actually hollow. Somewhere between **"A"** and **"B"** there is an explosive charge. When inserted into the center of the cigarette with the **"Safety Zone"** toward the end to be lit, it affords a short time to enjoy the smoke. However, any daring smoker who has the explosive charge blow up in his face usually never ventures past the **"Safety Zone"** again.

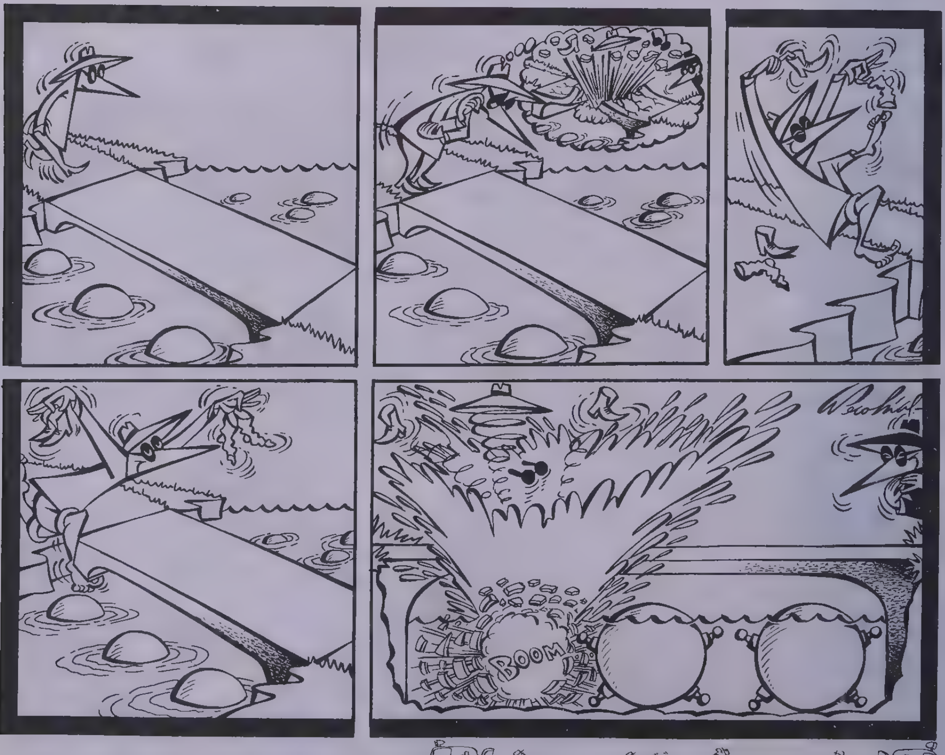


Smoker who almost waited too long before disposing of butt.

**JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I**


SPY VS SPY
BLACK MAGIC

— • • •  — • — —    • — — •  • — •  — — —  • • • •  • •  • —  • • •

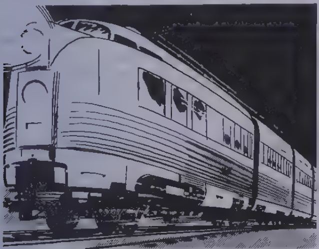

BOOM
Prohias

Continuing with its creative programming efforts, this past season ABC introduced a new addition to its "Doctor Show" and "Crime Show" TV trail-blazing . . . mainly a "Doctor-Crime Show" called:

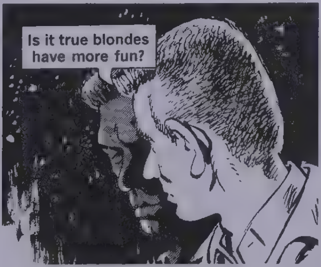
# THE PHEWGITIVE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

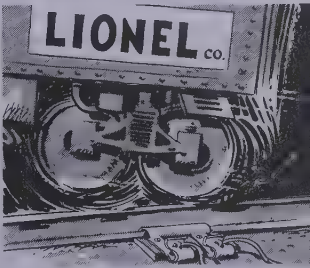
This is your stern-voiced narrator — Every week, we remind you of what the program is about, since you might not get the idea from the subtle title. We also kill 5 minutes of each show by using the same opening every week!

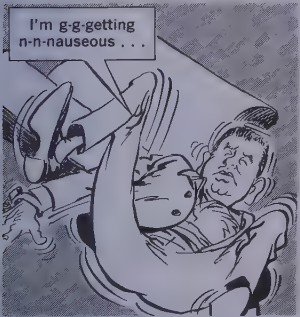


Dr. Richard Thimble is on his way to the Death House, convicted of murdering his wife. What thoughts are going through the head of the distinguished gray-haired physician at this moment?

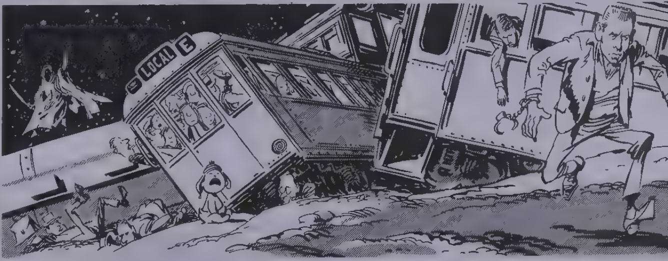

Is it true blondes have more fun?

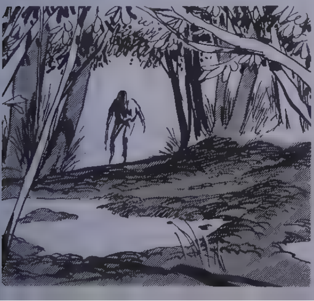
As he stares into the night, contemplating the shafting he got from that Jury who wouldn't believe his story about the "one-armed man"—Fate steps into the life of Dr. Richard Thimble

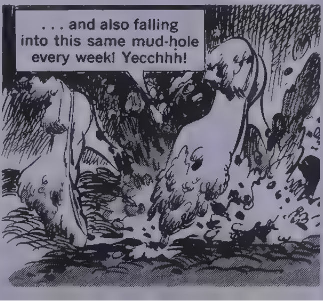


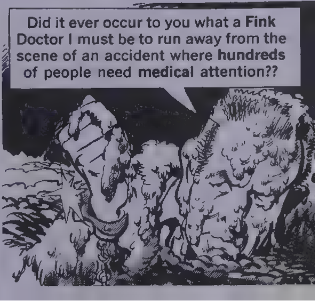

I'm g-g-getting n-n-nauseous . . .

Instead of completing his journey, a curious event has made Dr. Richard Thimble a free man . . . free to run all over the country, searching for the "one-armed man", getting involved in people's lives, and narrowly escaping re-capture every week!



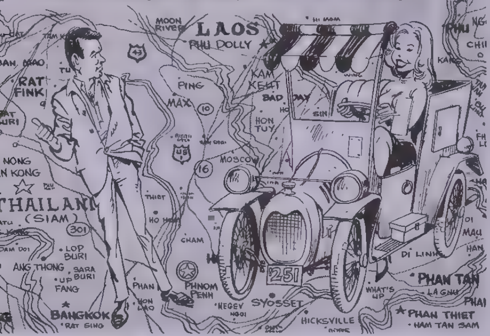


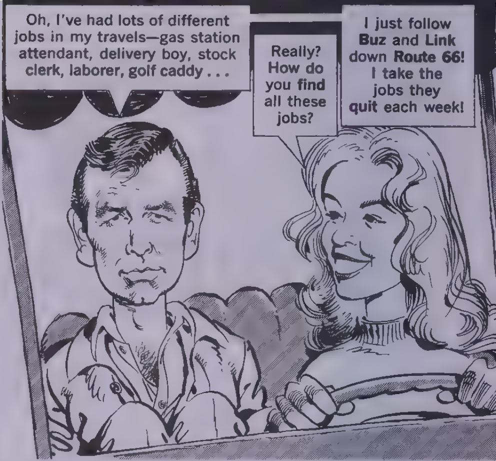

. . . and also falling into this same mud-hole every week! Yecchhh!

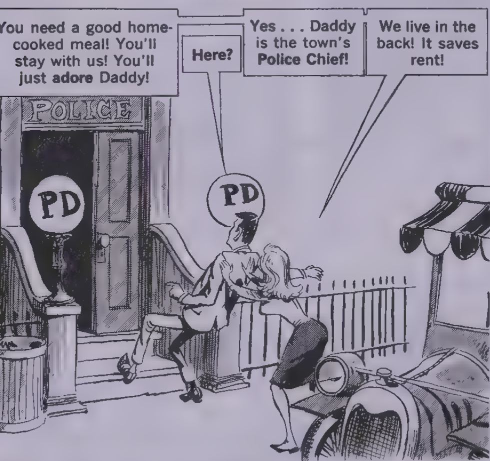

Did it ever occur to you what a **Fink Doctor** I must be to run away from the scene of an accident where **hundreds** of people need **medical attention**??

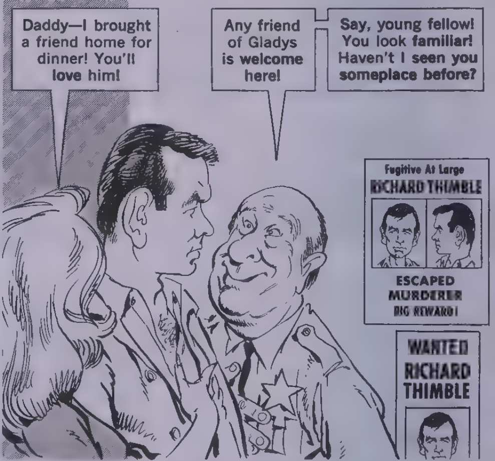
# THIS WEEK'S EPISODE

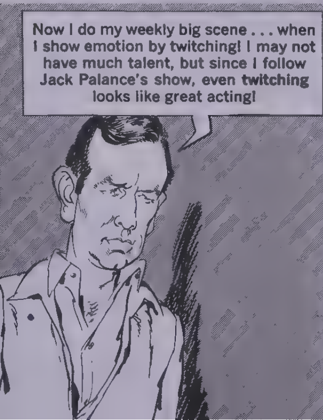
## "Another Close Call—Or—Bet You're Hoping He'll Get Caught Already, Just For A Change!"

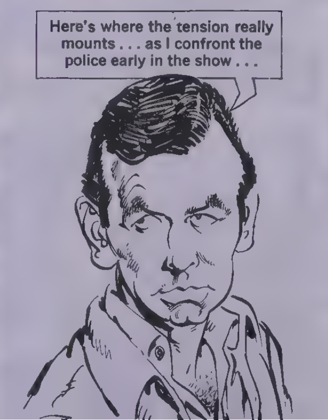

LAOS
MOON RIVER
PHU DOLLY
RAT FINK
PING
MAX
KAM KEHT
BAD DAY
HON TUY
MOSCOW
NONG
N KONG
THAILAND (SIAM)
THIOT
CHAM
LOP BURI
ANG THONG
SARA BURI
UP FANG
BANGKOK
RAT SING
PHAN
PHNOM PENH
NEGEV
SYOSSET
HICKSVILLE
DI LINH
PHAN TAN
WHAT'S UP
PHAN THIET
HAM TAN SAM
251

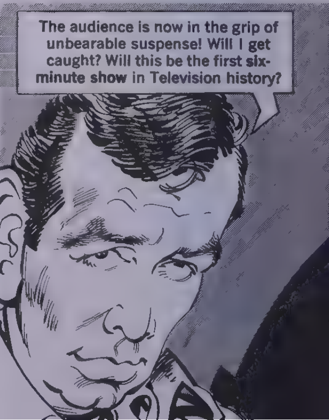

Oh, I've had lots of different jobs in my travels—gas station attendant, delivery boy, stock clerk, laborer, golf caddy . . .
Really? How do you find all these jobs?
I just follow Buz and Link down Route 66! I take the jobs they quit each week!

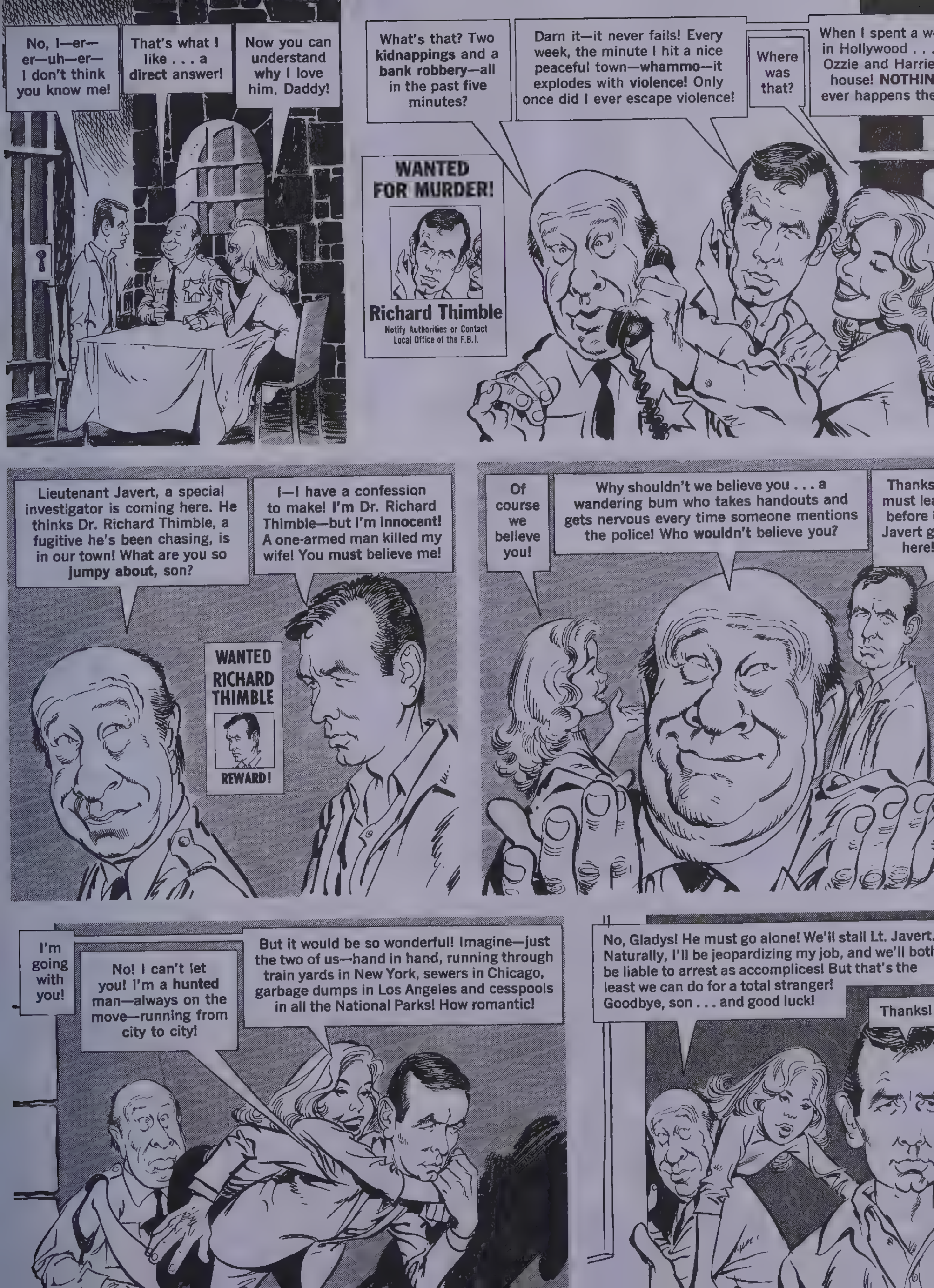

You need a good home-cooked meal! You'll stay with us! You'll just adore Daddy!
Here?
Yes . . . Daddy is the town's Police Chief!
We live in the back! It saves rent!
POLICE
PD
PD

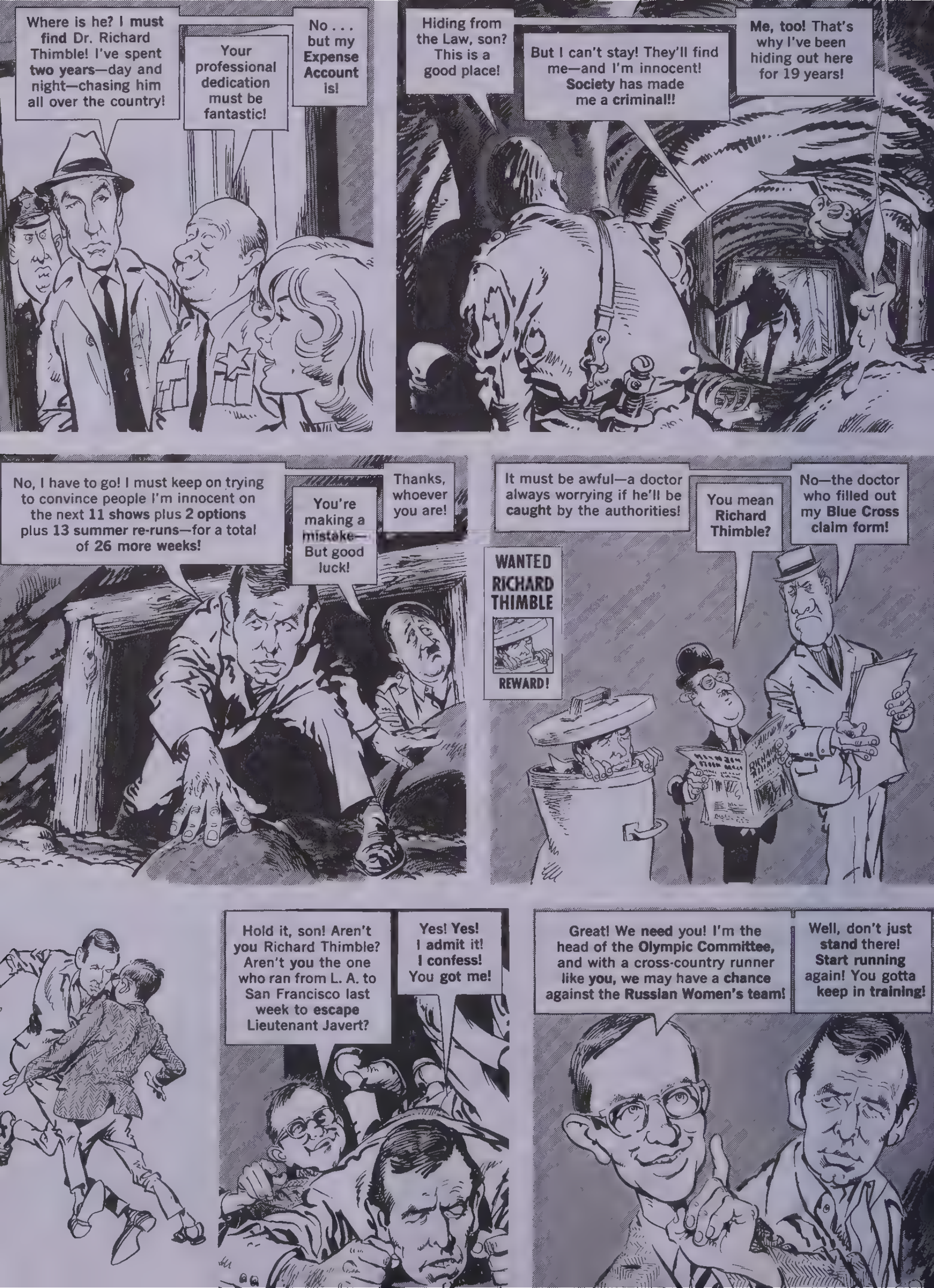

Daddy—I brought a friend home for dinner! You'll love him!
Any friend of Gladys is welcome here!
Say, young fellow! You look familiar! Haven't I seen you someplace before?
Fugitive At Large
RICHARD THIMBLE
ESCAPED MURDERER
BIG REWARD!
WANTED
RICHARD THIMBLE

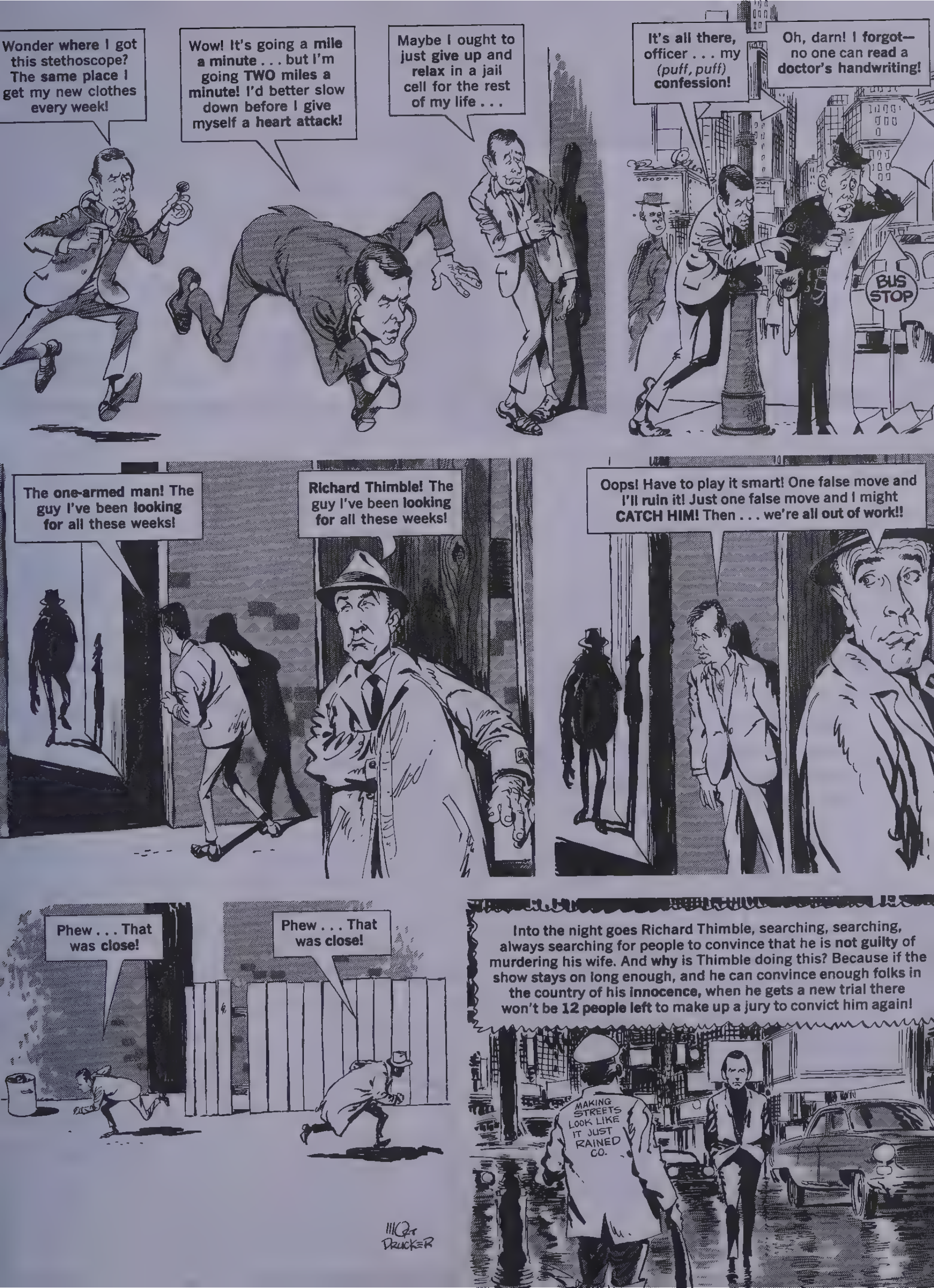

Now I do my weekly big scene . . . when I show emotion by twitching! I may not have much talent, but since I follow Jack Palance's show, even twitching looks like great acting!


Here's where the tension really mounts . . . as I confront the police early in the show . . .


The audience is now in the grip of unbearable suspense! Will I get caught? Will this be the first six-minute show in Television history?


No, I—er—er—uh—er—I don't think you know me!
That's what I like . . . a **direct** answer!
Now you can understand why I love him, Daddy!
What's that? Two **kidnappings** and a **bank robbery**—all in the past **five** minutes?
WANTED FOR MURDER!
Richard Thimble
Notify Authorities or Contact Local Office of the F.B.I.
Darn it—it never fails! Every week, the minute I hit a nice peaceful town—**whammo**—it explodes with **violence**! Only once did I ever escape violence!
Where was that?
When I spent a w
in Hollywood . . .
Ozzie and Harrie
house! **NOTHIN**
ever happens the
Lieutenant Javert, a special investigator is coming here. He thinks Dr. Richard Thimble, a fugitive he's been chasing, is in our town! What are you so **jumpy about**, son?
I—I have a confession to make! I'm Dr. Richard Thimble—but I'm **innocent**! A one-armed man killed my wife! You **must** believe me!
WANTED
RICHARD THIMBLE
REWARD!
Of course we believe you!
Why shouldn't we believe you . . . a wandering bum who takes handouts and gets nervous every time someone mentions the police! Who **wouldn't** believe you?
Thanks
must lea
before
Javert g
here!
I'm going with you!
No! I can't let you! I'm a **hunted** man—always on the move—running from city to city!
But it would be so wonderful! Imagine—just the two of us—hand in hand, running through train yards in New York, sewers in Chicago, garbage dumps in Los Angeles and cesspools in all the National Parks! How romantic!
No, Gladys! He must go alone! We'll stall Lt. Javert. Naturally, I'll be jeopardizing my job, and we'll both be liable to arrest as accomplices! But that's the least we can do for a total stranger! Goodbye, son . . . and good luck!
Thanks!

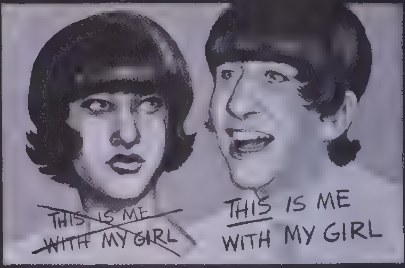

Where is he? I must find Dr. Richard Thimble! I've spent two years—day and night—chasing him all over the country!
Your professional dedication must be fantastic!
No . . . but my Expense Account is!
Hiding from the Law, son? This is a good place!
But I can't stay! They'll find me—and I'm innocent! Society has made me a criminal!!
Me, too! That's why I've been hiding out here for 19 years!
No, I have to go! I must keep on trying to convince people I'm innocent on the next 11 shows plus 2 options plus 13 summer re-runs—for a total of 26 more weeks!
You're making a mistake—But good luck!
Thanks, whoever you are!
It must be awful—a doctor always worrying if he'll be caught by the authorities!
You mean Richard Thimble?
No—the doctor who filled out my Blue Cross claim form!
WANTED RICHARD THIMBLE
REWARD!
Hold it, son! Aren't you Richard Thimble? Aren't you the one who ran from L. A. to San Francisco last week to escape Lieutenant Javert?
Yes! Yes! I admit it! I confess! You got me!
Great! We need you! I'm the head of the Olympic Committee, and with a cross-country runner like you, we may have a chance against the Russian Women's team!
Well, don't just stand there! Start running again! You gotta keep in training!


Wonder where I got this stethoscope? The same place I get my new clothes every week!
Wow! It's going a mile a minute . . . but I'm going TWO miles a minute! I'd better slow down before I give myself a heart attack!
Maybe I ought to just give up and relax in a jail cell for the rest of my life . . .
It's all there, officer . . . my (puff, puff) confession!
Oh, darn! I forgot— no one can read a doctor's handwriting!
BUS STOP
The one-armed man! The guy I've been looking for all these weeks!
Richard Thimble! The guy I've been looking for all these weeks!
Oops! Have to play it smart! One false move and I'll ruin it! Just one false move and I might CATCH HIM! Then . . . we're all out of work!!
Phew . . . That was close!
Phew . . . That was close!
Into the night goes Richard Thimble, searching, searching, always searching for people to convince that he is not guilty of murdering his wife. And why is Thimble doing this? Because if the show stays on long enough, and he can convince enough folks in the country of his innocence, when he gets a new trial there won't be 12 people left to make up a jury to convict him again!
MAKING STREETS LOOK LIKE IT JUST RAINED CO.
MORT DRUCKER

[illegible]

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH OUR FICTIONALIZED VERSION OF THING
WE'D PROBABLY FIND IF WE WERE TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS C

NAME: Ringo Starr
ADDRESS: Liverpool, England
OCCUPATION: Ask any Teenage Girl!!
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:
Parliament, the British Foreign Office, The Board of Inland Revenue + Ed Sullivan


~~THIS IS ME WITH MY GIRL~~
THIS IS ME WITH MY GIRL

---

# The Liverpool School Of Music

"The Sweetest Musicians This Side Of The Docks"

We regret to inform student RICHARD STARKEY
that he has failed his course in DRUMS
for the school term beginning SEPT. '61 and ending FEB. '62

Byron Harold Keats
Headmaster

---

(Sing) SHE LOVES YOU... YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
(Hit my drums, shake my hair and wait for the screan
(Sing) SHE LOVES YOU... YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
(Hit my drums, shake my hair and wait for more screa
(Sing) SHE LOVES YOU,.. YEAH, YEAH, YEAH-YEAH!
(Hit my drums, move my head from side to side and sne
(Sing) WELL YOU THINK YOU'VE LOST YOUR LOVE
(Hit my drums, shake my hair, wait for screams and g
(Sing) WELL I SAW HER YES-TER-DAY... YI, YAY!
(Hit my drums, shake my hair and say "Whooooo!")
(Sing) IT'S YOU SHE'S THINKING OF
(Look towards John for further instructions

---

**From the desk of**
**MOE**
**"The Three Stooges"**
**205 Maurer Beach Drive**
**Hollywood, California**

August 3rd, 1962

Dear Mr. Starr:

Thank you for your kind letter. You're the first one to compliment my hair comb in the last twenty years. Everyone else tells me how ridiculous I look. But what do I care? When they say it, I just kick 'em in the knee and bop 'em in the head.

As for your question about how I go about "doing my hair", it's very simple. I just comb it straight forward in bangs using water and a brush. Occasionally, if I want it to sparkle, I use seltzer.

Incidentally, why would you possibly want this information? Are you and your friends doing a scrapbook of me or something? Are you starting a fan club in England for me? If you want, I can send you photos of me smashing heads together. Or poking eyes out.

Let me know, kid.

Yours in subtle comedy,

Moe

MOE of "The Three Stooges"

P.S. Regards from Larry and Curly Joe

---

# Fimmons & Hedgepot, Jewelers

"We Specialize In Rings Of All Kinds"

144 CHAUNCEY COURT, LIVERPOOL,
LANCS. ENGLAND

INVOICE OF TRANSACTIONS
TO DATE WITH: Mr. Ringo Starr

ACCT. N
78-5640

| DATE | DESCRIPTION | COMMENT | PRICE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 7/2/62 | 1 Captain Midnight Decoder Ring | For left pinky.. | .......£2 |
| 11/12/62 | 1 Silver Ring (with squirter attachment) | For right forefinger.... | ......£2/ |
| 2/10/63 | 1 Gold Ring (imitation) | For left forefinger.... | ......£3/ |
| 6/23/63 | 1 Ruby Ring (synthetic) | For third finger of right hand.. | ......£5/ |
| 11/9/63 | 1 Gold Ring (24 karats) | For third finger of left hand... | .......£8/ |
| 9/5/63 | 1 Star Sapphire Ring | For left thumb... | ....£240/7 |
| 1/14/64 | 1 Diamond Ring (5 karats) | For middle finger of right hand.. | .£18,000/- |
| 7/8/64 | 1 Pearl Solitaire Ring (27 karats) | For big toe of left foot... | .£67,000/3/ |
| 9/18/64 | The Hope Diamond | To hang from right ear..... | .£289,000/9 |

# A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

## The National Theatre Company

Formerly The Old Vic Company
Waterloo Road, London S.E. 1, England

Dear Ringo:--

We are in receipt of your letter expressing a desire to act in one of our Shakespeare productions.

Frankly, although we have never heard of you, we have studied the photograph of yourself that you sent us, and we think we may have a spot for you--as Ophelia in "Hamlet".

Thank you for thinking of us, Miss Starr, and please call so that we may arrange for an audition.

Sincerely,

Laurence O'Halivah

Laurence O'Halivah
Production Manager,
The National Theatre Company
(Formerly The Old Vic Company)

---

From The Desk Of
**Brian Epstein**
MANAGER TO "THE BEATLES"

Dear Ringo

I have given your request careful consideration and I have come to the conclusion that it would not be fair if you received more money than John or Paul or George. Yes, I realize that as the drummer for the group, you play an important part that even the public is not aware of—but I do not feel that just because you carry the melody, you are entitled to more.

Regards—
Brian

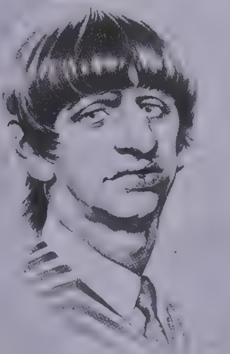
---

Dear Ringo,

It was sweet of you to send me that "I Like Ringo Best" button and the Ringo Bubble Gum Cards. I know that you'd like to see more people wearing your button, and I'd love to help you out, but as you must realize, it would be rather awkward for me to do so.

Best of luck anyway
Mrs John Lennon

---



Make Beautiful Hair
NT HAIR C
air—a specia
rew-cut typ
your ears.
that slick
wn over y
gives it p
'l over yo
s right fo
cch"! Ye

## HORNBLOWER, AINSWORTHY, & GOODFINK

Solicitors
Picadilly, London W I.

October 20, 1964

Mr. Ringo Starr
Liverpool, Lancs.
England

Dear Mr. Starr:--

We are herewith returning the tearsheet of the satirical ad from the back cover of MAD Magazine that you sent us.

As your Solicitors, it is our opinion that there is absolutely no cause for libel or for slander in this item. As a matter of fact, the portrait is quite flattering. You do look like that, you know!

Frankly, if we were you, we would consider ourselves lucky.

It could easily have been a "Does she...or doesn't she?" ad.

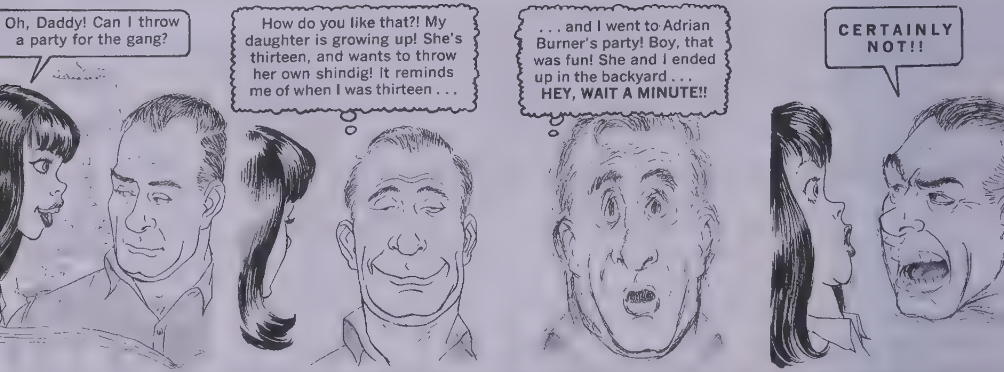
Sincerely yours,
Melvin Goodfink
Melvin Goodfink
for
Hornblower, Ainsworthy

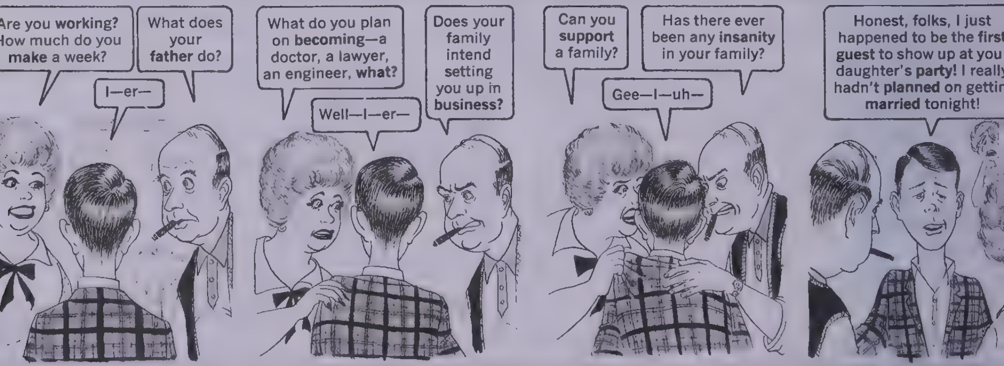
MG/rr

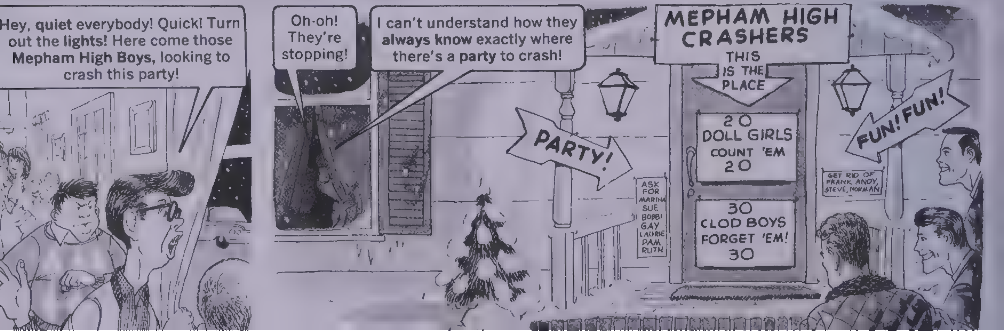
**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

Here we go with the 2nd of a three-part series on "Parties." Last issue we looked at "Adult Parties." Next issue we will cover "Kids' Parties." But this time, it's—

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TEEN

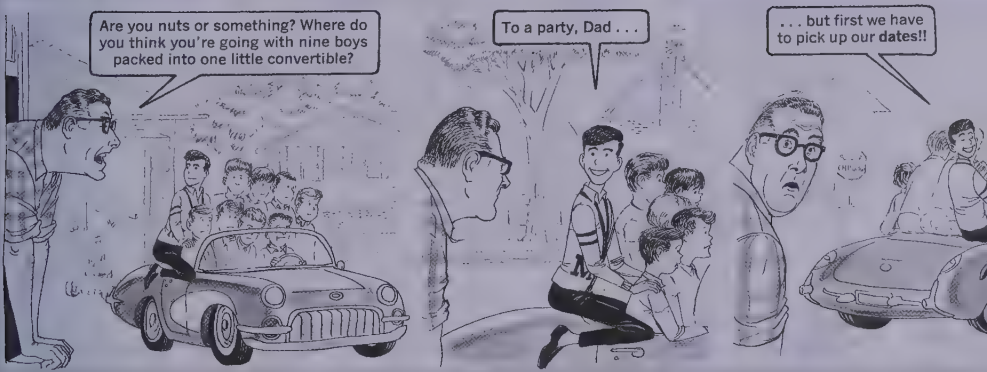

Oh, Daddy! Can I throw a party for the gang?
How do you like that?! My daughter is growing up! She's thirteen, and wants to throw her own shindig! It reminds me of when I was thirteen . . .
. . . and I went to Adrian Burner's party! Boy, that was fun! She and I ended up in the backyard . . . HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!!
CERTAINLY NOT!!

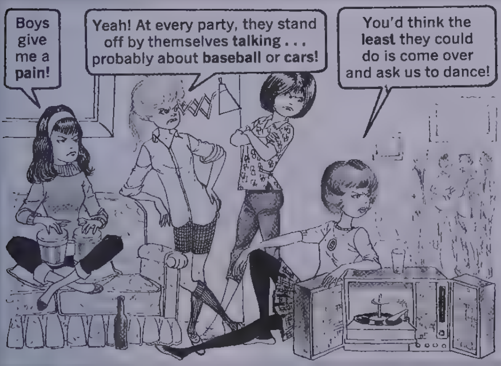

Are you working? How much do you make a week?
What does your father do?
I—er—
What do you plan on becoming—a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, what?
Does your family intend setting you up in business?
Well—I—er—
Can you support a family?
Has there ever been any insanity in your family?
Gee—I—uh—
Honest, folks, I just happened to be the first guest to show up at you daughter's party! I really hadn't planned on gettin married tonight!

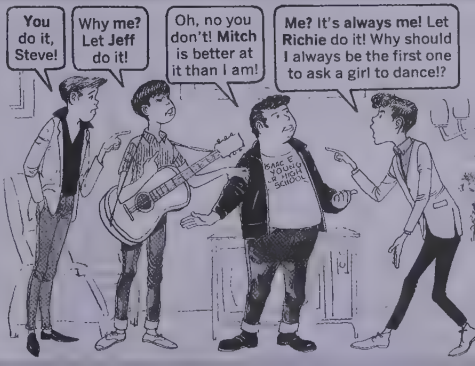

Hey, quiet everybody! Quick! Turn out the lights! Here come those Mepham High Boys, looking to crash this party!
Oh-oh! They're stopping!
I can't understand how they always know exactly where there's a party to crash!
MEPHAM HIGH CRASHERS
THIS IS THE PLACE
PARTY!
FUN! FUN!
20 DOLL GIRLS COUNT 'EM 20
30 CLOD BOYS FORGET 'EM! 30
ASK FOR MARINA SUE BOBBI GAY LAURIE PAM RUTH
GET RID OF FRANK, ANDY, STEVE, NORMAN

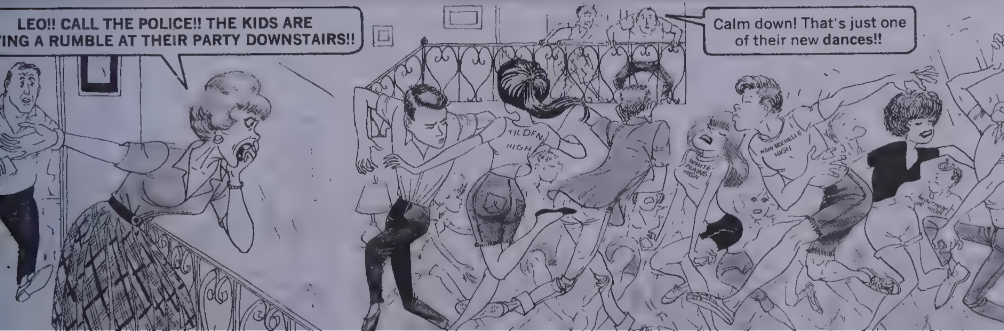
# AGE PARTIES

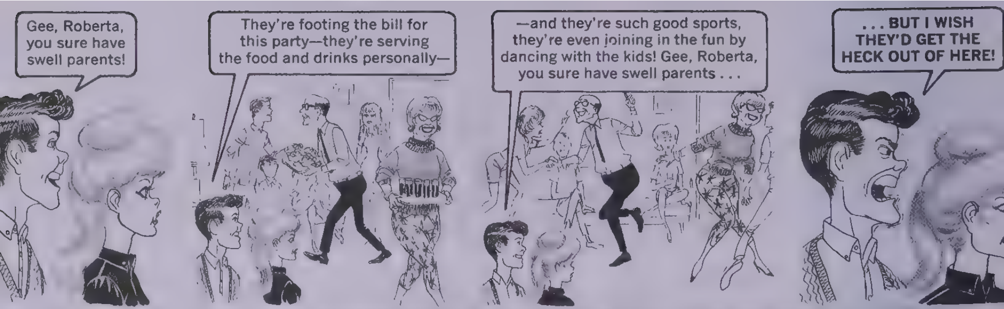
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

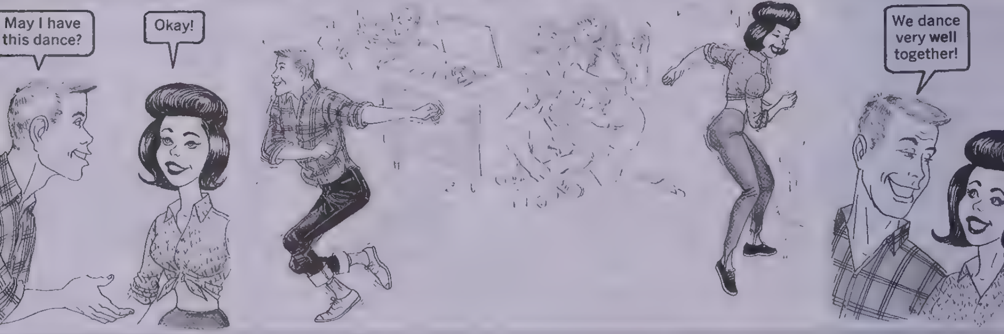

Are you nuts or something? Where do you think you're going with nine boys packed into one little convertible?
To a party, Dad . . .
. . . but first we have to pick up our **dates**!!

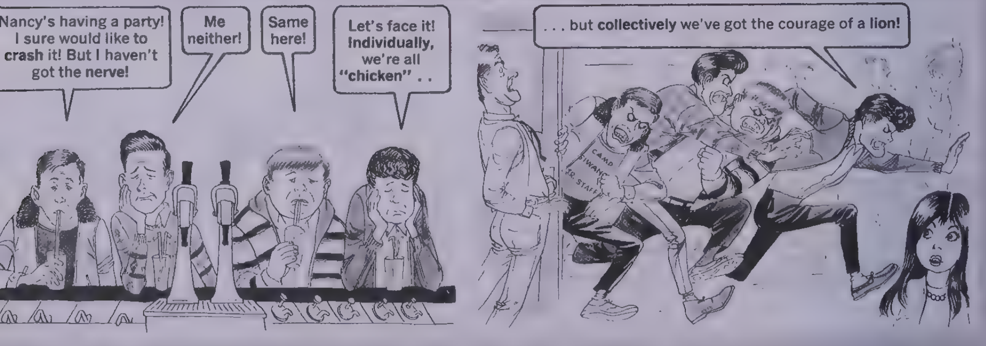

Boys give me a **pain**!
Yeah! At every party, they stand off by themselves **talking** . . . probably about **baseball** or **cars**!
You'd think the **least** they could do is come over and ask us to dance!

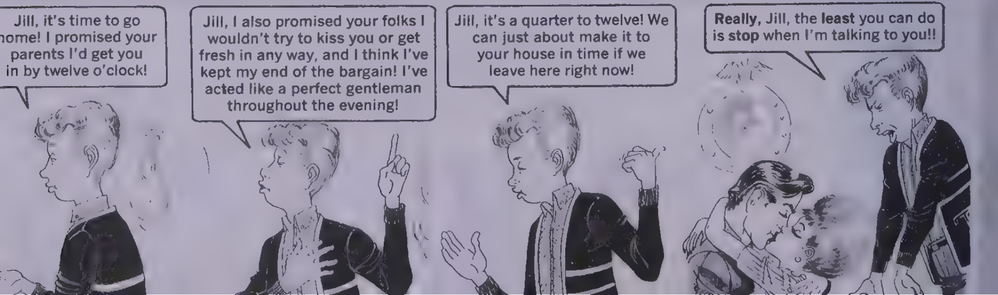

**You** do it, Steve!
Why **me**? Let **Jeff** do it!
Oh, no you don't! **Mitch** is better at it than I am!
**Me**? It's **always** me! Let **Richie** do it! Why should I always be the first one to ask a girl to dance!?
ISAAC E. YOUNG JR HIGH SCHOOL

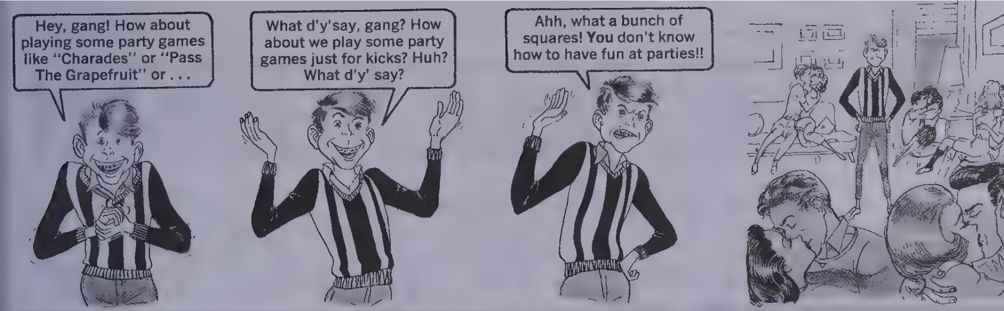

LEO!! CALL THE POLICE!! THE KIDS ARE
ING A RUMBLE AT THEIR PARTY DOWNSTAIRS!!
Calm down! That's just one of their new **dances**!!
TILDEN HIGH
WHITE PLAINS HIGH
NEW ROCHELLE HIGH

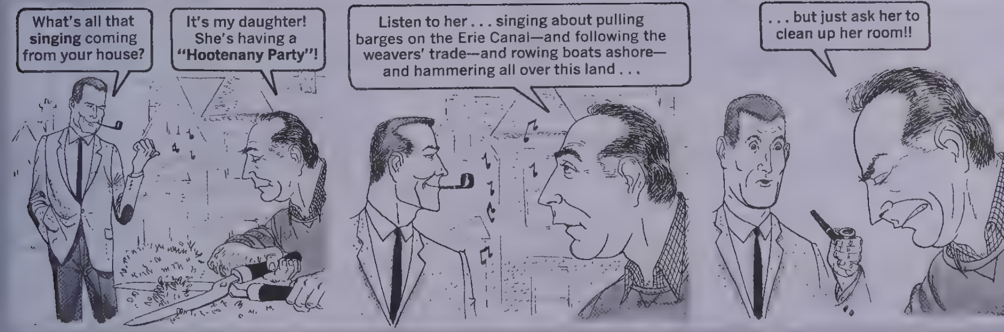

Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents!
They're footing the bill for this party—they're serving the food and drinks personally—
—and they're such good sports, they're even joining in the fun by dancing with the kids! Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents . . .
. . . BUT I WISH THEY'D GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!

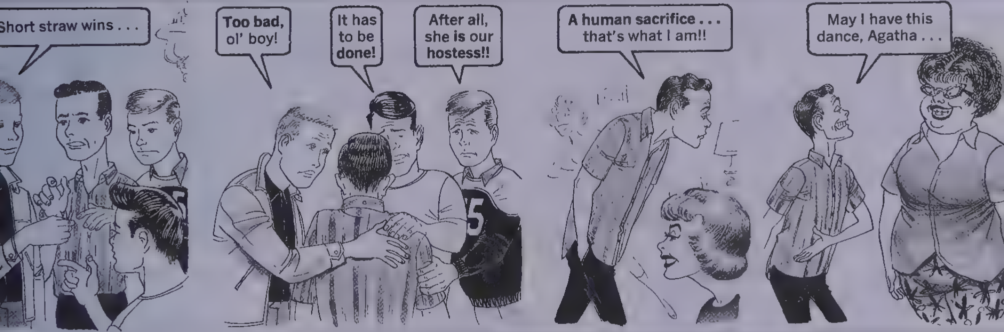

May I have this dance?
Okay!
We dance very well together!

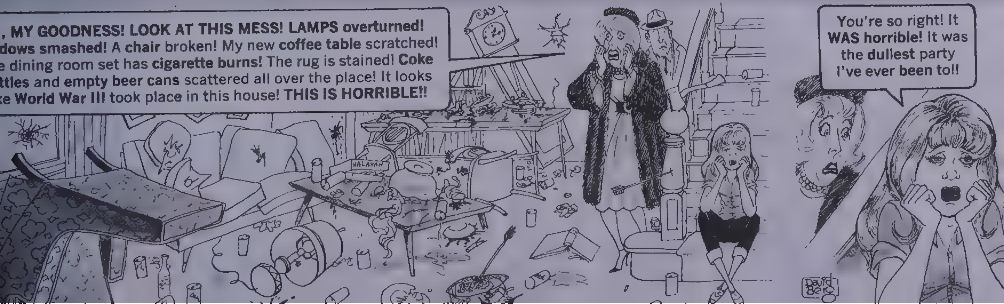

Nancy's having a party! I sure would like to crash it! But I haven't got the nerve!
Me neither!
Same here!
Let's face it! Individually, we're all "chicken" . .
. . . but collectively we've got the courage of a lion!
CAMP SIWANO JR. STAFF


Jill, it's time to go home! I promised your parents I'd get you in by twelve o'clock!
Jill, I also promised your folks I wouldn't try to kiss you or get fresh in any way, and I think I've kept my end of the bargain! I've acted like a perfect gentleman throughout the evening!
Jill, it's a quarter to twelve! We can just about make it to your house in time if we leave here right now!
Really, Jill, the least you can do is stop when I'm talking to you!!


Hey, gang! How about playing some party games like "Charades" or "Pass The Grapefruit" or . . .
What d'y'say, gang? How about we play some party games just for kicks? Huh? What d'y' say?
Ahh, what a bunch of squares! **You** don't know how to have fun at parties!!

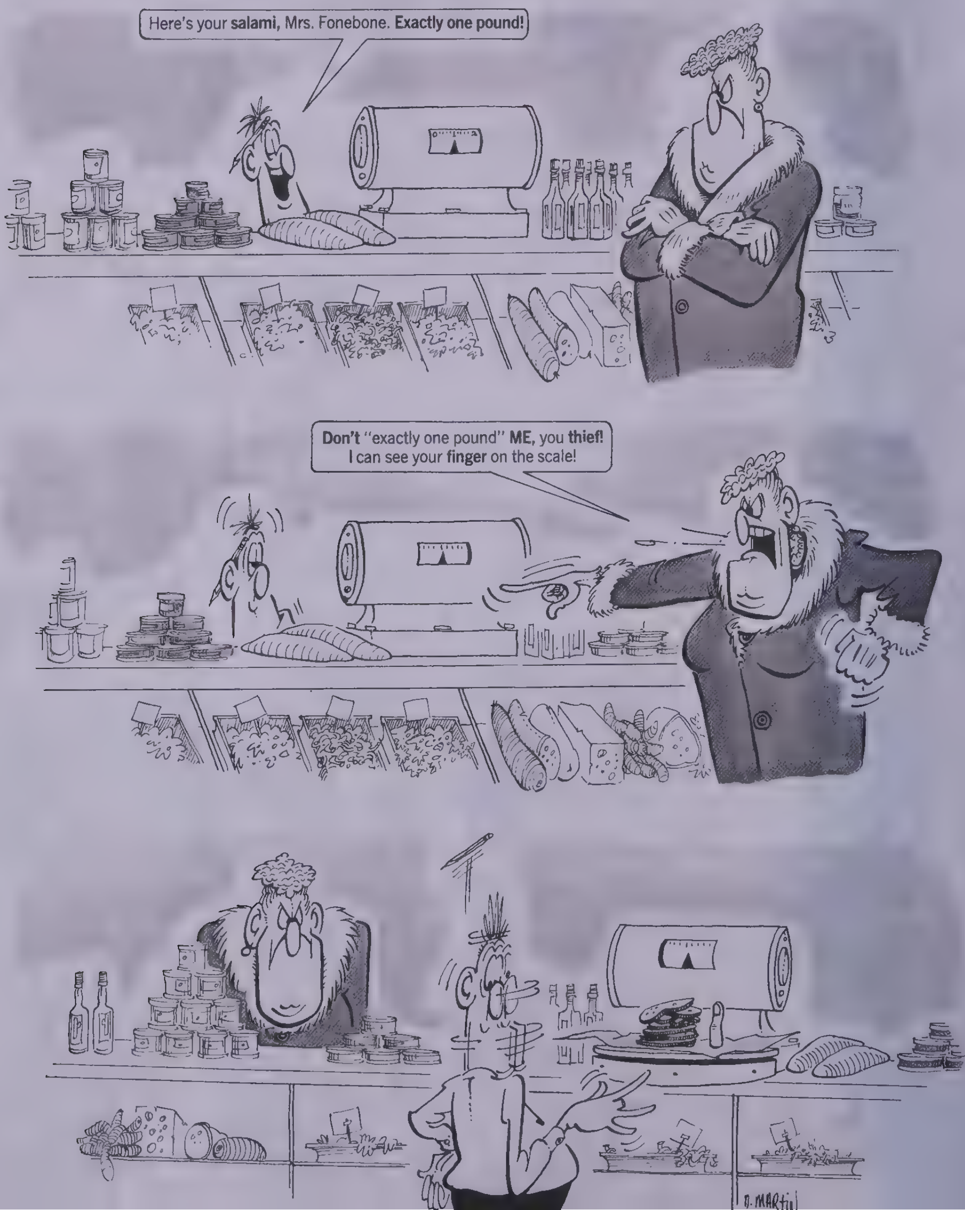

What's all that **singing** coming from your house?
It's my daughter! She's having a **"Hootenany Party"!**
Listen to her . . . singing about pulling barges on the Erie Canal—and following the weavers' trade—and rowing boats ashore—and hammering all over this land . . .
. . . but just ask her to clean up her room!!


Short straw wins . . .
**Too bad,** ol' boy!
It has to be **done!**
After all, she **is** our **hostess!!**
**A human sacrifice . . .** that's what I am!!
May I have this dance, Agatha . . .


, MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THIS MESS! LAMPS overturned! dows smashed! A chair broken! My new coffee table scratched! e dining room set has cigarette burns! The rug is stained! Coke ttles and empty beer cans scattered all over the place! It looks ke World War III took place in this house! THIS IS HORRIBLE!!
You're so right! It **WAS horrible!** It was the **dullest** party I've ever been to!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

# IN THE DELICATESSEN

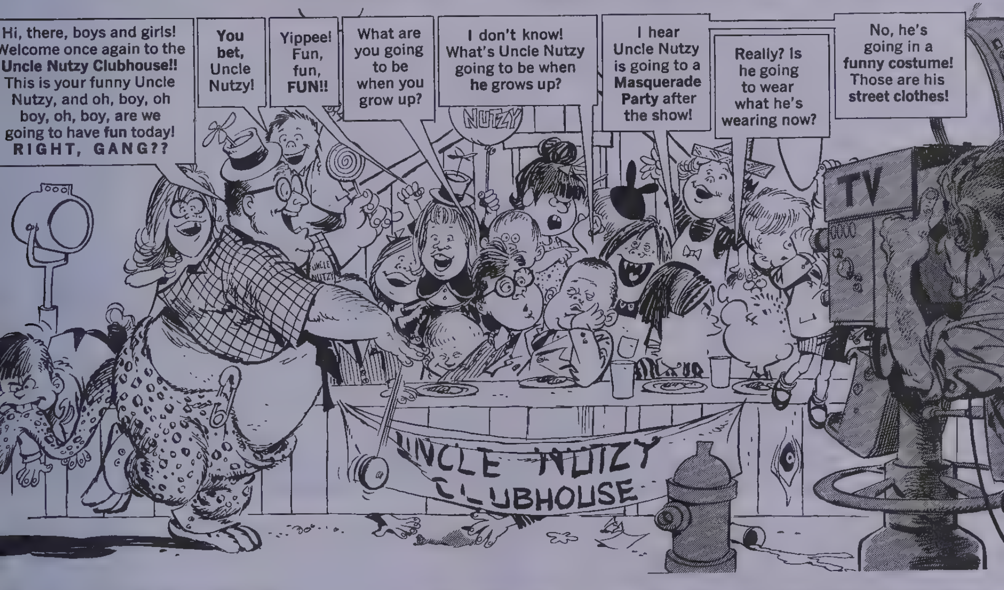

Here's your **salami,** Mrs. Fonebone. **Exactly one pound!**
**Don't** "exactly one pound" **ME,** you **thief!** I can see your **finger** on the scale!
D. MARTIN

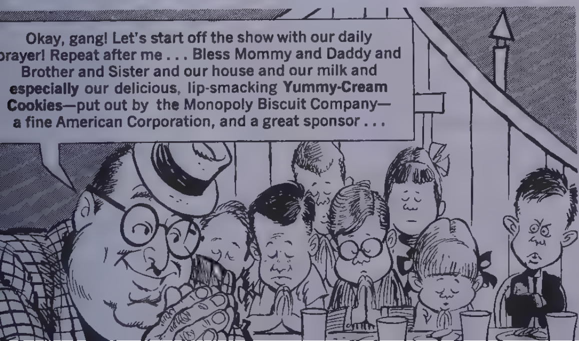
**MOPPET UP DEPT.**

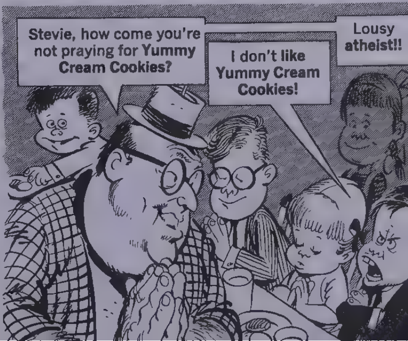
Since MAD's Official Article-Introduction Writer is ill this month, we've assigned Sidney Gwirtzman, MAD's Accountant, to serve as Guest Introduction Writer for the following article. Here is Mr. Gwirtzman's Introduction: *"The law provides a credit against tax dividends received from qualifying domestic corporations. This credit is equal to 4 percent of these dividends in excess of those which you may exclude from your income. The credit may not exceed: (a) the total income tax reduced by foreign tax credit; or (b) 4 percent of the . . ."* But enough of this hilarity. Let's save the jokes for the story as

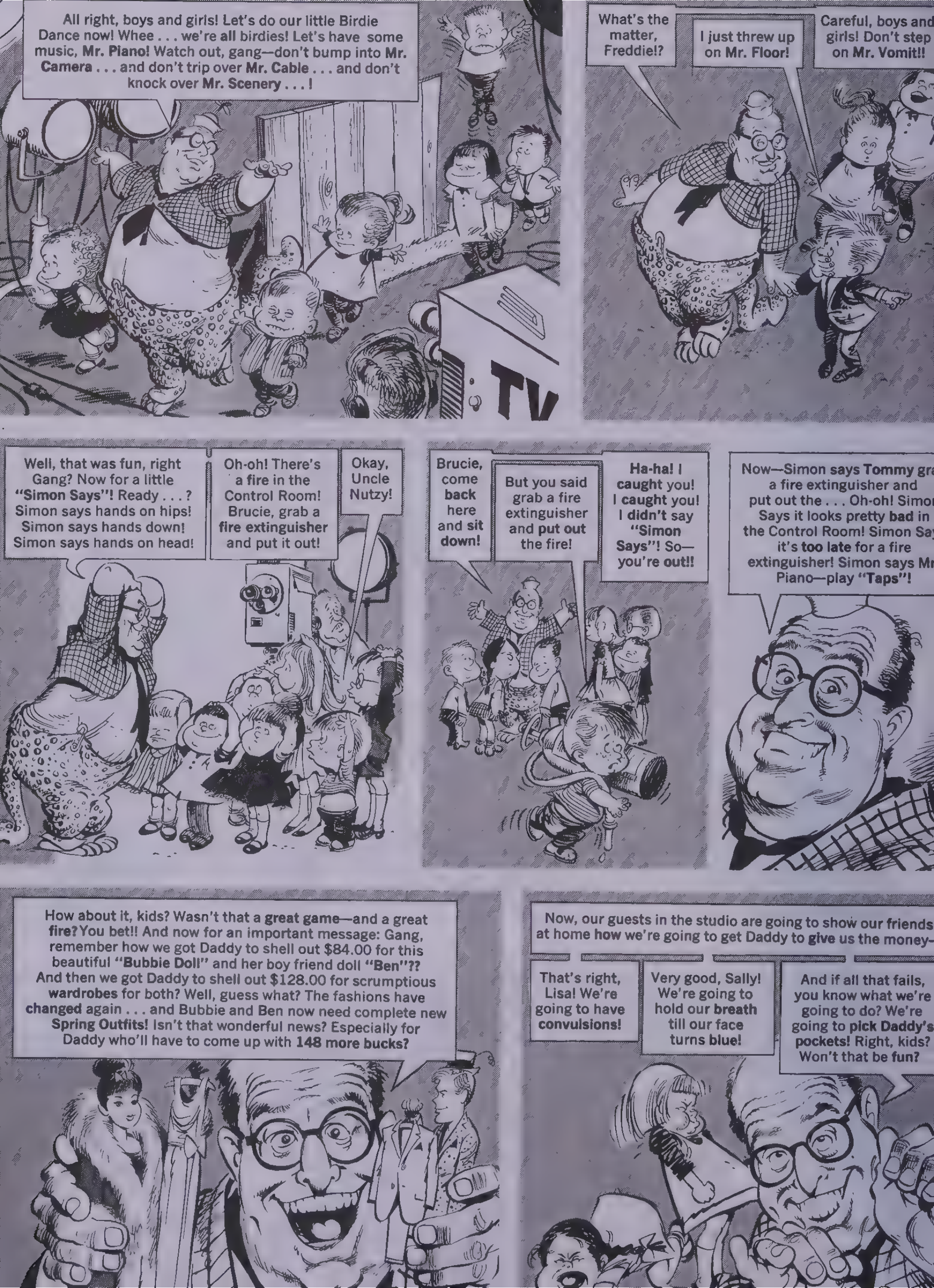
# MAD LOOKS AT A TYPICAL
# KIDDIE TV SHOW

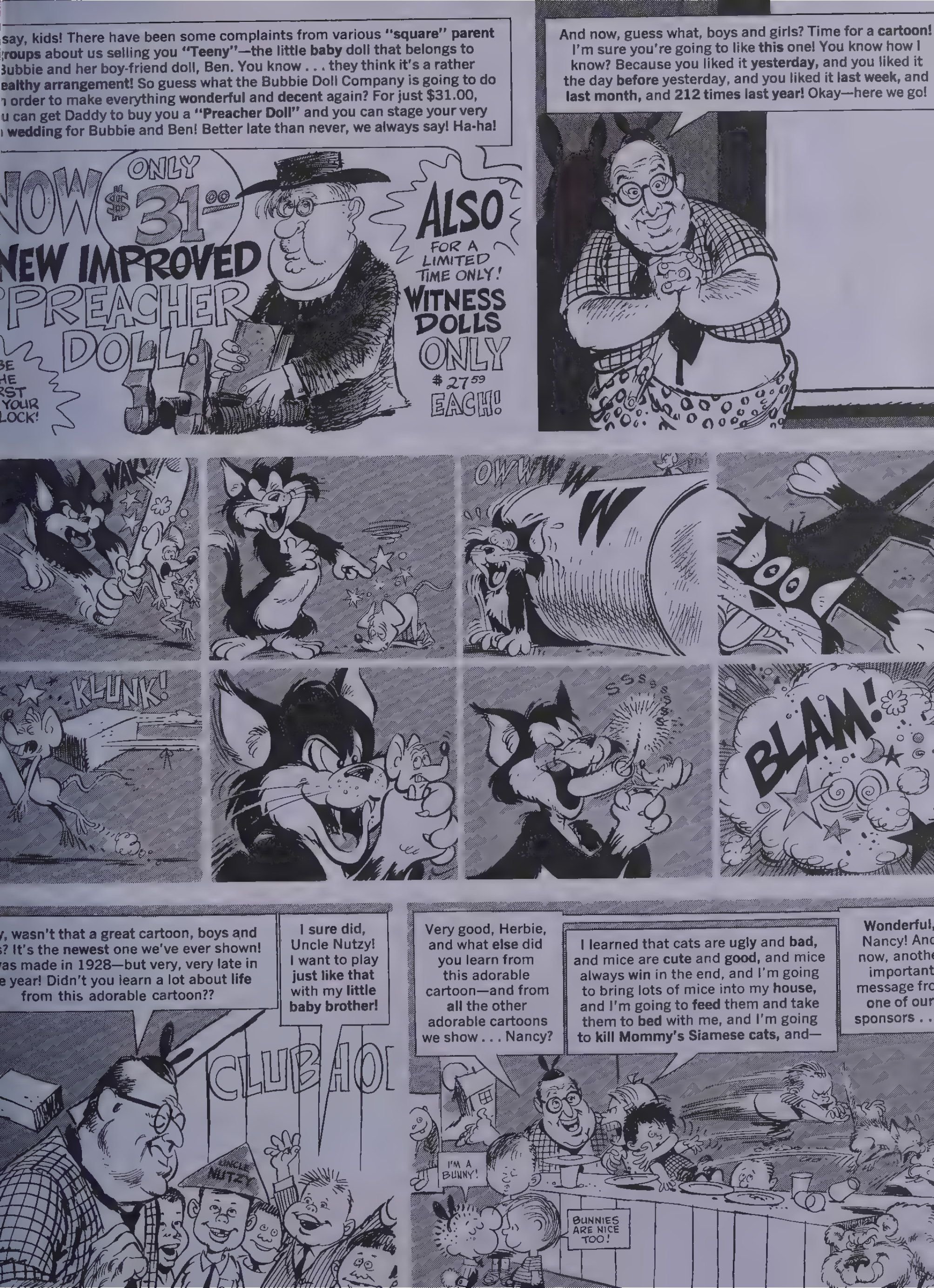
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

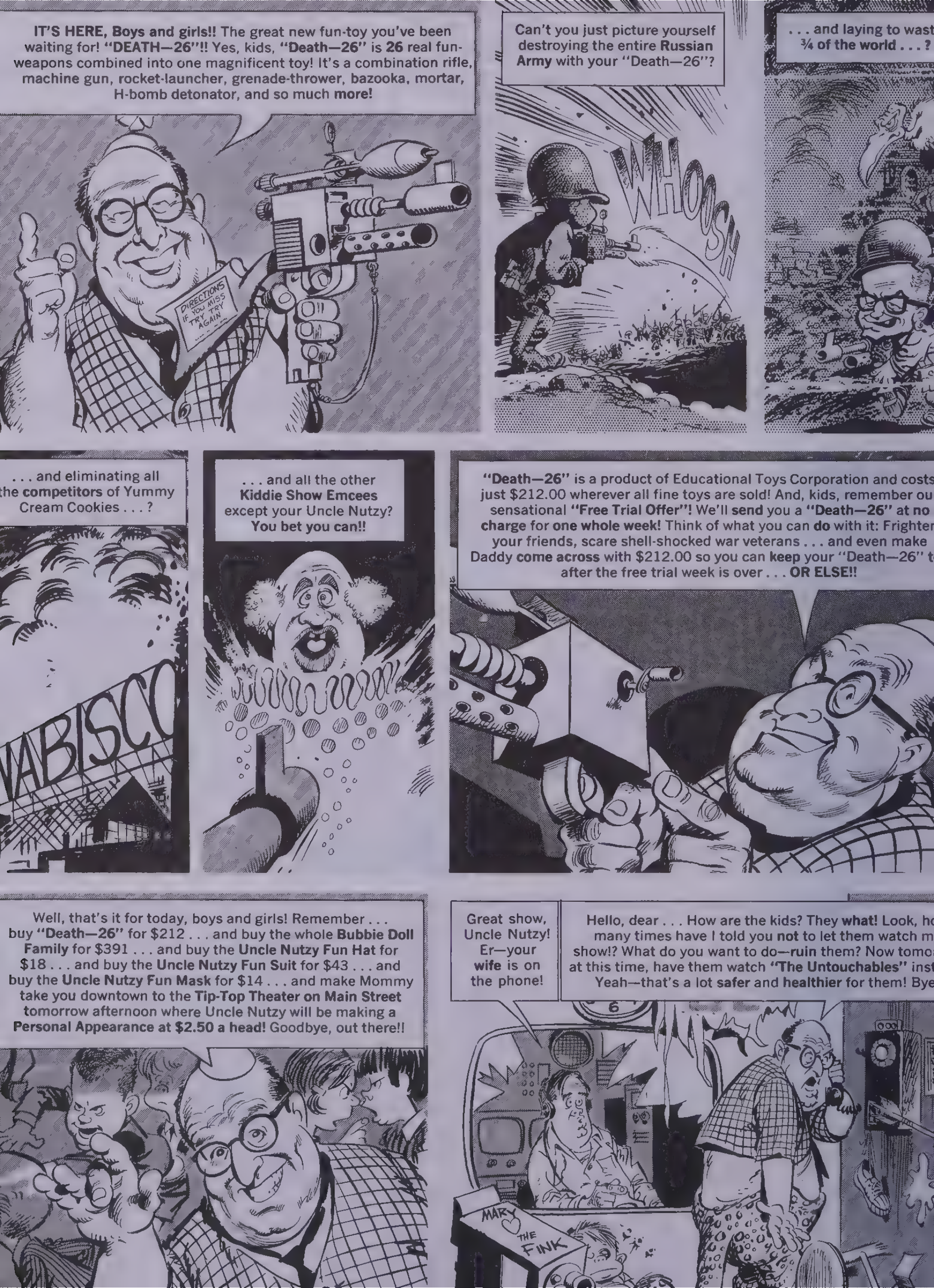

Hi, there, boys and girls! Welcome once again to the **Uncle Nutzy Clubhouse!!** This is your funny Uncle Nutzy, and oh, boy, oh boy, oh, boy, are we going to have fun today! **RIGHT, GANG??**
**You bet,** Uncle Nutzy!
Yippee! Fun, fun, **FUN!!**
What are you going to be when you grow up?
I don't know! What's Uncle Nutzy going to be when he grows up?
I hear Uncle Nutzy is going to a **Masquerade Party** after the show!
Really? Is he going to wear what he's wearing now?
No, he's going in a **funny costume!** Those are his **street clothes!**
NUTZY
UNCLE NUTZY
TV
UNCLE NUTZY CLUBHOUSE


Okay, gang! Let's start off the show with our daily prayer! Repeat after me . . . Bless Mommy and Daddy and Brother and Sister and our house and our milk and **especially** our delicious, lip-smacking **Yummy-Cream Cookies**—put out by the Monopoly Biscuit Company—a fine American Corporation, and a great sponsor . . .


Stevie, how come you're not praying for **Yummy Cream Cookies?**
I don't like **Yummy Cream Cookies!**
Lousy **atheist!!**


All right, boys and girls! Let's do our little Birdie Dance now! Whee . . . we're all birdies! Let's have some music, Mr. Piano! Watch out, gang—don't bump into Mr. Camera . . . and don't trip over Mr. Cable . . . and don't knock over Mr. Scenery . . . !
TV
What's the matter, Freddie!?
I just threw up on Mr. Floor!
Careful, boys and girls! Don't step on Mr. Vomit!!
Well, that was fun, right Gang? Now for a little "Simon Says"! Ready . . . ? Simon says hands on hips! Simon says hands down! Simon says hands on head!
Oh-oh! There's a fire in the Control Room! Brucie, grab a fire extinguisher and put it out!
Okay, Uncle Nutzy!
Brucie, come back here and sit down!
But you said grab a fire extinguisher and put out the fire!
Ha-ha! I caught you! I caught you! I didn't say "Simon Says"! So— you're out!!
Now—Simon says Tommy gra a fire extinguisher and put out the . . . Oh-oh! Simo Says it looks pretty bad in the Control Room! Simon Sa it's too late for a fire extinguisher! Simon says M Piano—play "Taps"!
How about it, kids? Wasn't that a great game—and a great fire? You bet!! And now for an important message: Gang, remember how we got Daddy to shell out $84.00 for this beautiful "Bubbie Doll" and her boy friend doll "Ben"?? And then we got Daddy to shell out $128.00 for scrumptious wardrobes for both? Well, guess what? The fashions have changed again . . . and Bubbie and Ben now need complete new Spring Outfits! Isn't that wonderful news? Especially for Daddy who'll have to come up with 148 more bucks?
Now, our guests in the studio are going to show our friends at home how we're going to get Daddy to give us the money—
That's right, Lisa! We're going to have convulsions!
Very good, Sally! We're going to hold our breath till our face turns blue!
And if all that fails, you know what we're going to do? We're going to pick Daddy's pockets! Right, kids? Won't that be fun?


say, kids! There have been some complaints from various "square" parent groups about us selling you "Teeny"—the little baby doll that belongs to Bubbie and her boy-friend doll, Ben. You know . . . they think it's a rather ealthy arrangement! So guess what the Bubbie Doll Company is going to do n order to make everything wonderful and decent again? For just $31.00, u can get Daddy to buy you a "Preacher Doll" and you can stage your very wedding for Bubbie and Ben! Better late than never, we always say! Ha-ha!
NOW
ONLY $31.00
NEW IMPROVED PREACHER DOLL!
BE HE RST YOUR LOCK!
ALSO
FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!
WITNESS DOLLS
ONLY $27.59 EACH!
And now, guess what, boys and girls? Time for a cartoon! I'm sure you're going to like this one! You know how I know? Because you liked it yesterday, and you liked it the day before yesterday, and you liked it last week, and last month, and 212 times last year! Okay—here we go!
WAK!
OWWWWW
KLUNK!
SSSsss
BLAM!
y, wasn't that a great cartoon, boys and s? It's the newest one we've ever shown! vas made in 1928—but very, very late in e year! Didn't you learn a lot about life from this adorable cartoon??
I sure did, Uncle Nutzy! I want to play just like that with my little baby brother!
CLUBHO
UNCLE NUTZY
Very good, Herbie, and what else did you learn from this adorable cartoon—and from all the other adorable cartoons we show . . . Nancy?
I learned that cats are ugly and bad, and mice are cute and good, and mice always win in the end, and I'm going to bring lots of mice into my house, and I'm going to feed them and take them to bed with me, and I'm going to kill Mommy's Siamese cats, and—
Wonderful, Nancy! An now, anothe important message fro one of our sponsors . . .
I'M A BUNNY!
BUNNIES ARE NICE TOO!

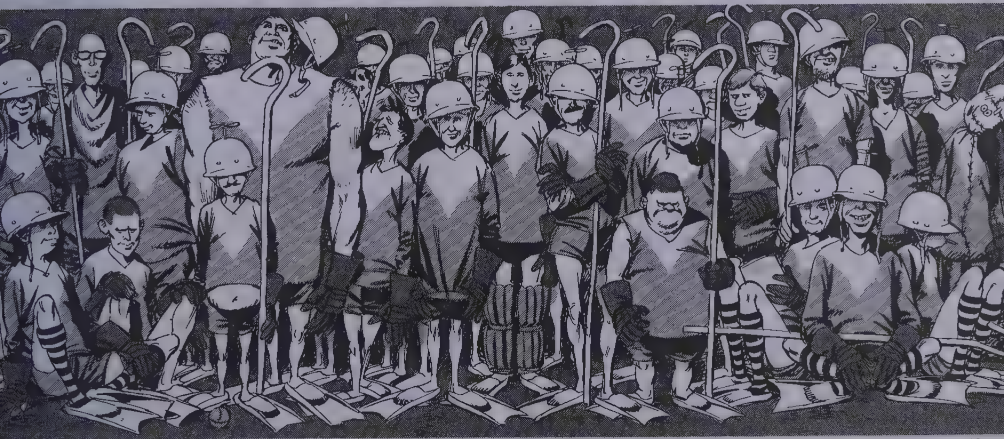

**IT'S HERE, Boys and girls!!** The great new fun-toy you've been waiting for! **"DEATH—26"**!! Yes, kids, **"Death—26"** is **26** real fun-weapons combined into one magnificent toy! It's a combination rifle, machine gun, rocket-launcher, grenade-thrower, bazooka, mortar, H-bomb detonator, and so much **more!**
DIRECTIONS IF YOU MISS TRY TRY AGAIN
Can't you just picture yourself destroying the entire **Russian Army** with your "Death—26"?
WHOOSH
**. . . and laying to wast ¾ of the world . . . ?**
. . . and eliminating all the **competitors** of Yummy Cream Cookies . . . ?
ABISCO
. . . and all the other **Kiddie Show Emcees** except your Uncle Nutzy? **You bet you can!!**
**"Death—26"** is a product of Educational Toys Corporation and costs just $212.00 wherever all fine toys are sold! And, kids, remember ou sensational **"Free Trial Offer"!** We'll **send** you a **"Death—26" at no charge** for **one whole week!** Think of what you can **do** with it: Frighten your friends, scare shell-shocked war veterans . . . and even make Daddy **come across** with $212.00 so you can **keep** your "Death—26" t after the free trial week is over . . . **OR ELSE!!**
Well, that's it for today, boys and girls! Remember . . . buy **"Death—26"** for $212 . . . and buy the whole **Bubbie Doll Family** for $391 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Hat** for $18 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Suit** for $43 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Mask** for $14 . . . and make Mommy take you downtown to the **Tip-Top Theater on Main Street** tomorrow afternoon where Uncle Nutzy will be making a **Personal Appearance at $2.50 a head!** Goodbye, out there!!
Great show, Uncle Nutzy! Er—your **wife** is on the phone!
Hello, dear . . . How are the kids? They **what!** Look, ho many times have I told you **not** to let them watch m show!? What do you want to do—**ruin** them? Now tomo at this time, have them watch **"The Untouchables"** inst Yeah—that's a lot **safer** and **healthier** for them! Bye
MARY ♡ THE FINK

**THERE'S A SOCCER BORN EVERY MINUTE DEPT.**

For years, the nation's educators have been howling about the evils inherent in such big time college sports as football and basketball. They contend that there's too much professionalism, that not enough boys have a chance to participate, etc. But no one really lifted a finger to correct the situation until MAD's Athletic Council went to work—and he's come up with a brand new sport that promises to provide good, clean amateur fun for all. Here, then, are the rules for this great new national pastime of the future. Digest them carefully and be the last person in your neighborhood to play . . . as . . .

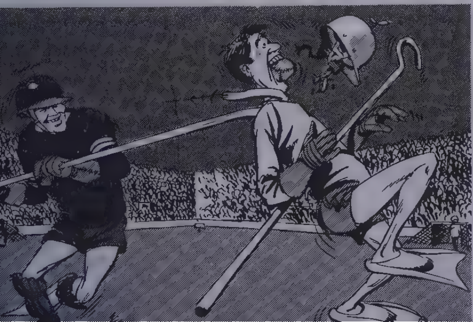
# MAD MAGAZINE
## introduces
# 43-MAN SQUAMISH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

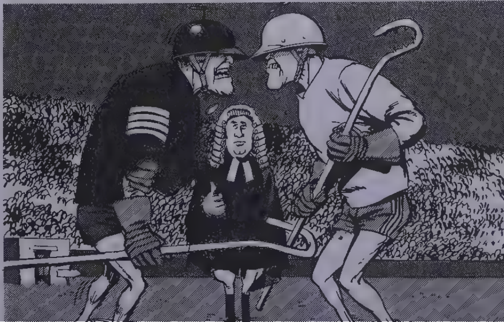


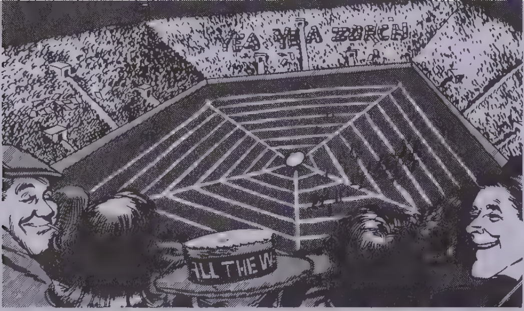
Squamish team consists of 43 players: the left & right side Grouches, the left & right Outside Grouches, four eep Brooders, four Shallow Brooders, five Wicket Men, three Offensive Niblings, four Quarter-Frummerts, two Half-Frummerts, one Full-Frummert, two Overblats, two Underblats, nine Back-Up Finks, two Leapers and a Dummy.

ch player is equipped with a long hooked stick known as Frullip. The Frullip is used to halt opposing players empting to cross your goal line with the Pritz (ball). e Official Pritz is 3¾ inches in diameter and is made untreated Ibex hide stuffed with Blue Jay feathers.



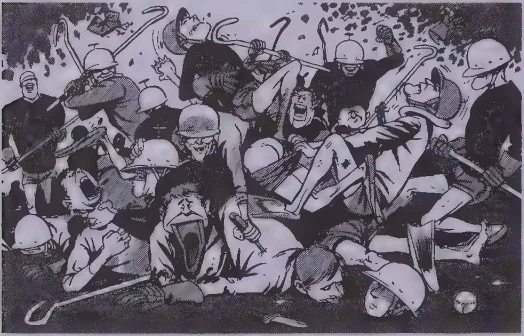
Play begins with the Probate Judge flipping a new Spanish peseta. If the Visiting Captain calls the toss correctly, the game is immediately cancelled. If he fails to call it correctly, then the Home Team Captain is given his choice of either carrying the Pritz . . . or defending against it.



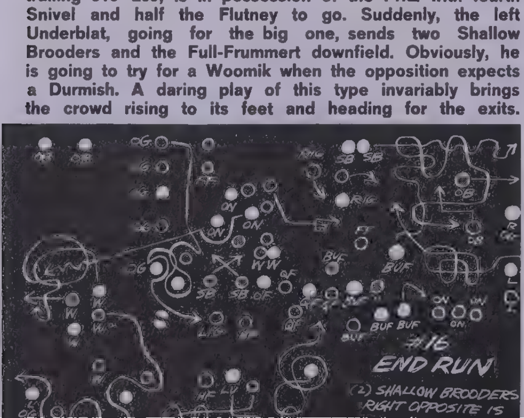


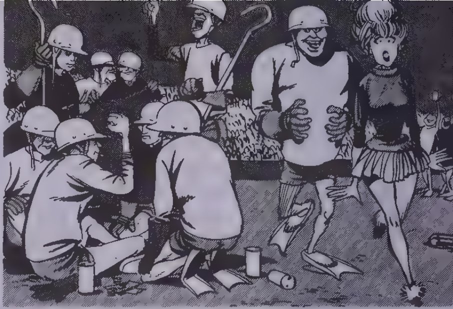
The game of Squamish is played on a 5-sided field known as a Flutney. The two teams line up at opposite sides of the Flutney and play seven Ogres of fifteen minutes each — unless it rains, in which case they play eight Ogres.

The offensive team, upon receiving the Pritz, has five Snivels in which to advance to the enemy goal. If they do it on the ground, it's a Woomik and counts 17 points. If they hit it across with their Frullips, it's a Durmish which only counts 11 points. Only the offensive Niblings and Overblats are allowed to score in the first 6 Ogres.



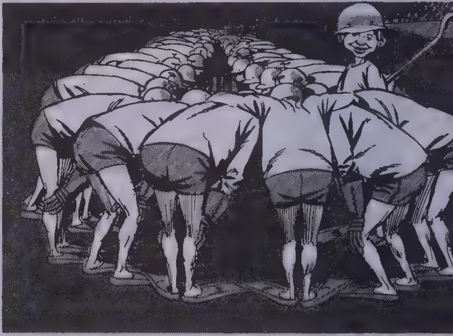
A typical seventh Ogre play is shown below. Team "A"— trailing 516—209, is in possession of the Pritz with fourth Snivel and half the Flutney to go. Suddenly, the left Underblat, going for the big one, sends two Shallow Brooders and the Full-Frummert downfield. Obviously, he is going to try for a Woomik when the opposition expects a Durmish. A daring play of this type invariably brings the crowd rising to its feet and heading for the exits.



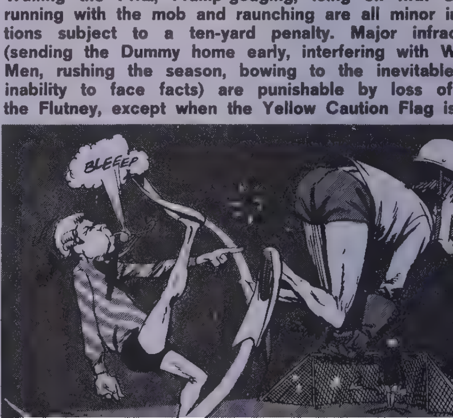


The defending right Outside Grouch signifies that ready to hurl the Pritz by shouting, "Mi Tio es inf pero la carretera es verde!"—a wise old Chilean pr that means, "My Uncle is sick, but the highway is gr

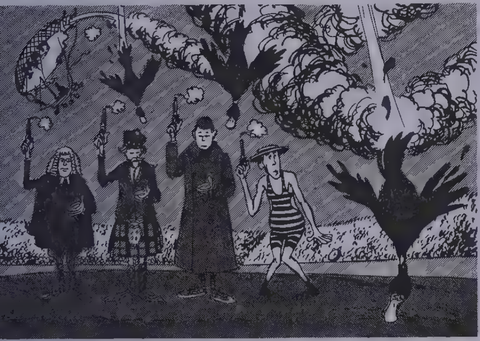
Special rules, applicable only during the seventh turn the game into something very akin to Buck Eu During this final Ogre (and the eighth, if it rains) four Quarter-Frummerts are permitted to either kic throw the Pritz, and the nine Finks are allowed to h the opposition by doing imitations of Barry Goldw



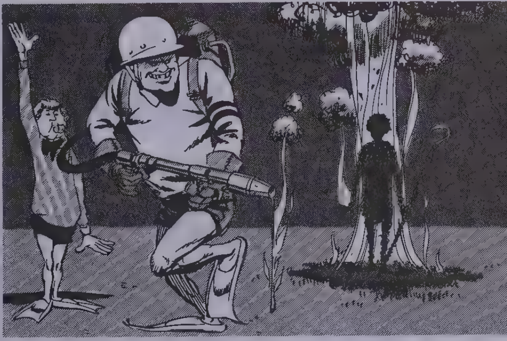
A variety of penalties keep play from getting out of Walling the Pritz, Frullip-gouging, icing on fifth S running with the mob and raunching are all minor in tions subject to a ten-yard penalty. Major infrac (sending the Dummy home early, interfering with W Men, rushing the season, bowing to the inevitable inability to face facts) are punishable by loss of the Flutney, except when the Yellow Caution Flag is



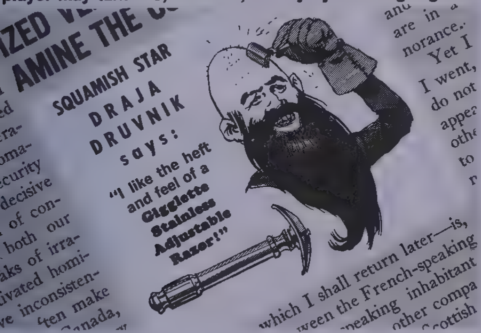
quamish rules provide for 4 officials: a Probate Judge, Field Representative, a Head Cockswain and a Baggage masher. None has any authority after play has begun. In e event of a disagreement between the officials, a final ecision is left up to the spectator who left his car in e parking lot with the lights on and the motor running.



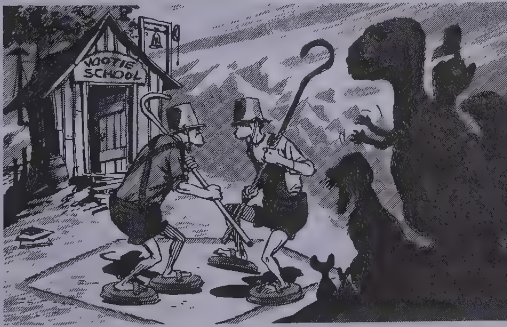
In the event of a tie score, the teams play a sudden-death overtime. The exception to this rule occurs when opposing Left Overblats are both out of the game on personal fouls. When such is the case, the two teams line up on opposite sides of the Flutney and settle the tie by shouting dirty limericks at each other until one team breaks up laughing.



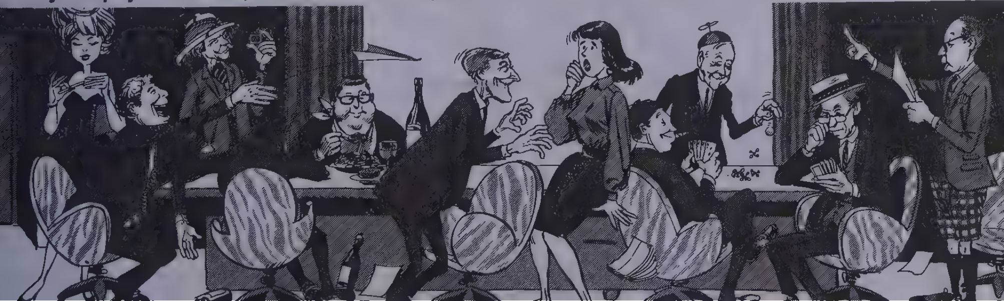
mateur Squamish players are strictly forbidden to accept bsidies, endorse products, make collect phone calls or at garlic. Otherwise, they lose their amateur standing. player may turn Pro, however, merely by throwing a game.


ZED VE
AMINE THE
SQUAMISH STAR
DRAJA
DRUVNIK
says:
"I like the heft and feel of a Gigglette Stainless Adjustable Razor!"
are in a
norance.
Yet I
I went,
do not
which I shall return later—is,
ween the French-speaking
speaking inhabitant
other compa
Scottish

Schools with small enrollments which preclude participation in 43-Man Squamish may play a simplified version of the game: 2-Man Squamish. The rules are identical, except that in 2-Man Squamish, the object of the game is to lose.


VOOTIE
SCHOOL

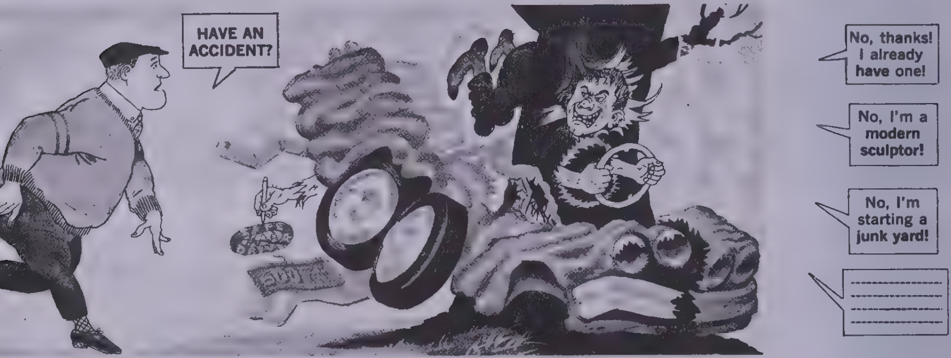
he original charter calls for an annual meeting of the ational Squamish Rules Committee. At its inaugural meetg, the committee approved a re-wording of Article XVI, aragraph 77, Section J of the rules. This section, which ormerly read: "The offensive left Underblat, in all even-umbered Ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge f the Flutney and signal to the Head Cockswain that he ready for play to continue," has now been simplified to read: "The offensive left Underblat, in all even-numbered ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge of the Flutney and signal to either the Head Cockswain, or to any other official to whom the Head Cockswain may have delegated this authority in writing and in the presence of two witnesses, both of whom shall have been approved and found to be of high moral character by the Office of the Commissioner, that he is ready for play to continue."

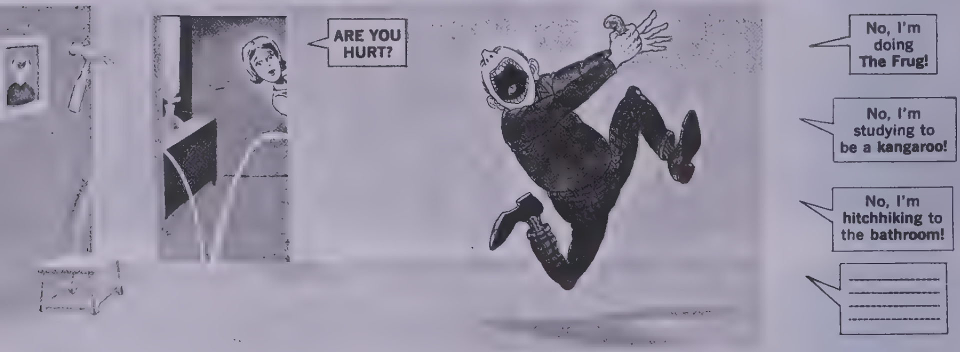


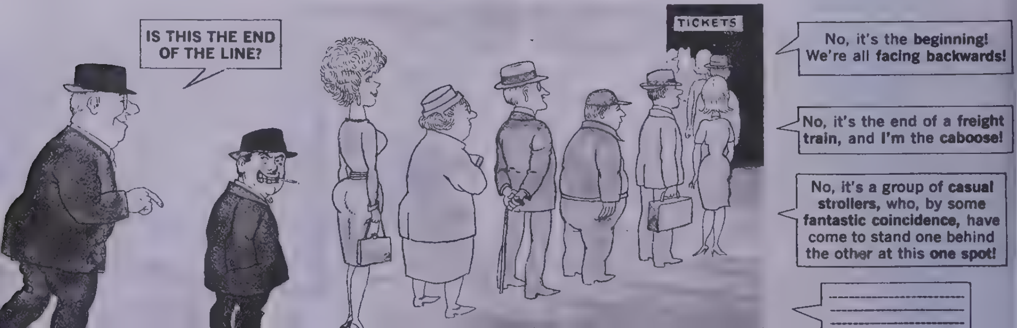
**PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.**

Are you plagued by clods who ask stupid questions? We mean the kind of questions to which the answers are painfully obvious. Doesn't it drive you nuts to have to give such answers? Don't you wish you could come up with snappy answers that would put these dolts down, like the comics on TV always do? Well, you can! All you need is a sense of humor, a little practice, and a mean, rotten disposition. You also need to convince yourself that there is

# MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS


HAVE AN ACCIDENT?
No, thanks! I already have one!
No, I'm a modern sculptor!
No, I'm starting a junk yard!

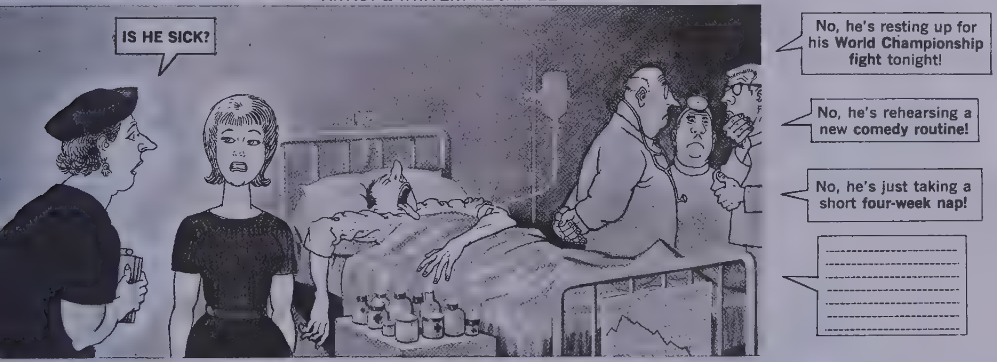

ARE YOU HURT?
No, I'm doing The Frug!
No, I'm studying to be a kangaroo!
No, I'm hitchhiking to the bathroom!

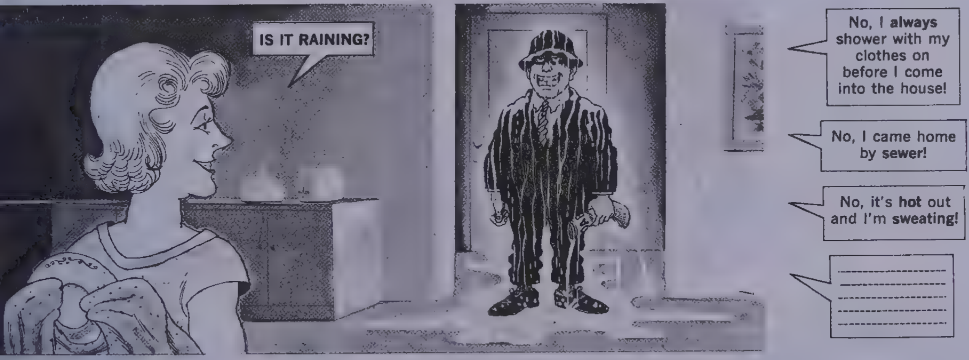

IS THIS THE END OF THE LINE?
TICKETS
No, it's the beginning! We're all facing backwards!
No, it's the end of a freight train, and I'm the caboose!
No, it's a group of casual strollers, who, by some fantastic coincidence, have come to stand one behind the other at this one spot!

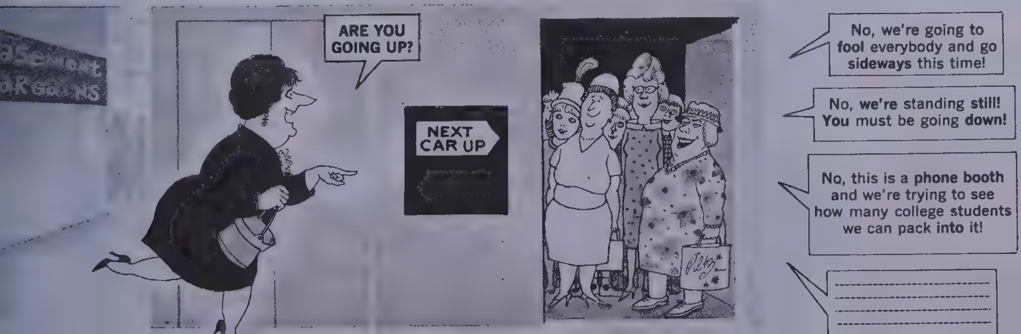
thing worse than stupid clods who ask pointless unneces-ry questions. Is that clear? Do you undertand what we ean? Are we getting the point of this article across to ou? Isn't this the perfect time to come up with one of them snappy answers? Okay! Study the typical situations on these pages and practice giving the snappy answers we've printed. Then start making up your own. Before long you'll see how gratifying it is to humiliate people with . . . .

# TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE


IS HE SICK?
No, he's resting up for his **World Championship fight** tonight!
No, he's rehearsing a new **comedy routine!**
No, he's just taking a short **four-week nap!**

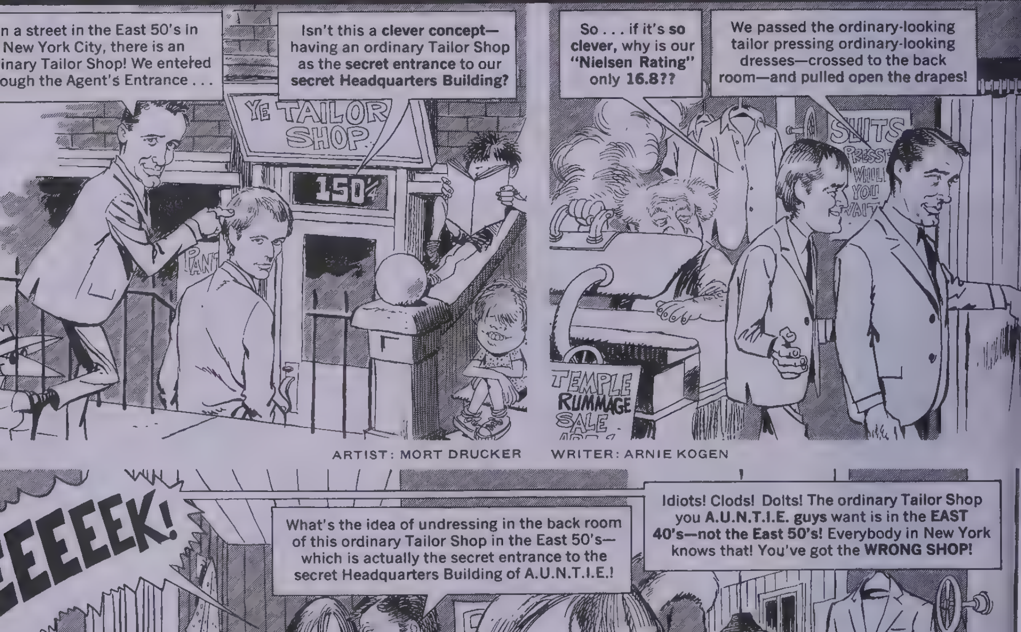

IS IT RAINING?
No, I **always** shower with my clothes on before I come into the house!
No, I came home by **sewer!**
No, it's **hot** out and I'm **sweating!**


ARE YOU GOING UP?
NEXT CAR UP
No, we're going to **fool** everybody and go **sideways** this time!
No, **we're** standing **still! You** must be going **down!**
No, this is a **phone booth** and we're trying to see how many college students we can pack **into** it!

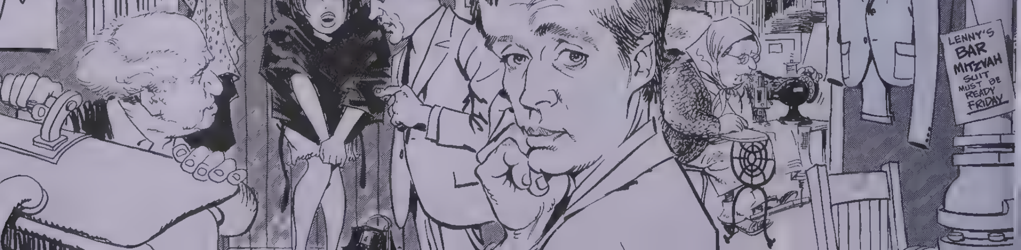
**HOLLARIN' UNCLE DEPT.**

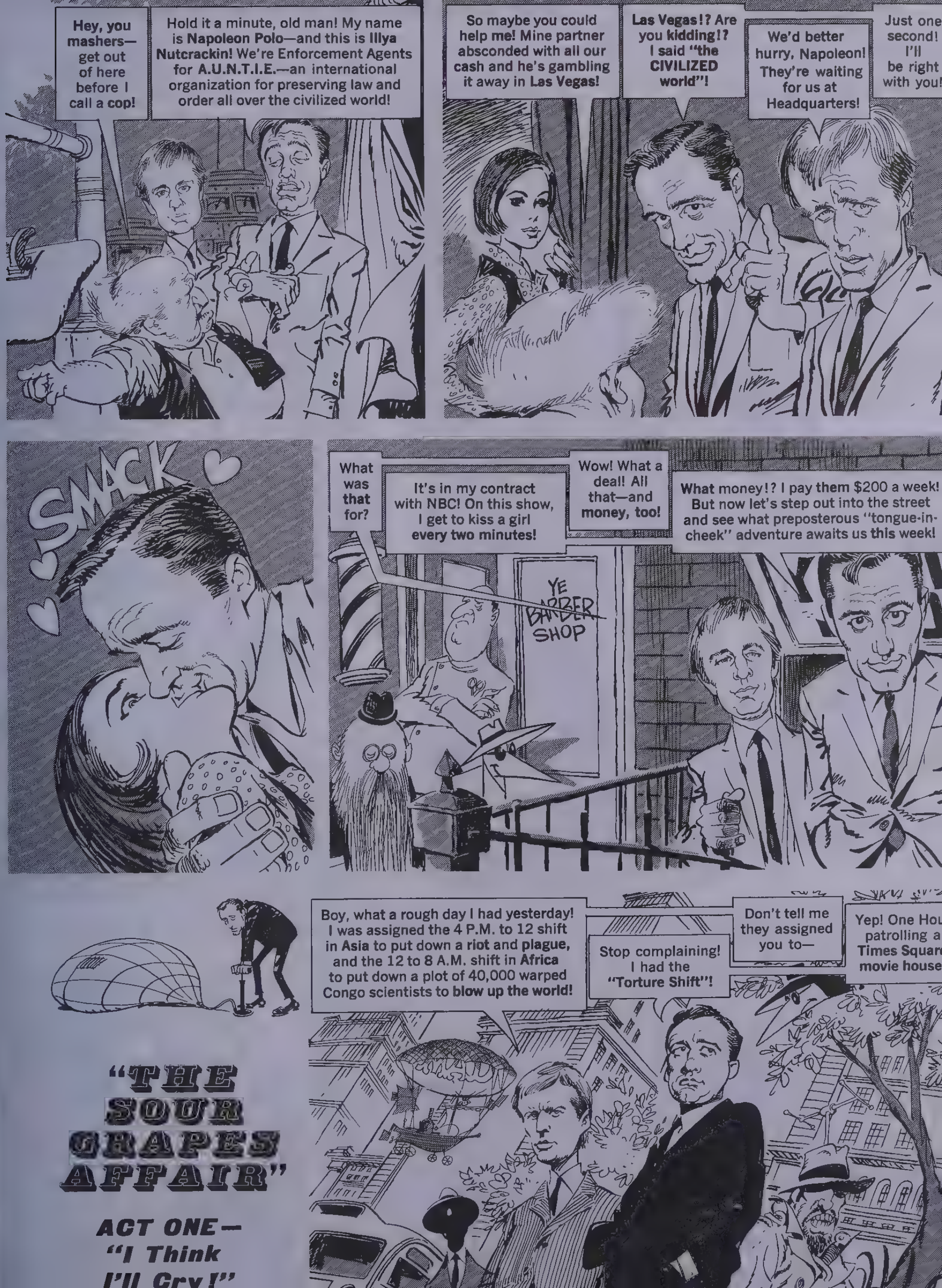
We've had preposterous "Private Eye" characters in literature (Mickey Spillane's "Mike Hammer")! And we've had preposterous "Secret Agent" characters in movies (Ian Fleming's "James Bond")! But now we've got the most preposterous "Private Eye-Secret Agent" character of them all—on the most preposterous medium of them all—television! We're talking about the guy on the weekly NBC-TV show called

# THE MAN FROM A.U.N.T.I.E.


n a street in the East 50's in New York City, there is an inary Tailor Shop! We entered ough the Agent's Entrance . . .
Isn't this a clever concept—having an ordinary Tailor Shop as the secret entrance to our secret Headquarters Building?
YE TAILOR SHOP
150¼
PANT
So . . . if it's so clever, why is our "Nielsen Rating" only 16.8??
We passed the ordinary-looking tailor pressing ordinary-looking dresses—crossed to the back room—and pulled open the drapes!
SUITS PRESSE WHILE YOU WAIT
TEMPLE RUMMAGE SALE

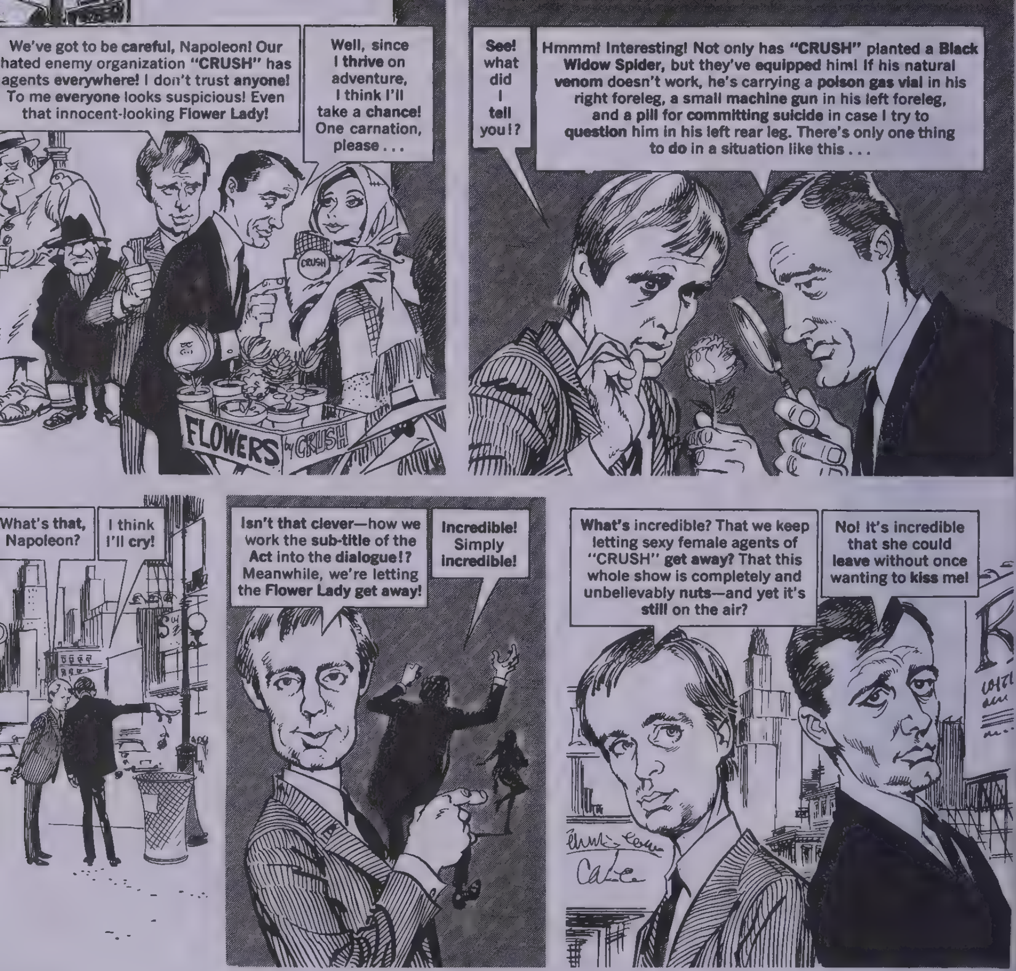
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN


EEEEEK!
What's the idea of undressing in the back room of this ordinary Tailor Shop in the East 50's—which is actually the secret entrance to the secret Headquarters Building of A.U.N.T.I.E.!
Idiots! Clods! Dolts! The ordinary Tailor Shop you A.U.N.T.I.E. guys want is in the EAST 40's—not the East 50's! Everybody in New York knows that! You've got the WRONG SHOP!
LENNY'S BAR MITZVAH SUIT MUST BE READY FRIDAY

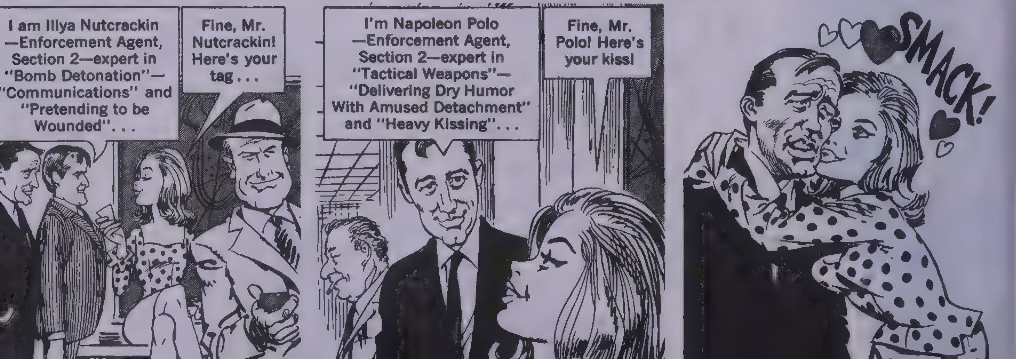

Hey, you mashers—get out of here before I call a cop!
Hold it a minute, old man! My name is **Napoleon Polo**—and this is **Illya Nutcrackin!** We're Enforcement Agents for **A.U.N.T.I.E.**—an international organization for preserving law and order all over the civilized world!
So maybe you could help me! Mine partner absconded with all our cash and he's gambling it away in **Las Vegas!**
**Las Vegas!?** Are you **kidding!?** I said **"the CIVILIZED world"!**
We'd better hurry, Napoleon! They're waiting for us at Headquarters!
Just one second! I'll be right with you!
SMACK
What was **that** for?
It's in my contract with NBC! On this show, I get to kiss a girl **every two minutes!**
Wow! What a deal! All that—and **money, too!**
**What** money!? I pay **them** $200 a week! But now let's step out into the street and see what preposterous "tongue-in-cheek" adventure awaits us **this week!**
YE ~~BARBER~~ SHOP
Boy, what a rough day I had yesterday! I was assigned the 4 P.M. to 12 shift in **Asia** to put down a **riot** and **plague**, and the 12 to 8 A.M. shift in **Africa** to put down a plot of 40,000 warped Congo scientists to **blow up the world!**
Stop complaining! I had the **"Torture Shift"!**
Don't tell me they assigned you to—
Yep! One Hou patrolling a **Times Squar movie house**

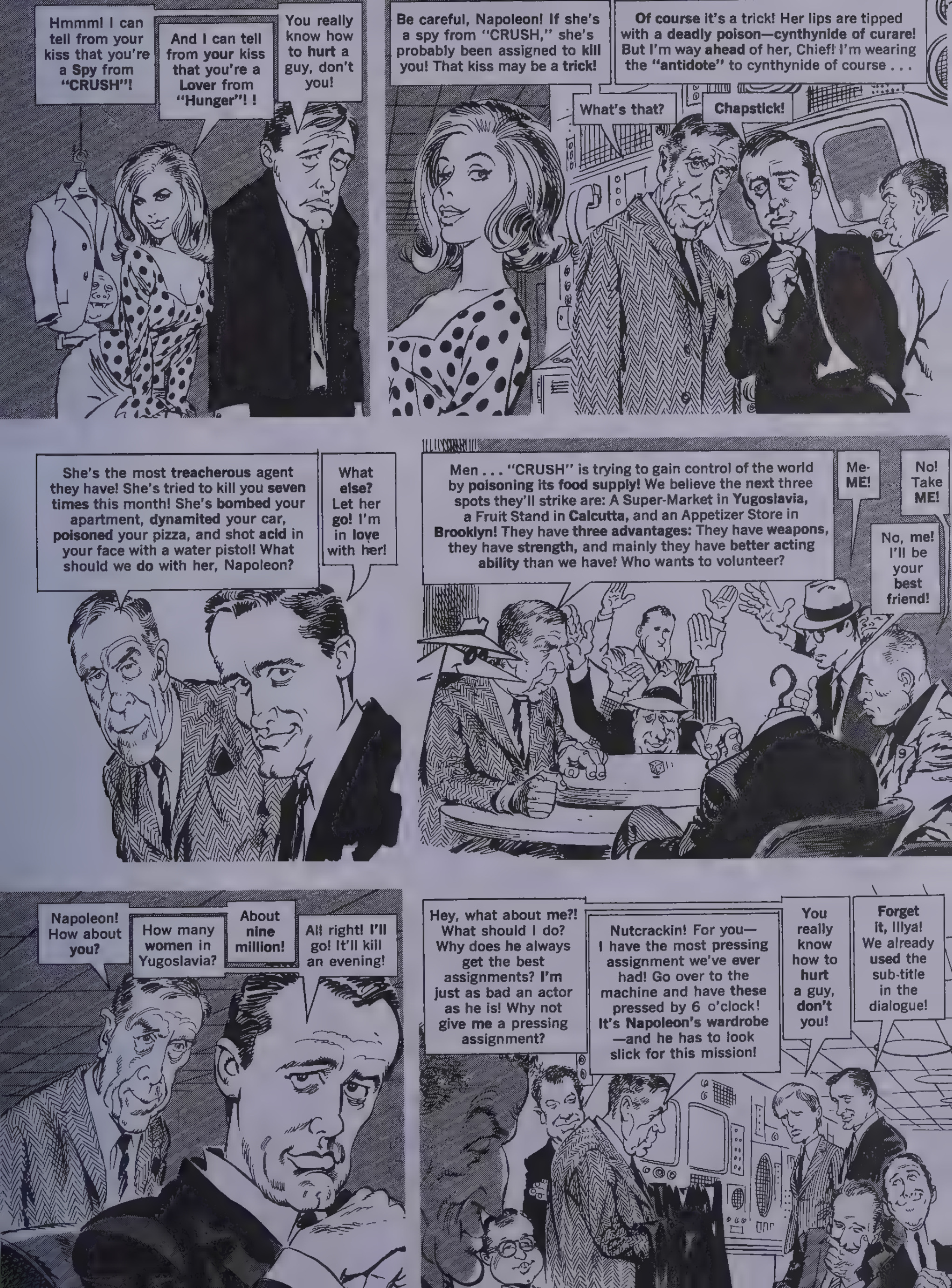
# "THE SOUR GRAPES AFFAIR"

## *ACT ONE— "I Think I'll Cry!"*

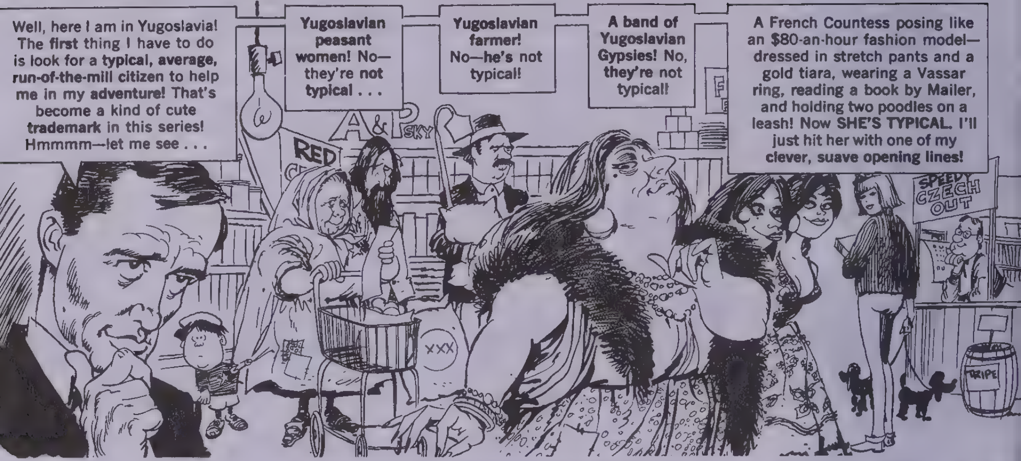

We've got to be careful, Napoleon! Our hated enemy organization "CRUSH" has agents everywhere! I don't trust anyone! To me everyone looks suspicious! Even that innocent-looking Flower Lady!
Well, since I thrive on adventure, I think I'll take a chance! One carnation, please . . .
CRUSH
FLOWERS by CRUSH
See! what did I tell you!?
Hmmm! Interesting! Not only has "CRUSH" planted a Black Widow Spider, but they've equipped him! If his natural venom doesn't work, he's carrying a poison gas vial in his right foreleg, a small machine gun in his left foreleg, and a pill for committing suicide in case I try to question him in his left rear leg. There's only one thing to do in a situation like this . . .
What's that, Napoleon?
I think I'll cry!
Isn't that clever—how we work the sub-title of the Act into the dialogue!? Meanwhile, we're letting the Flower Lady get away!
Incredible! Simply incredible!
What's incredible? That we keep letting sexy female agents of "CRUSH" get away? That this whole show is completely and unbelievably nuts—and yet it's still on the air?
No! It's incredible that she could leave without once wanting to kiss me!

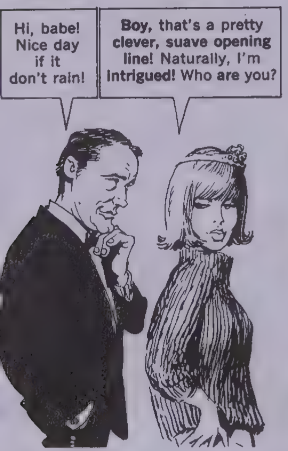
## ACT TWO—"You Really Know How To Hurt A Guy, Don't You!"

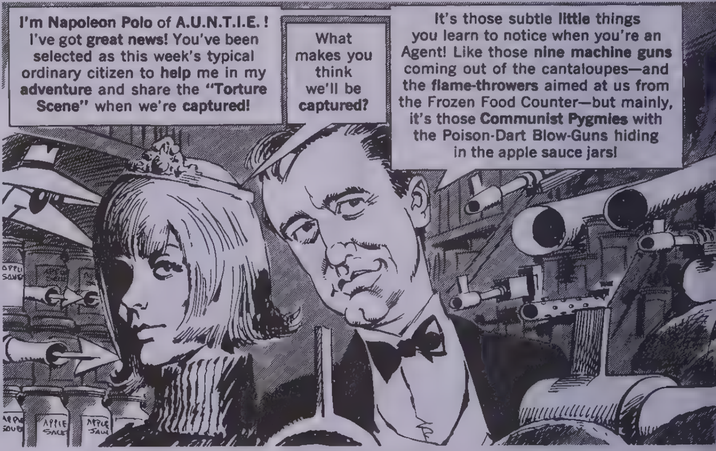

I am Illya Nutcrackin—Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Bomb Detonation"—"Communications" and "Pretending to be Wounded". . .
Fine, Mr. Nutcrackin! Here's your tag . . .
I'm Napoleon Polo—Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Tactical Weapons"—"Delivering Dry Humor With Amused Detachment" and "Heavy Kissing". . .
Fine, Mr. Polo! Here's your kiss!
SMACK!

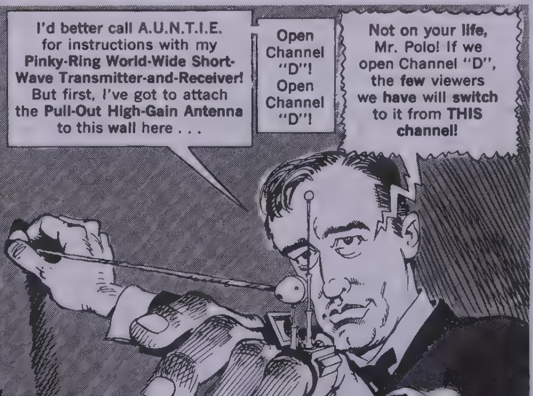

Hmmm! I can tell from your kiss that you're a Spy from "CRUSH"!
And I can tell from your kiss that you're a Lover from "Hunger"! !
You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!
Be careful, Napoleon! If she's a spy from "CRUSH," she's probably been assigned to kill you! That kiss may be a trick!
Of course it's a trick! Her lips are tipped with a deadly poison—cynthynide of curare! But I'm way ahead of her, Chief! I'm wearing the "antidote" to cynthynide of course . . .
What's that?
Chapstick!
She's the most treacherous agent they have! She's tried to kill you seven times this month! She's bombed your apartment, dynamited your car, poisoned your pizza, and shot acid in your face with a water pistol! What should we do with her, Napoleon?
What else? Let her go! I'm in love with her!
Men . . . "CRUSH" is trying to gain control of the world by poisoning its food supply! We believe the next three spots they'll strike are: A Super-Market in Yugoslavia, a Fruit Stand in Calcutta, and an Appetizer Store in Brooklyn! They have three advantages: They have weapons, they have strength, and mainly they have better acting ability than we have! Who wants to volunteer?
Me-ME!
No! Take ME!
No, me! I'll be your best friend!
9
Napoleon! How about you?
How many women in Yugoslavia?
About nine million!
All right! I'll go! It'll kill an evening!
Hey, what about me?! What should I do? Why does he always get the best assignments? I'm just as bad an actor as he is! Why not give me a pressing assignment?
Nutcrackin! For you—I have the most pressing assignment we've ever had! Go over to the machine and have these pressed by 6 o'clock! It's Napoleon's wardrobe—and he has to look slick for this mission!
You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!
Forget it, Illya! We already used the sub-title in the dialogue!

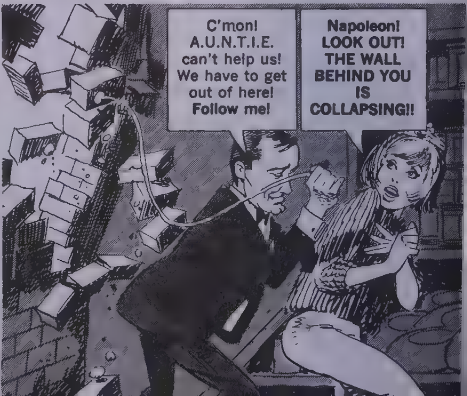
## ACT THREE—"Nice Day If It Don't Rain!"

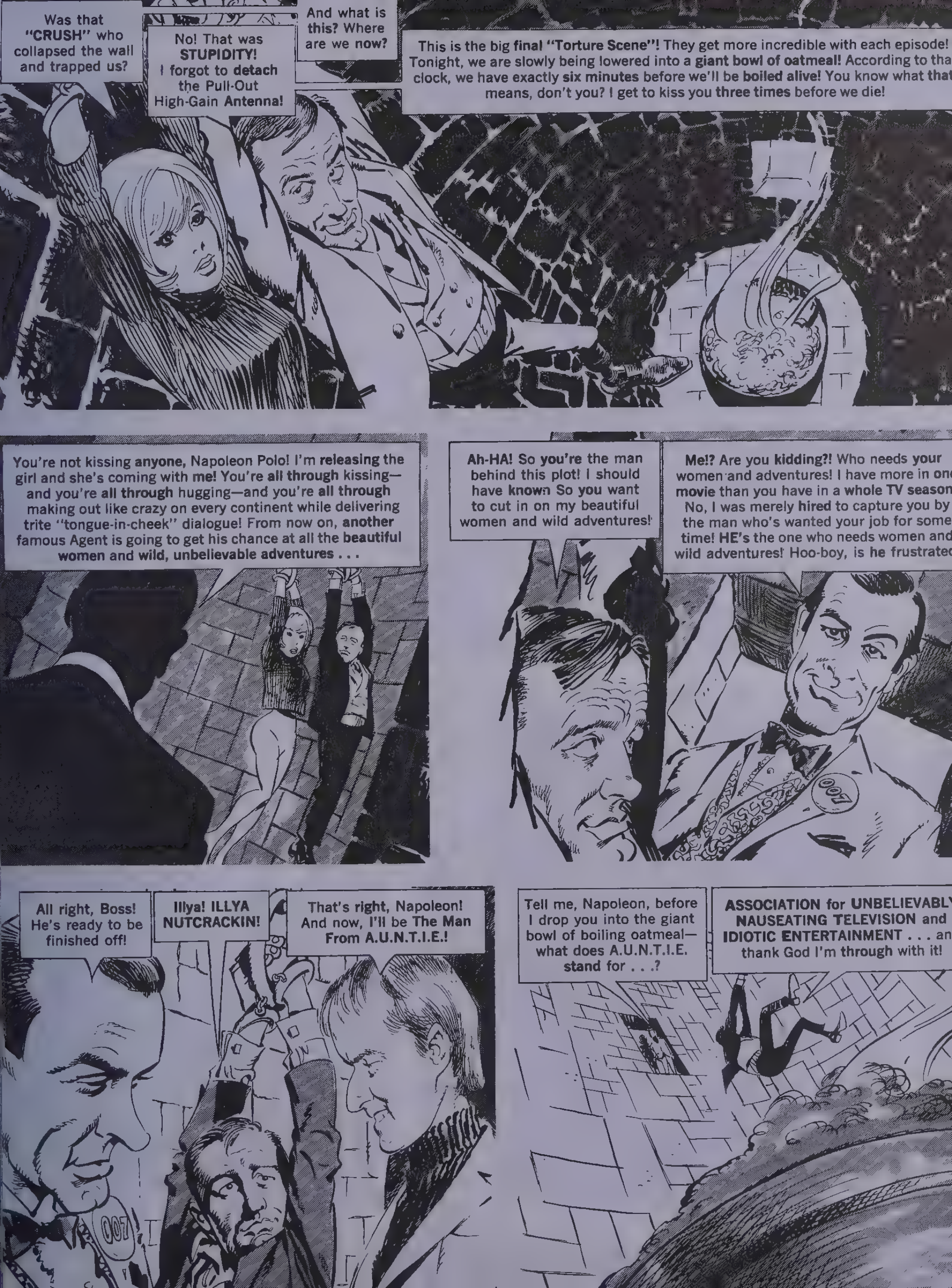

Well, here I am in Yugoslavia! The first thing I have to do is look for a typical, average, run-of-the-mill citizen to help me in my adventure! That's become a kind of cute trademark in this series! Hmmmm—let me see . . .
Yugoslavian peasant women! No—they're not typical . . .
Yugoslavian farmer! No—he's not typical!
A band of Yugoslavian Gypsies! No, they're not typical!
A French Countess posing like an $80-an-hour fashion model—dressed in stretch pants and a gold tiara, wearing a Vassar ring, reading a book by Mailer, and holding two poodles on a leash! Now SHE'S TYPICAL. I'll just hit her with one of my clever, suave opening lines!
A&P SKY
RED
XXX
SPEEDY CZECH OUT
TRIPE


Hi, babe! Nice day if it don't rain!
Boy, that's a pretty clever, suave opening line! Naturally, I'm intrigued! Who are you?


I'm Napoleon Polo of A.U.N.T.I.E. ! I've got great news! You've been selected as this week's typical ordinary citizen to help me in my adventure and share the "Torture Scene" when we're captured!
What makes you think we'll be captured?
It's those subtle little things you learn to notice when you're an Agent! Like those nine machine guns coming out of the cantaloupes—and the flame-throwers aimed at us from the Frozen Food Counter—but mainly, it's those Communist Pygmies with the Poison-Dart Blow-Guns hiding in the apple sauce jars!
APPLE SAUCE

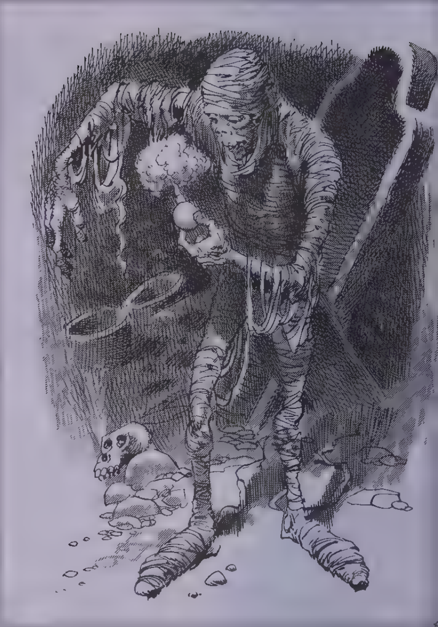

I'd better call A.U.N.T.I.E. for instructions with my Pinky-Ring World-Wide Short-Wave Transmitter-and-Receiver! But first, I've got to attach the Pull-Out High-Gain Antenna to this wall here . . .
Open Channel "D"! Open Channel "D"!
Not on your life, Mr. Polo! If we open Channel "D", the few viewers we have will switch to it from THIS channel!


C'mon! A.U.N.T.I.E. can't help us! We have to get out of here! Follow me!
Napoleon! LOOK OUT! THE WALL BEHIND YOU IS COLLAPSING!!

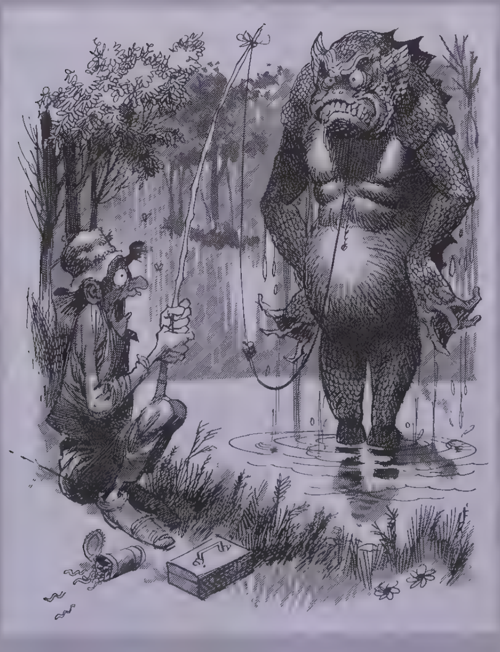

Was that "CRUSH" who collapsed the wall and trapped us?
No! That was STUPIDITY! I forgot to detach the Pull-Out High-Gain Antenna!
And what is this? Where are we now?
This is the big final "Torture Scene"! They get more incredible with each episode! Tonight, we are slowly being lowered into a giant bowl of oatmeal! According to tha clock, we have exactly six minutes before we'll be boiled alive! You know what that means, don't you? I get to kiss you three times before we die!
You're not kissing anyone, Napoleon Polo! I'm releasing the girl and she's coming with me! You're all through kissing—and you're all through hugging—and you're all through making out like crazy on every continent while delivering trite "tongue-in-cheek" dialogue! From now on, another famous Agent is going to get his chance at all the beautiful women and wild, unbelievable adventures . . .
Ah-HA! So you're the man behind this plot! I should have known So you want to cut in on my beautiful women and wild adventures!
Me!? Are you kidding?! Who needs your women and adventures! I have more in on movie than you have in a whole TV season No, I was merely hired to capture you by the man who's wanted your job for some time! HE's the one who needs women and wild adventures! Hoo-boy, is he frustrate
007
All right, Boss! He's ready to be finished off!
Illya! ILLYA NUTCRACKIN!
That's right, Napoleon! And now, I'll be The Man From A.U.N.T.I.E.!
007
Tell me, Napoleon, before I drop you into the giant bowl of boiling oatmeal—what does A.U.N.T.I.E. stand for . . .?
ASSOCIATION for UNBELIEVABL NAUSEATING TELEVISION and IDIOTIC ENTERTAINMENT . . . an thank God I'm through with it!

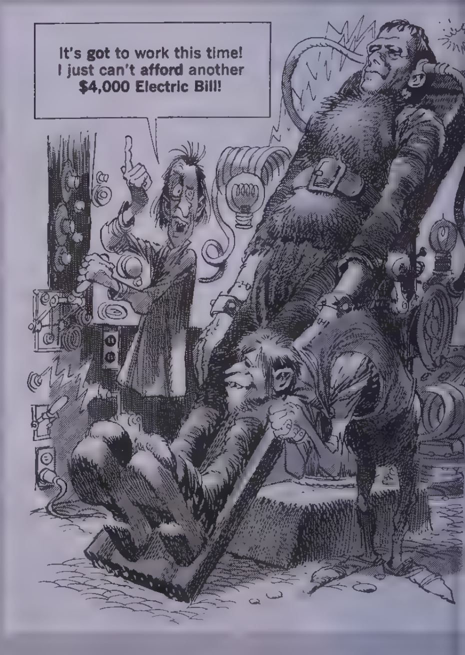
OUR CREATURE PRESENTATION DEPT.

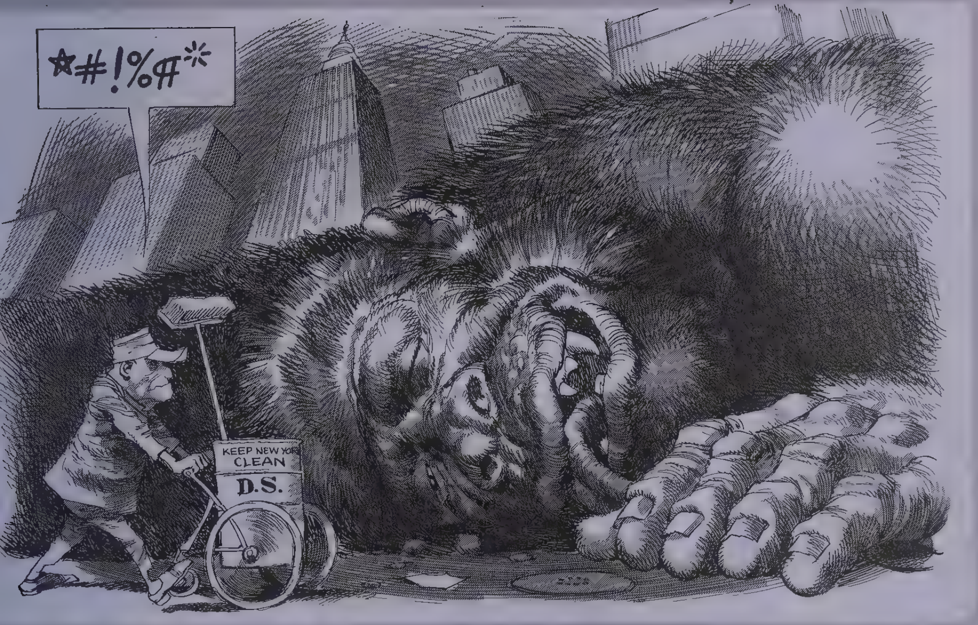
# HORROR Movie Scenes We'd Like To See

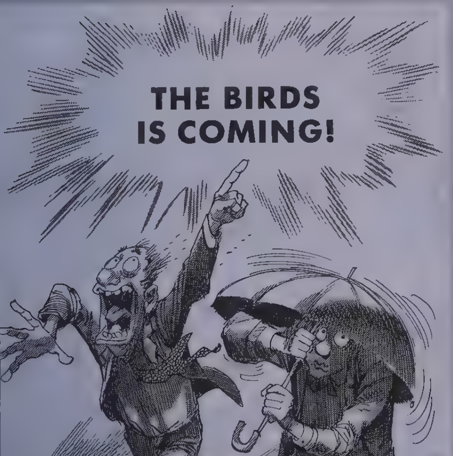


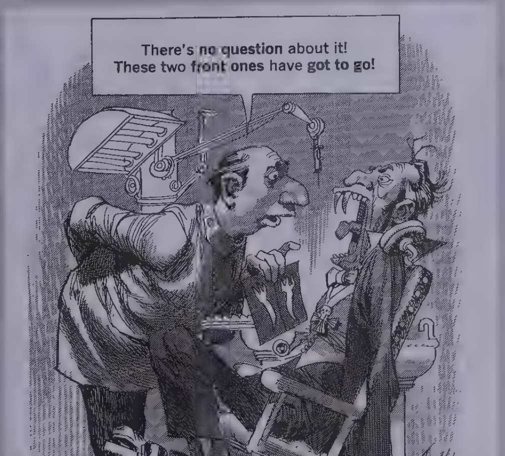
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DON EDWING




It's got to work this time! I just can't afford another $4,000 Electric Bill!

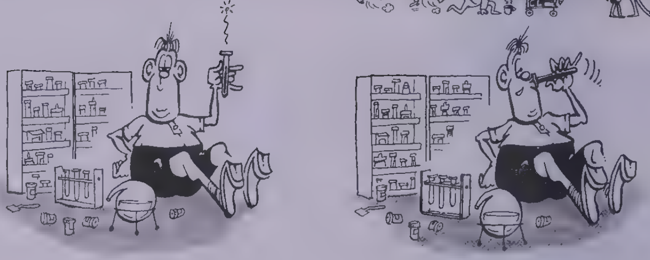

☆#!%#*
KEEP NEW YOR CLEAN
D.S.

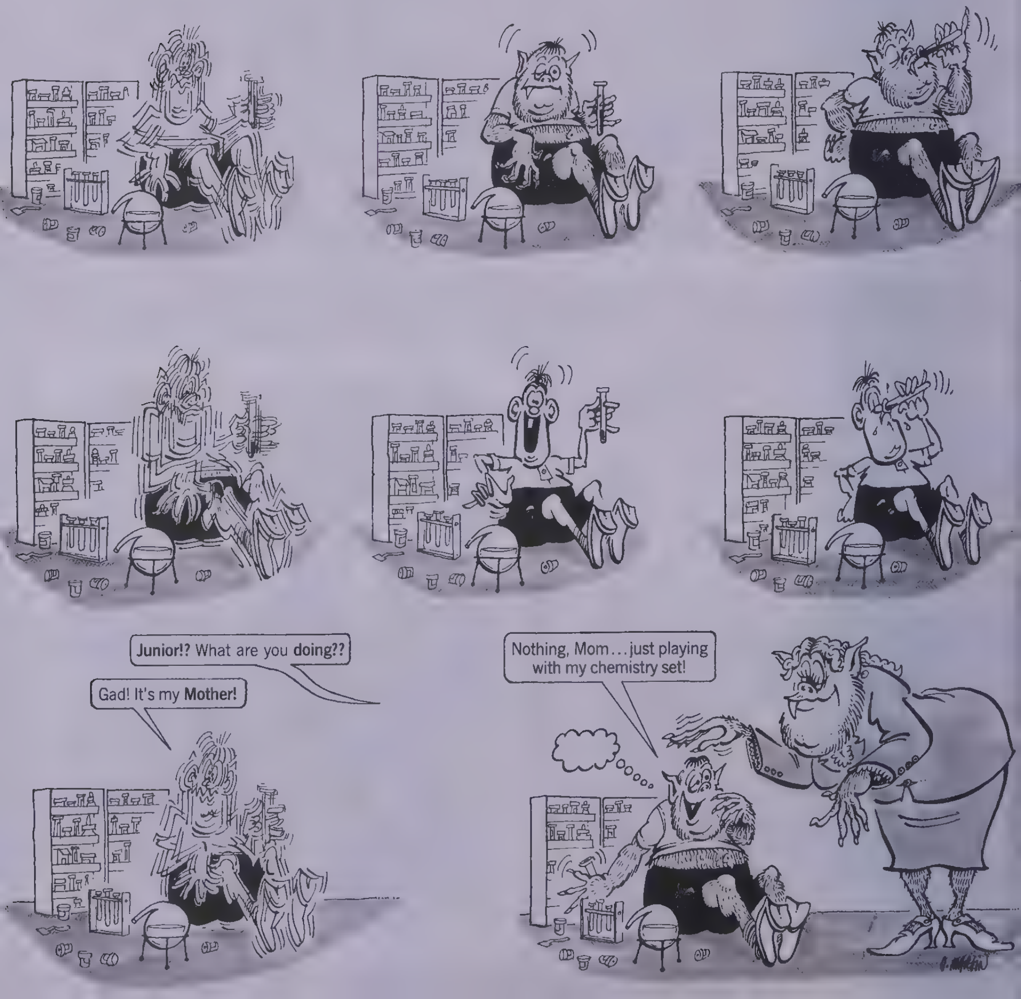

THE BIRDS IS COMING!


There's no question about it! These two front ones have got to go!
JACK DAVIS

DON MARTIN DEPT.

# A BOY and his CHEMISTRY SET



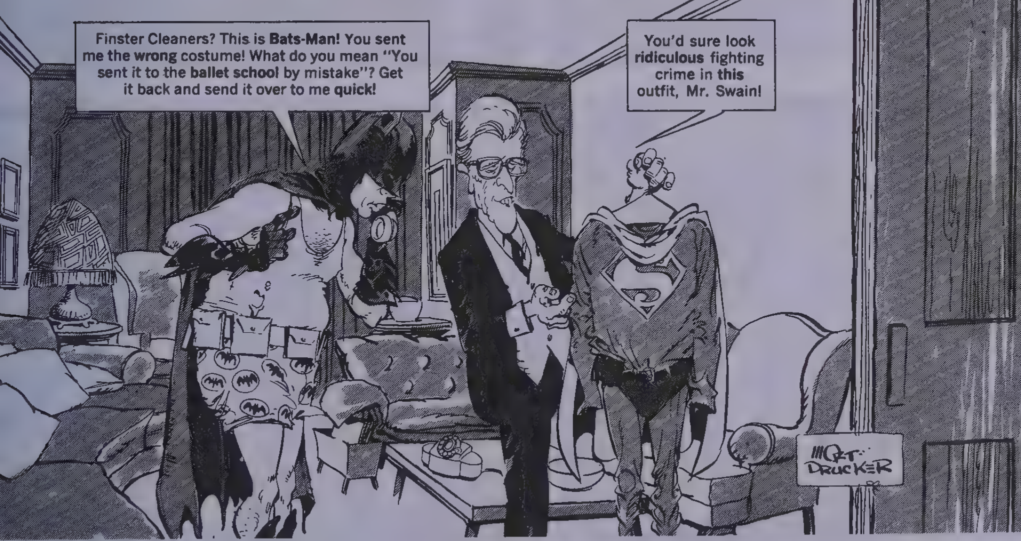

Junior!? What are you **doing**??
Gad! It's my **Mother!**
Nothing, Mom… just playing with my chemistry set!

**AIDE-DE-"CAMP" DEPT.**

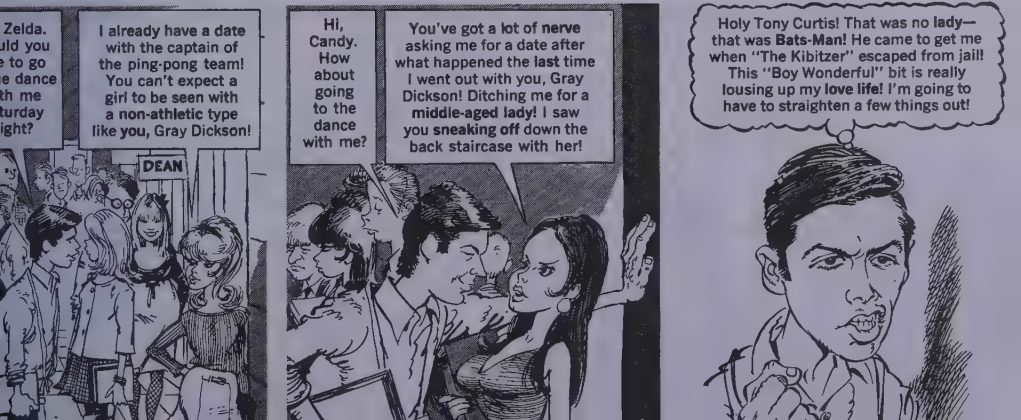
Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven

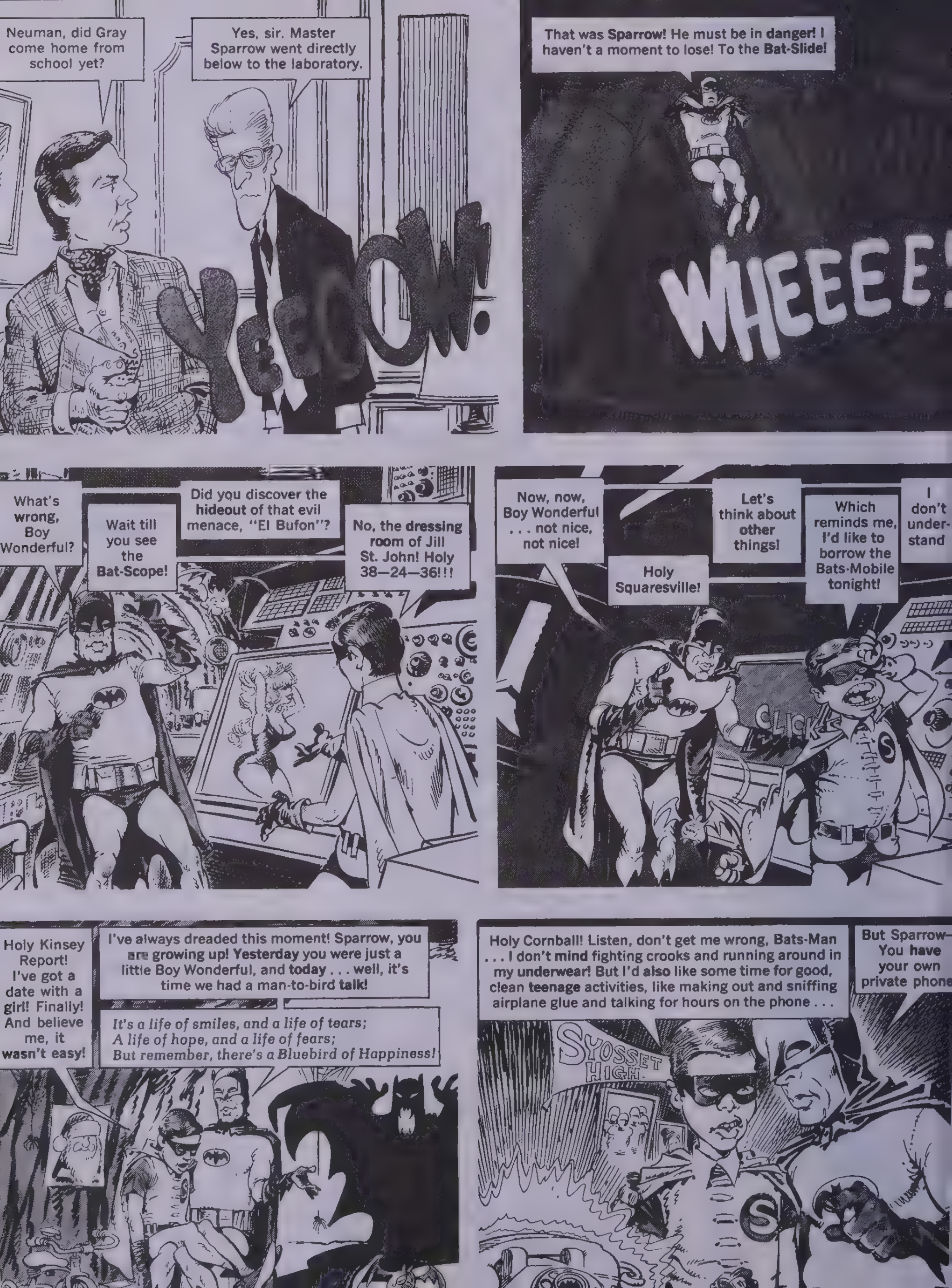
# BATS-MAN

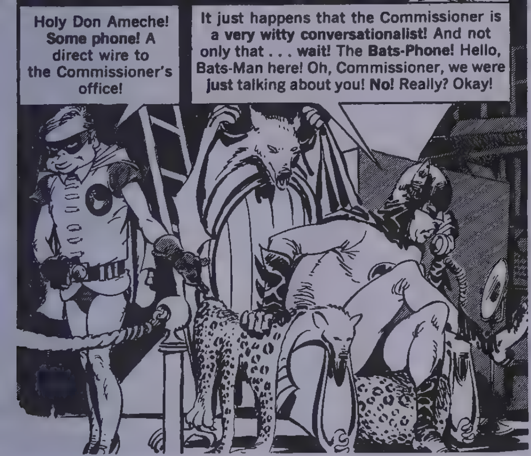
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

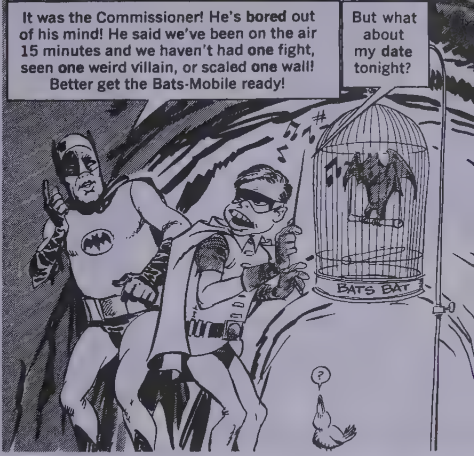

Finster Cleaners? This is Bats-Man! You sent me the wrong costume! What do you mean "You sent it to the ballet school by mistake"? Get it back and send it over to me quick!
You'd sure look ridiculous fighting crime in this outfit, Mr. Swain!
MORT DRUCKER

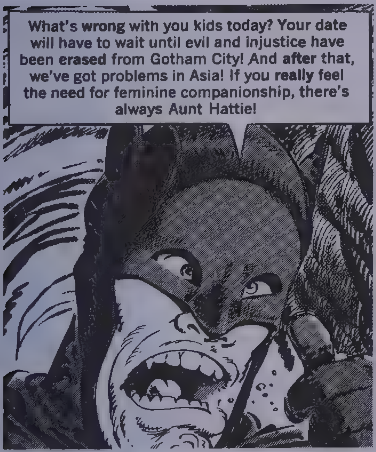
**Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School . . .**

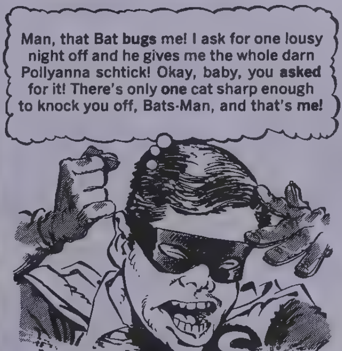

Zelda. uld you e to go e dance th me turday ight?
I already have a date with the captain of the ping-pong team! You can't expect a girl to be seen with a non-athletic type like you, Gray Dickson!
DEAN
Hi, Candy. How about going to the dance with me?
You've got a lot of nerve asking me for a date after what happened the last time I went out with you, Gray Dickson! Ditching me for a middle-aged lady! I saw you sneaking off down the back staircase with her!
Holy Tony Curtis! That was no lady—that was Bats-Man! He came to get me when "The Kibitzer" escaped from jail! This "Boy Wonderful" bit is really lousing up my love life! I'm going to have to straighten a few things out!


Neuman, did Gray come home from school yet?
Yes, sir. Master Sparrow went directly below to the laboratory.
YEEOW!
That was Sparrow! He must be in danger! I haven't a moment to lose! To the Bat-Slide!
WHEEEE!
What's wrong, Boy Wonderful?
Wait till you see the Bat-Scope!
Did you discover the hideout of that evil menace, "El Bufon"?
No, the dressing room of Jill St. John! Holy 38—24—36!!!
Now, now, Boy Wonderful . . . not nice, not nice!
Holy Squaresville!
Let's think about other things!
Which reminds me, I'd like to borrow the Bats-Mobile tonight!
I don't understand
CLICK
Holy Kinsey Report! I've got a date with a girl! Finally! And believe me, it wasn't easy!
I've always dreaded this moment! Sparrow, you are growing up! Yesterday you were just a little Boy Wonderful, and today . . . well, it's time we had a man-to-bird talk!
It's a life of smiles, and a life of tears; A life of hope, and a life of fears; But remember, there's a Bluebird of Happiness!
Holy Cornball! Listen, don't get me wrong, Bats-Man . . . I don't mind fighting crooks and running around in my underwear! But I'd also like some time for good, clean teenage activities, like making out and sniffing airplane glue and talking for hours on the phone . . .
SYOSSET HIGH
But Sparrow— You have your own private phone

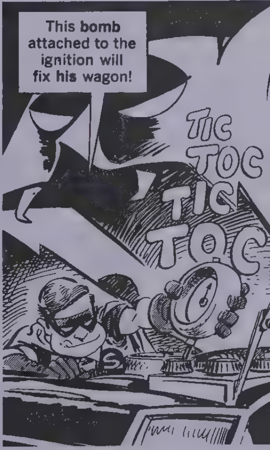

Holy Don Ameche! Some phone! A direct wire to the Commissioner's office!
It just happens that the Commissioner is a very witty conversationalist! And not only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello, Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!

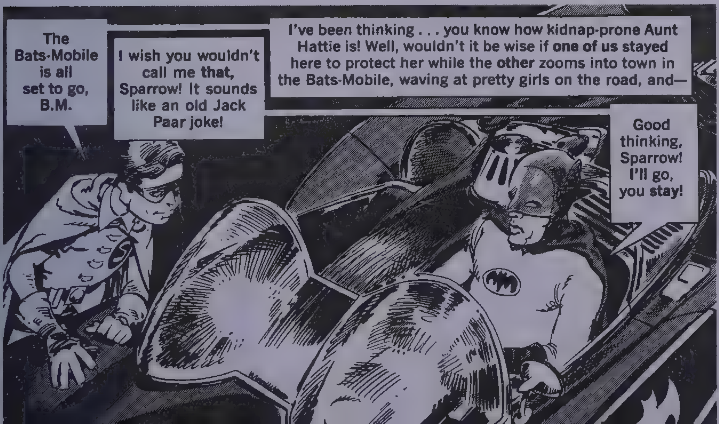

It was the Commissioner! He's bored out of his mind! He said we've been on the air 15 minutes and we haven't had one fight, seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall! Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!
But what about my date tonight?
BATS BAT
?

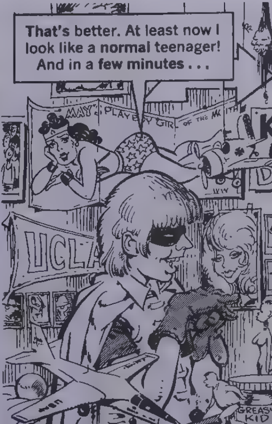

What's wrong with you kids today? Your date will have to wait until evil and injustice have been erased from Gotham City! And after that, we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel the need for feminine companionship, there's always Aunt Hattie!

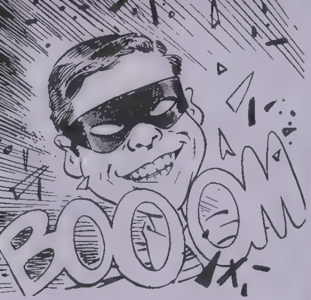

Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one lousy night off and he gives me the whole darn Pollyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked for it! There's only one cat sharp enough to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!

# Leapin' Lizards! It's Sparrow Versus Bats-Man!

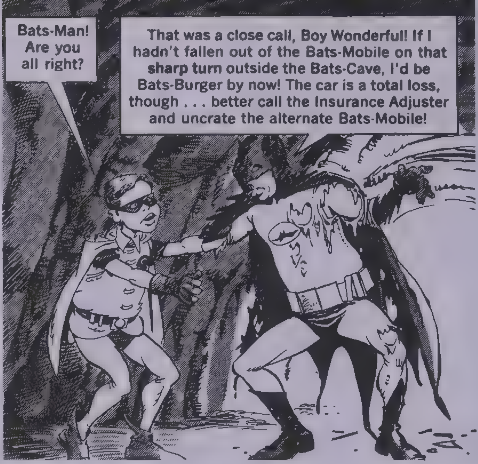

This bomb attached to the ignition will fix his wagon!
TIC
TOC
TIC
TOC

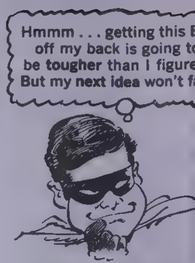

The Bats-Mobile is all set to go, B.M.
I wish you wouldn't call me that, Sparrow! It sounds like an old Jack Paar joke!
I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap-prone Aunt Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed here to protect her while the other zooms into town in the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—
Good thinking, Sparrow! I'll go, you stay!


That's better. At least now I look like a normal teenager! And in a few minutes . . .
MAY'S PLAYBOY GIRL OF THE MONTH
UCLA

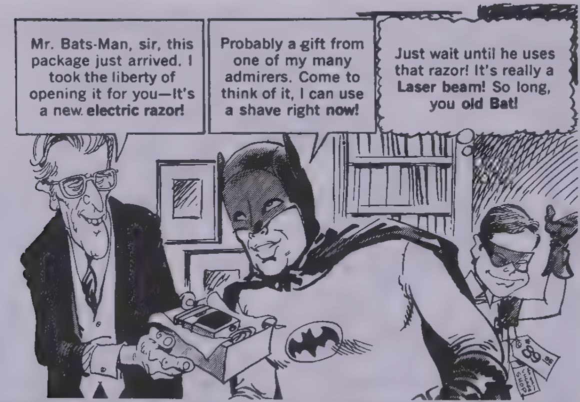


**Holy Mushroom Cloud! Can That Be The End Of Bats-Man?!**

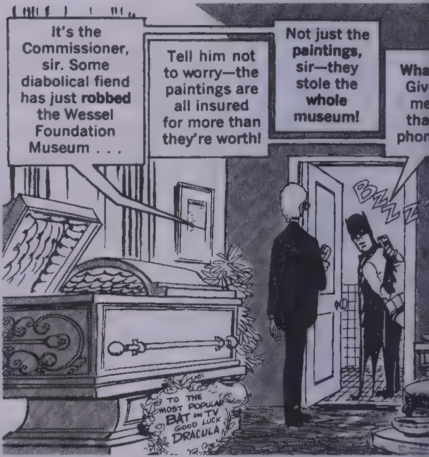

Bats-Man! Are you all right?
That was a close call, Boy Wonderful! If I hadn't fallen out of the Bats-Mobile on that sharp turn outside the Bats-Cave, I'd be Bats-Burger by now! The car is a total loss, though . . . better call the Insurance Adjuster and uncrate the alternate Bats-Mobile!

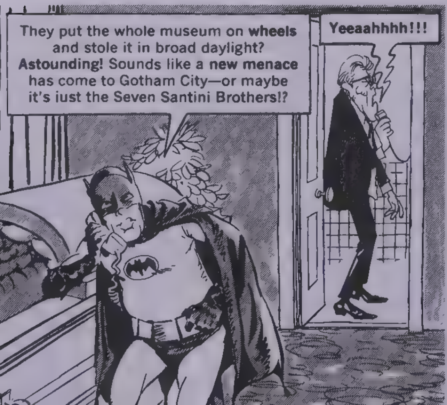

Hmmm . . . getting this B
off my back is going to
be tougher than I figure
But my next idea won't fa

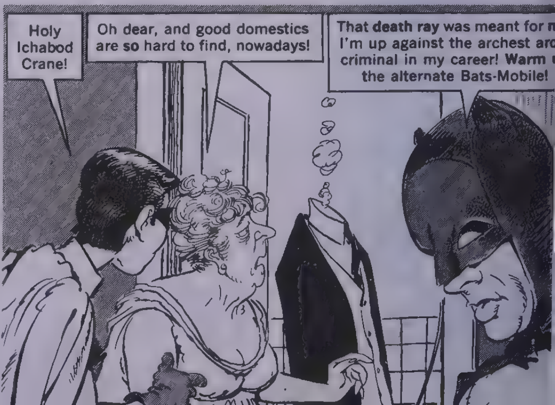
**Holy Socks! What Bird-Braine Scheme Is Sparrow Hatching No**

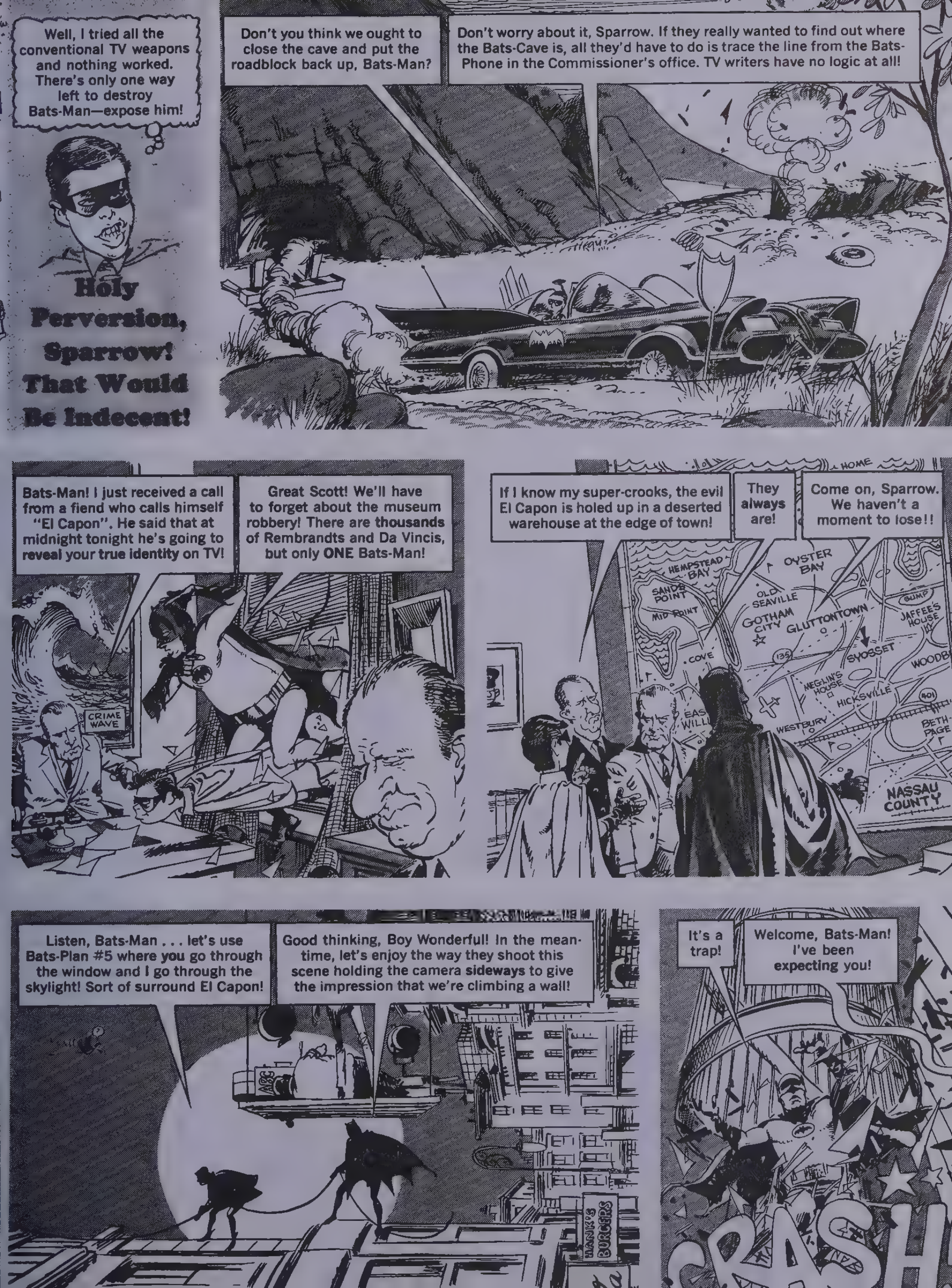

Mr. Bats-Man, sir, this package just arrived. I took the liberty of opening it for you—It's a new electric razor!
Probably a gift from one of my many admirers. Come to think of it, I can use a shave right now!
Just wait until he uses that razor! It's really a Laser beam! So long, you old Bat!
$89.95

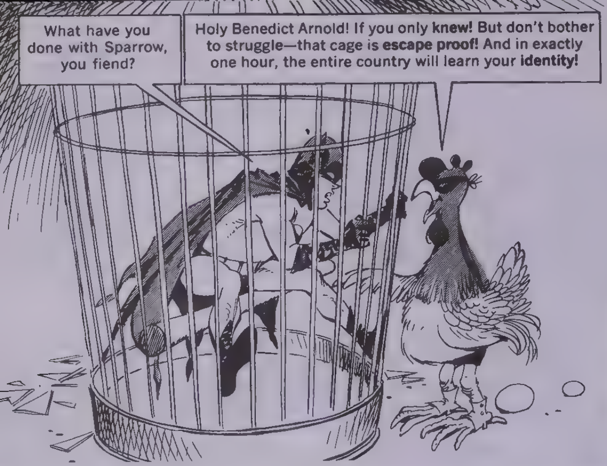
**Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?**

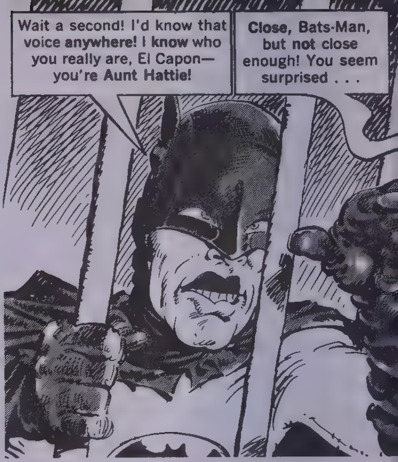

It's the Commissioner, sir. Some diabolical fiend has just robbed the Wessel Foundation Museum . . .
Tell him not to worry—the paintings are all insured for more than they're worth!
Not just the paintings, sir—they stole the whole museum!
Wha
Giv
me
tha
phon
BZZZ
TO THE MOST POPULAR BAT ON TV GOOD LUCK DRACULA

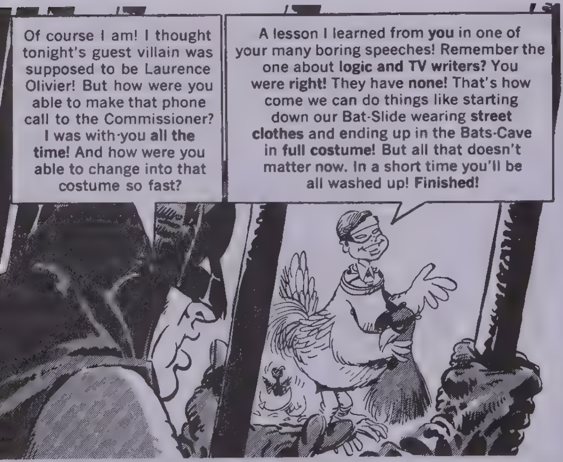

They put the whole museum on wheels and stole it in broad daylight? Astounding! Sounds like a new menace has come to Gotham City—or maybe it's just the Seven Santini Brothers!?
Yeeaahhhh!!!

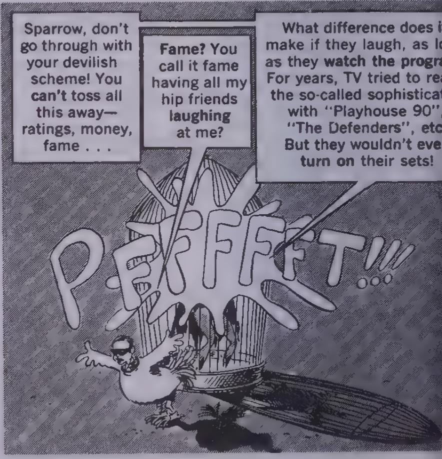

Holy Ichabod Crane!
Oh dear, and good domestics are so hard to find, nowadays!
That death ray was meant for m
I'm up against the archest arc
criminal in my career! Warm u
the alternate Bats-Mobile!

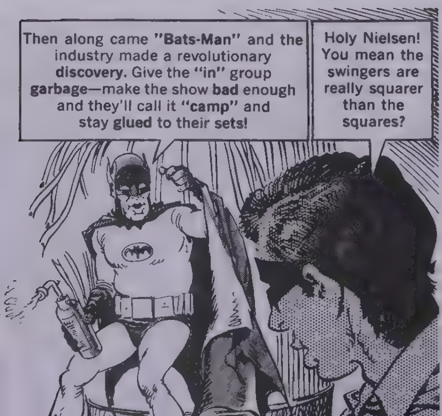

Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!
Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!
Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?
Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!
Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!
Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only ONE Bats-Man!
CRIME WAVE
If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!
They always are!
Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!
HOME
HEMPSTEAD BAY
OYSTER BAY
SANDS POINT
MID POINT
OLD SEAVILLE
GOTHAM CITY
GLUTTONTOWN
BUMP
JAFFEE'S HOUSE
COVE
135
SYOSSET
WOODB
MEGLIN'S HOUSE
HICKSVILLE
401
EAS WILL
WESTBURY
BETH-PAGE
NASSAU COUNTY
Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where you go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!
Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera sideways to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!
ABC
HANK'S BURGERS
It's a trap!
Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!
CRASH

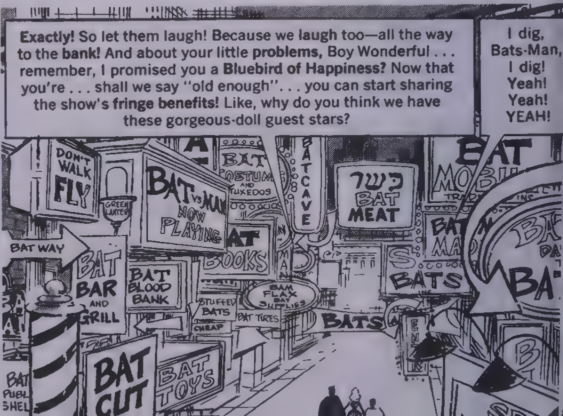

What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?
Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only **knew!** But don't bother to struggle—that cage is **escape proof!** And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your **identity!**


Wait a second! I'd know that voice **anywhere!** I **know** who you really are, El Capon—you're Aunt Hattie!
**Close,** Bats-Man, but not close enough! You seem surprised . . .


Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you **all the time!** And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?
A lesson I learned from **you** in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about **logic and TV writers?** You were **right!** They have **none!** That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing **street clothes** and ending up in the Bats-Cave in **full costume!** But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! **Finished!**


Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You **can't** toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .
**Fame?** You call it fame having all my hip friends **laughing** at me?
What difference does i make if they laugh, as lo as they **watch the progra** For years, TV tried to rea the so-called sophisticat with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc But they wouldn't eve turn on their sets!
PFFFFT!!!


Then along came **"Bats-Man"** and the industry made a revolutionary **discovery.** Give the "in" group **garbage**—make the show **bad** enough and they'll call it **"camp"** and stay **glued** to their sets!
Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?


**Exactly!** So let them laugh! Because we **laugh** too—all the way to the **bank!** And about your little **problems,** Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a **Bluebird of Happiness?** Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's **fringe benefits!** Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?
I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!
DON'T WALK FLY
GREEN LANTERN
BAT vs MAN NOW PLAYING
BAT COSTUMES AND TUXEDOS
BATCAVE
כשר BAT MEAT
BAT WAY
BAT BAR AND GRILL
BAT BLOOD BANK
BAT BOOKS
BAM FLAX BAT SUPPLIES
STUFFED BATS CHEAP
BAT TIRES
BATS
BAT CUT
BAT TOYS

# 1967-1969

Summer 1967: The Summer of Love is upon us. Psychedelia is in. The record spinning on seemingly everyone's turntable is *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* by the Beatles. President Lyndon Johnson has just announced plans to send 45,000 more troops into Vietnam. Use of mind-expanding drugs is at an all-time high (pun intended); by the summer of 1969 man will be literally on the moon.

The "take a trip/banana peel" cover of issue #116 (January 1968) is in reference to a widely repeated but false rumor in circulation at the time that the scrapings from the inside of banana peels, properly cured and then smoked, would produce a "mellow yellow" high. The Don Martin piece that appears later in this section ("A San Francisco Trip") is a variation on this theme.

Another drug-culture-related cover appears on issue #118 (April 1968), lampooning Timothy Leary's "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" slogan. Leary is the ex–Harvard professor who became the undisputed guru and champion of the hallucinogen LSD. Leary gets the MAD treatment again in the "Celebrity's Wallet" piece that appears later in this section, from issue #116 (January 1968), written by Arnie Kogen.

Yet another guru also became cover material: the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Hailing from India, the Maharishi (an adopted name meaning "great soul") espoused Transcendental Meditation as the true path to inner peace and developed a huge following in the late sixties. In 1968, the Beatles, Mia Farrow, and Mike Love of the Beach Boys all sequestered themselves at the Maharishi's retreat in Rishakesh, India, to study T.M. John Lennon and Mike Love in particular responded favorably to the discipline. Lennon stayed almost three months in the ashram, until it was alleged that the Maharishi had made improper sexual advances toward one of the female meditators. All things considered, MAD evidently thought Alfred would make just as good a guru and presented this notion on the cover of issue #121 (September 1968). Lennon came to a similar conclusion and wrote the vitriolic "Sexy Sadie" (original title: "Maharishi") on the Beatles' "White Album" to commemorate the folly.

The cover of issue #122 (October 1968, but on newsstands in August), with Alfred holding balloons with the faces of political figures, had to be changed at press time. The cover originally had Robert Kennedy in the balloon at top right. Alfred's face was substituted at the last minute after Robert Kennedy was shot and killed on June 6, 1968, following a speech at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

Incredibly, the "back to colege isue" cover of issue #131 (December 1969) brought scores of letters from readers pointing out that the word "isue" was spelled wrong, completely ignoring the spelling on "colege."

The "Great Moments in Politics" page was inspired by the gall bladder operation Lyndon Johnson had in 1967. Johnson, who by all accounts was a crass individual, was photographed showing his scar to newsmen. Writer Max Brandel saw the picture and had the inspired idea of superimposing a map of Vietnam onto Johnson's stomach.

In one of the few instances of an advertising-related parody appearing on a MAD front cover, the "We Don't Try Very Hard" button on the cover of issue #115 (December 1967) is a play on the long-running Avis Rent-A-Car "We Try Harder" ad campaign.

The "Ronreagan" ad spoofs both "Ronrico" rum and Ronald Reagan's failed bid for the 1968 Republican presidential nomination. Beaten but not defeated, Reagan turned it around and was elected President in 1980 in a landslide victory over President Jimmy Carter.

Dr. Seuss (Theodor Seuss Geisel) released the first *Cat in the Hat* book in 1957. By the mid-sixties he was probably the best-known and most successful author of children's books. Larry Siegel's brilliantly adult spin on Dr. Seuss ("The Cats Are All Bats") is accompanied by Bob Clarke's expert mimicry of Geisel's whimsical drawing style.

"Hokum's Heroes," by Siegel and Davis, is a disturbingly effective piece that shines a harsh light on this sitcom's conceit: that life for Nazi prison camp POW's could be some kind of zany, wacky adventure, and that the Germans were nothing more than bumbling, endearing idiots. Truth be told, when selecting the material for this book there was concern from the publisher that the piece might too harsh and too easily misinterpreted to include. Ultimately it was concluded that the really disturbing fact was not MAD's parody of the show, but rather that such a premise could get made even as a pilot for a series, let alone be put on the the air as comedy entertainment that actually pulled good ratings.

"Comic Strip Heroes Taken from Real Life," by Jacobs and Clarke, pokes fun at Johnson, Taylor and Burton, Hefner, Charles de Gaulle, Bob Dylan, Liberace, Barbra Streisand, and the boxer Cassius Clay. The strip on Clay refers to his draft resistance as a conscientious objector. Clay would later convert to the Muslim religion and change his name to one more familiar today: Muhammed Ali.

"Star Blecch" satirizes the quintessential science fiction TV show of the sixties, *Star Trek*. The show ran only three seasons (1966–1968) but has in the years since become a worldwide phenomenon, spawning many theatrical motion pictures and a host of spinoffs. The "transporter" sequence at the bottom of the second page is classic and prime MADness.

Arnie Kogen's "Hippie—the Magazine That Turns You On" (illustrated by George Woodbridge) contains several kilos' worth of high-grade satire and bears careful scrutiny, perhaps with kaleidoscopic glasses. Favorite blurb on the cover: "Is Free Love Worth It?" Kogen, incidentally, has continued down the sixties path of self-enlightenment. To that end, he now has a standing once-yearly appointment with his analyst. Once a year? "I get the full hour," Kogen explains.

"You Know You're Really a Parent When . . ." reminds us that while the country was seemingly being torn asunder by insane cultural and political changes, people were still going about the business of living their lives and raising their families. The piece was illustrated by Paul Coker, Jr., a longtime MAD contributor whose work will also be familiar to regular browsers of greeting card racks.

There is perhaps no other time in history when hair was as important as it was in the sixties. Hair that was too short instantly identified one as a "straight," and hair too long could get you kicked out of school or kept out of Disneyland. Dave Berg's "Lighter Side of Hair" examines hair from all angles, including the lack thereof.

"A Psychedelic Diary" was written by Dick DeBartolo, who does not smoke, drink, or take drugs. He does admit to being a notorious junk food junkie and reports that this piece was written on a sugar high induced by "two Pepperidge Farm mocha cakes and a package of Oreos." Incidentally, while MAD maintained an anti–substance abuse stance, it could hardly get too "preachy": John Putnam's first "Arthur" plant was not grown from an avocado seed but rather the seeds of something a little more smokable, and a lot more illegal.

*2001: A Space Odyssey* is Stanley Kubrick's groundbreaking and epic 1968 film about . . . well, a lot of people still aren't quite sure what it's about. Some mainstream critics panned the film, but it found its audience among the youth. Especially revered was the ending sequence, which was said to be even "trippier" if viewed when under the influence of a "mind-expanding" substance. Many moviegoers, however, found the film slow-moving and incomprehensible, which is where DeBartolo's MAD parody, "201 Min. of a Space Idiocy," comes in.

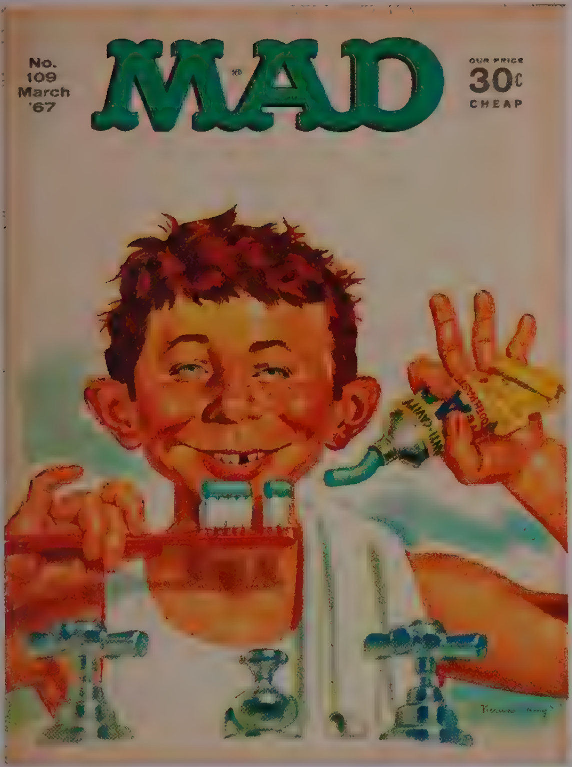
The *Mod Squad*, which ran from 1968 to 1973, was one of television's first attempts at "relevance." The series premise, about rebellious, young, and "hip" undercover cops, was suitably skewered by MAD as the "Odd Squad." *Mod Squad* was among the first TV shows produced by Aaron Spelling, who would later make a bazillion dollars producing such shows as *Charlie's Angels*, *Beverly Hills 90210*, and *Melrose Place*.

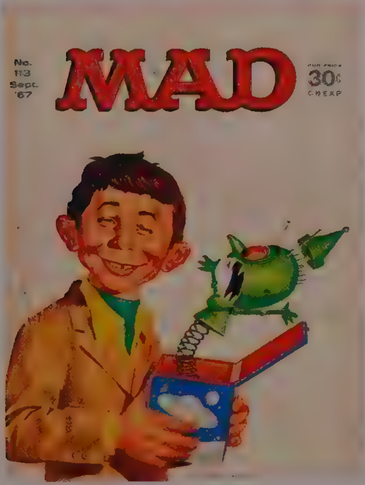
One of the most popular TV shows among the youthful in the late sixties was *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. Starring the harmless-enough-looking Tommy and Dick Smothers, the show ran from 1967 to 1969, when it was abruptly canceled by the network. After numerous ongoing and bitter battles between the Smothers and the CBS censors over the show's antiwar and antiestablishment slant, the network had had enough and pulled the plug. The "Smothered Brothers" piece predates this cancellation by almost a year and proved to be an ominous warning of things to come.

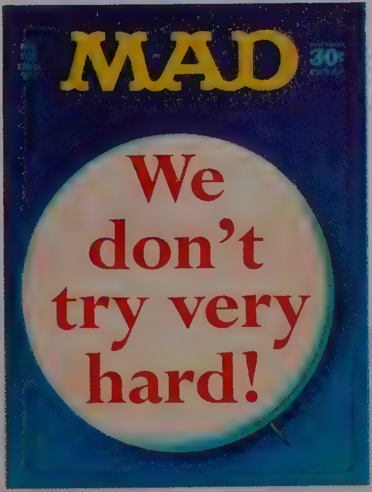
We conclude our time-capsule journey with Jacobs's and Aragonés's tribute to "Woodstock," the last great touchstone of the Age of Aquarius. You are now entering the seventies: smiley faces, the energy crisis, disco music, Watergate, *Star Wars*, and double-digit inflation.

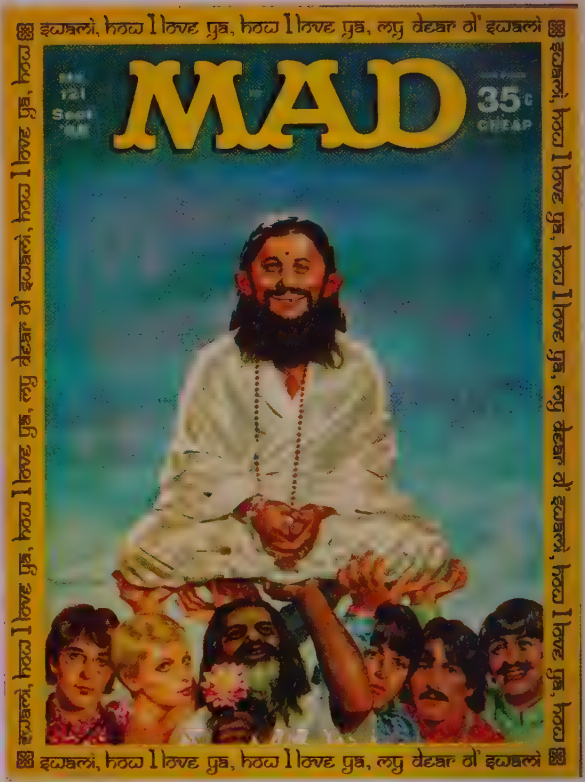
But that's another book. Have a nice day!

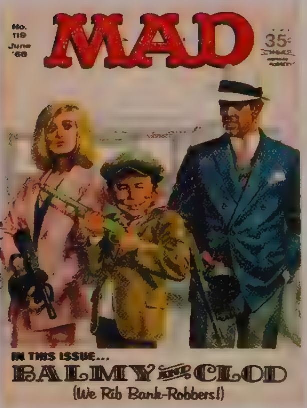
—Grant Geissman

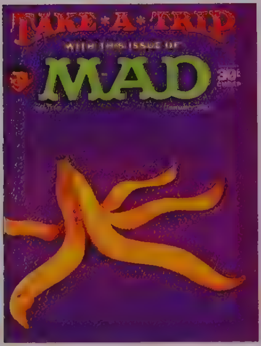

No.
109
March
'67
MAD
OUR PRICE
30¢
CHEAP
ANTI-CAVITY

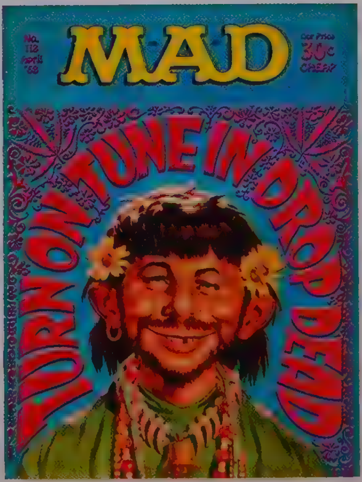

No.
113
Sept.
'67
MAD
OUR PRICE
30¢
CHEAP

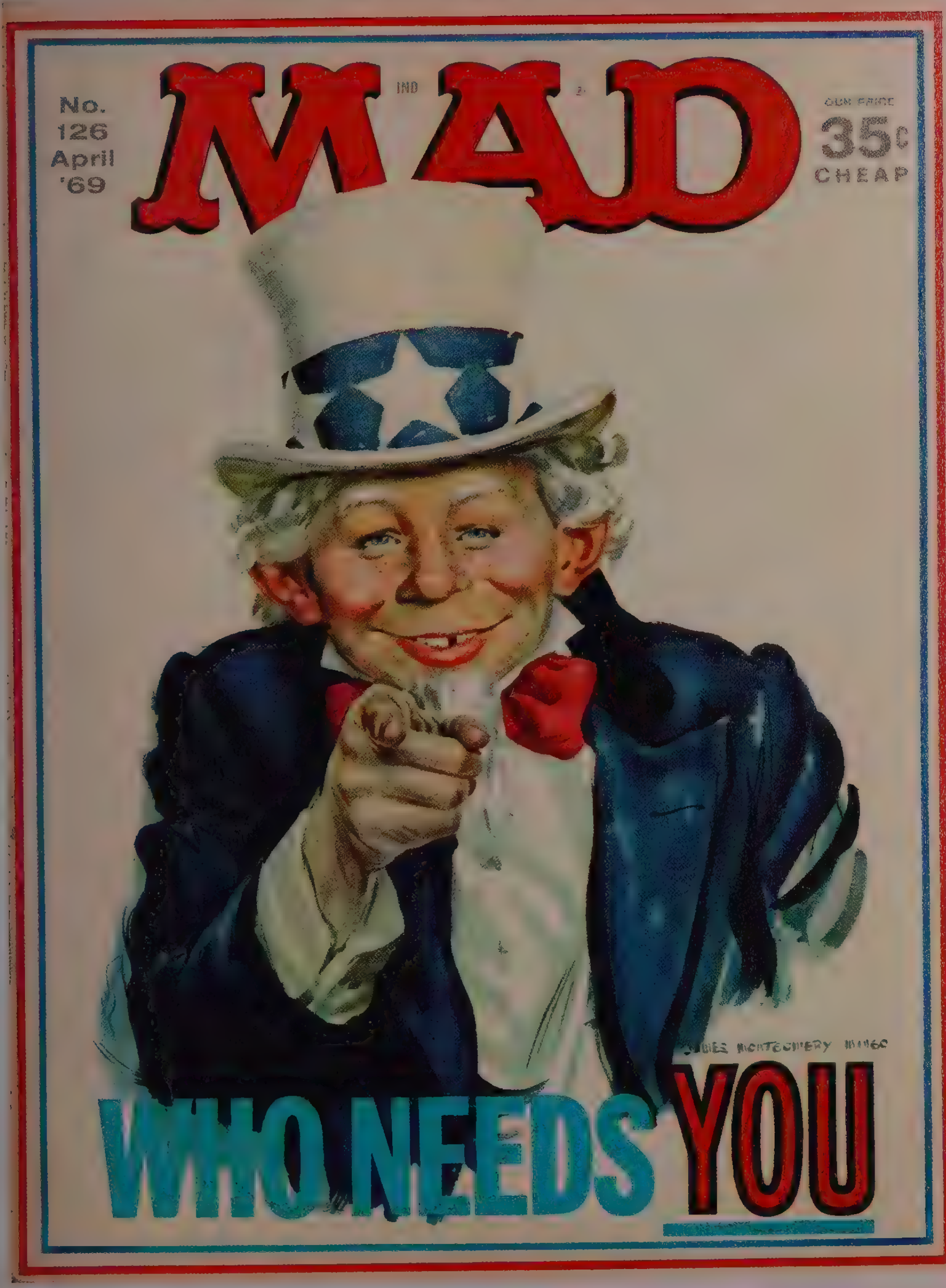

MAD
30¢
We don't try very hard!

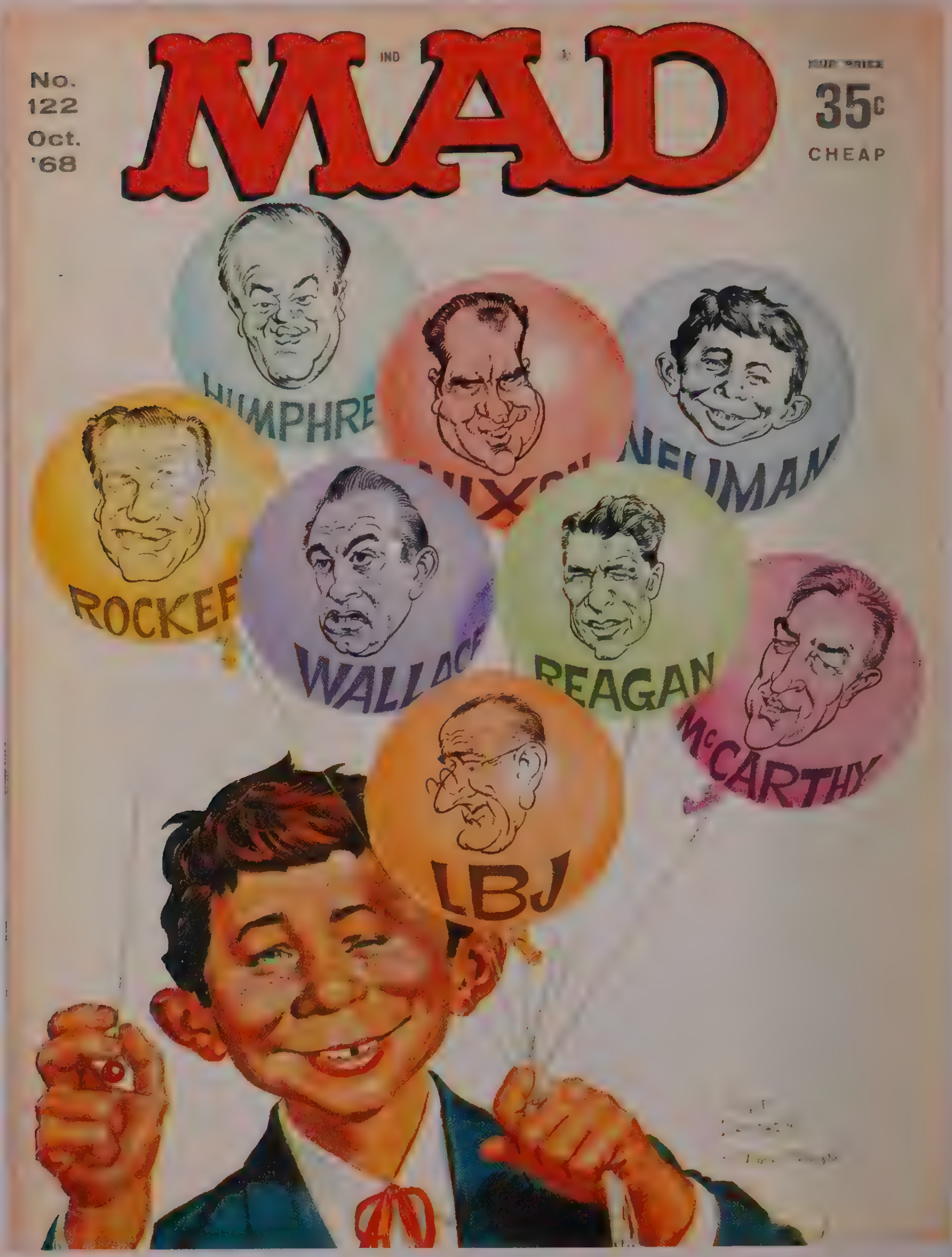

swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' swami
No. 121 Sept '68
MAD
35¢ CHEAP
swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' swami

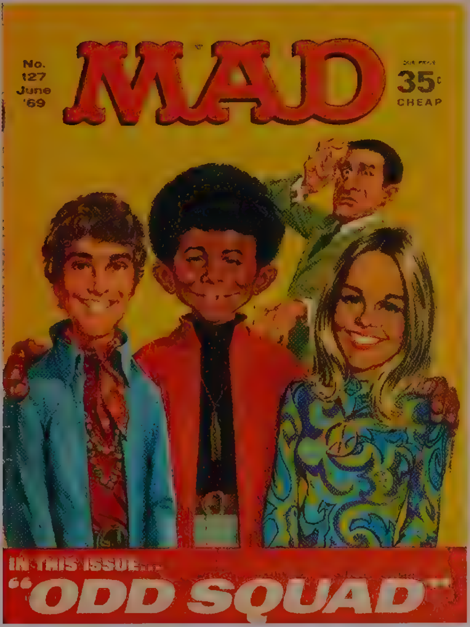

No. 119 June '68
MAD
35¢ CHEAP
IN THIS ISSUE...
BALMY AND CLOD
(We Rib Bank-Robbers!)


TAKE • A • TRIP
WITH THIS ISSUE OF
MAD
30¢ CHEAP


No. 118 April '68
MAD
Our Price 30¢ CHEAP
TURN ON TUNE IN DROP DEAD


MAD
No.
126
April
'69
OUR PRICE
35¢
CHEAP
JAMES MONTGOMERY MINGO
WHO NEEDS YOU


No. 122 Oct. '68
MAD
IND
OUR PRICE 35¢ CHEAP
HUMPHRE
NIXON
NEUMAN
ROCKEF
WALLACE
REAGAN
McCARTHY
LBJ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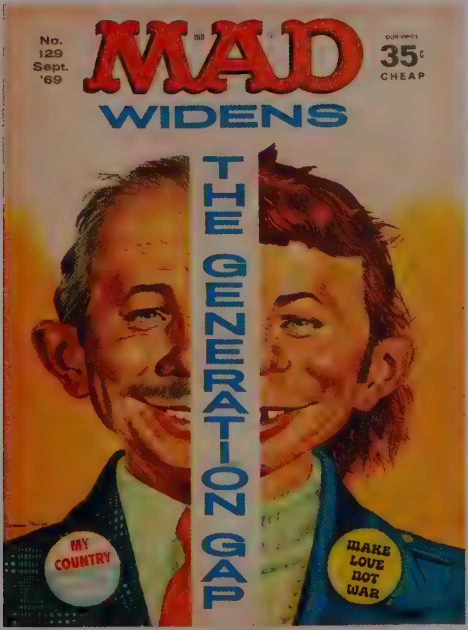
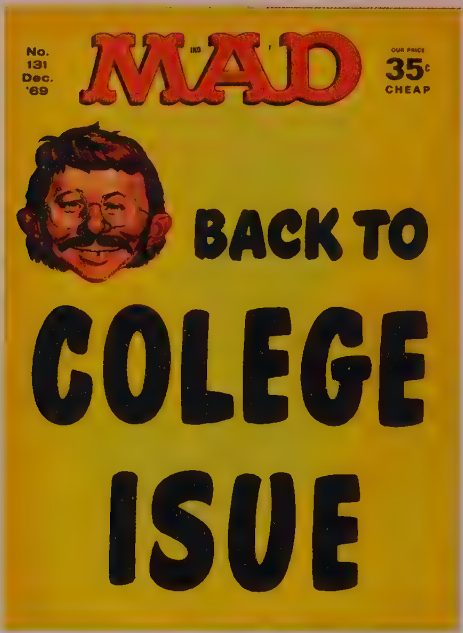
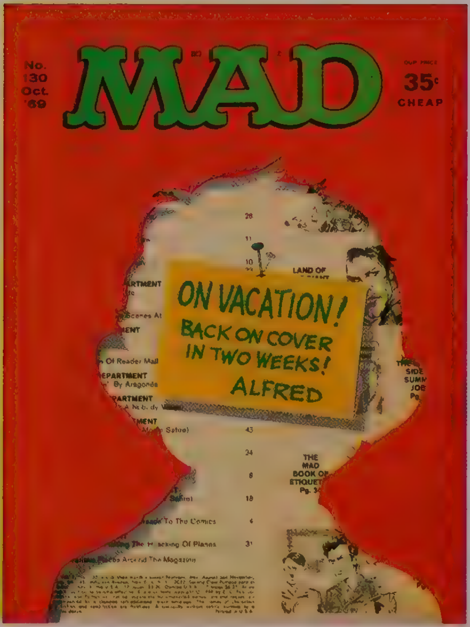
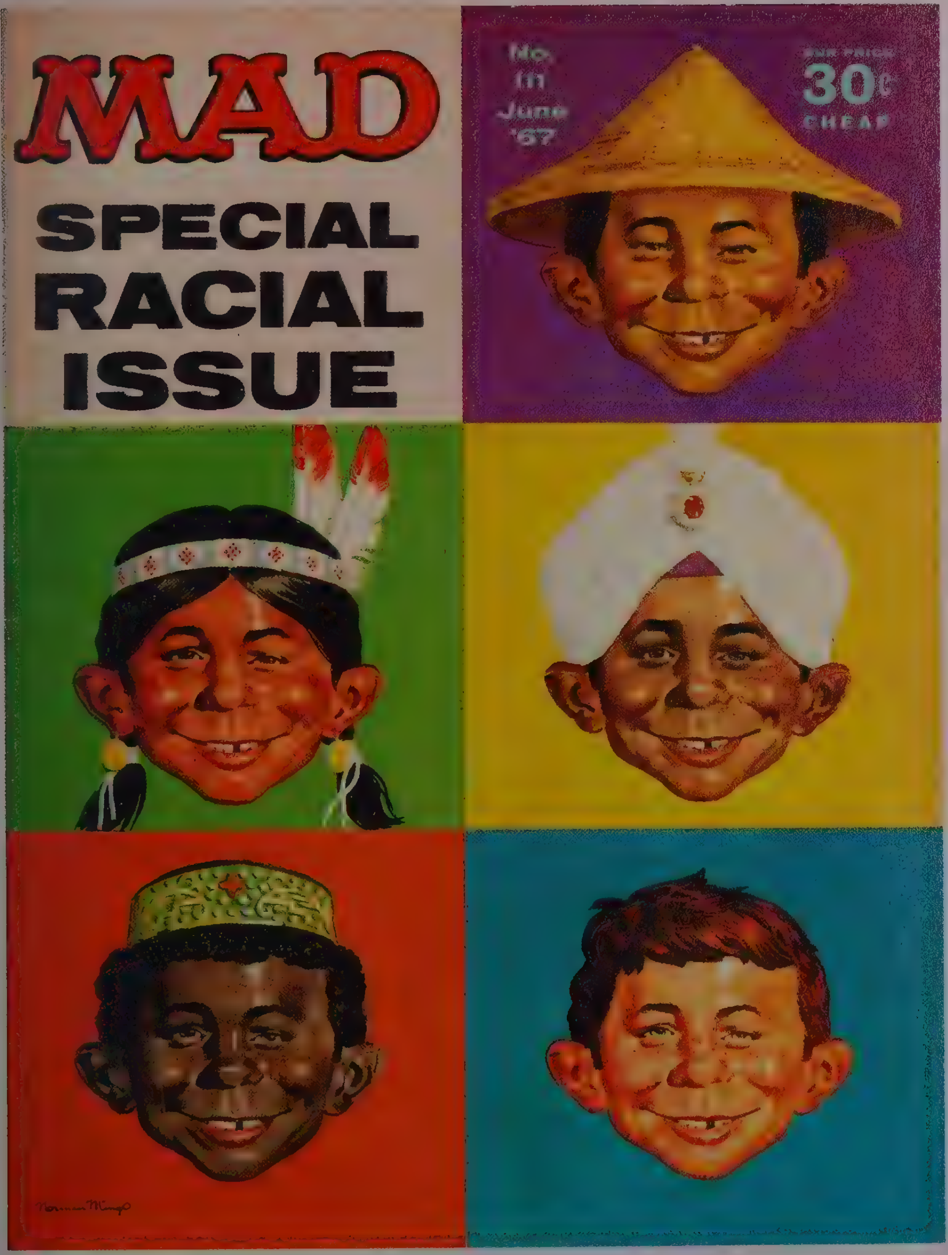
MAD
OUR PRICE
35¢
CHEAP
IN THIS ISSUE...
"ODD SQUAD"


No. 129 Sept. '69
MAD
OUR PRICE
35¢
CHEAP
WIDENS
THE GENERATION GAP
MY COUNTRY
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR


No. 131 Dec. '69
MAD
OUR PRICE 35¢ CHEAP
BACK TO COLEGE ISUE


No. 130 Oct. '69
MAD
OUR PRICE 35¢ CHEAP
ON VACATION! BACK ON COVER IN TWO WEEKS! ALFRED
THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUETTE Pg. 34



MAD

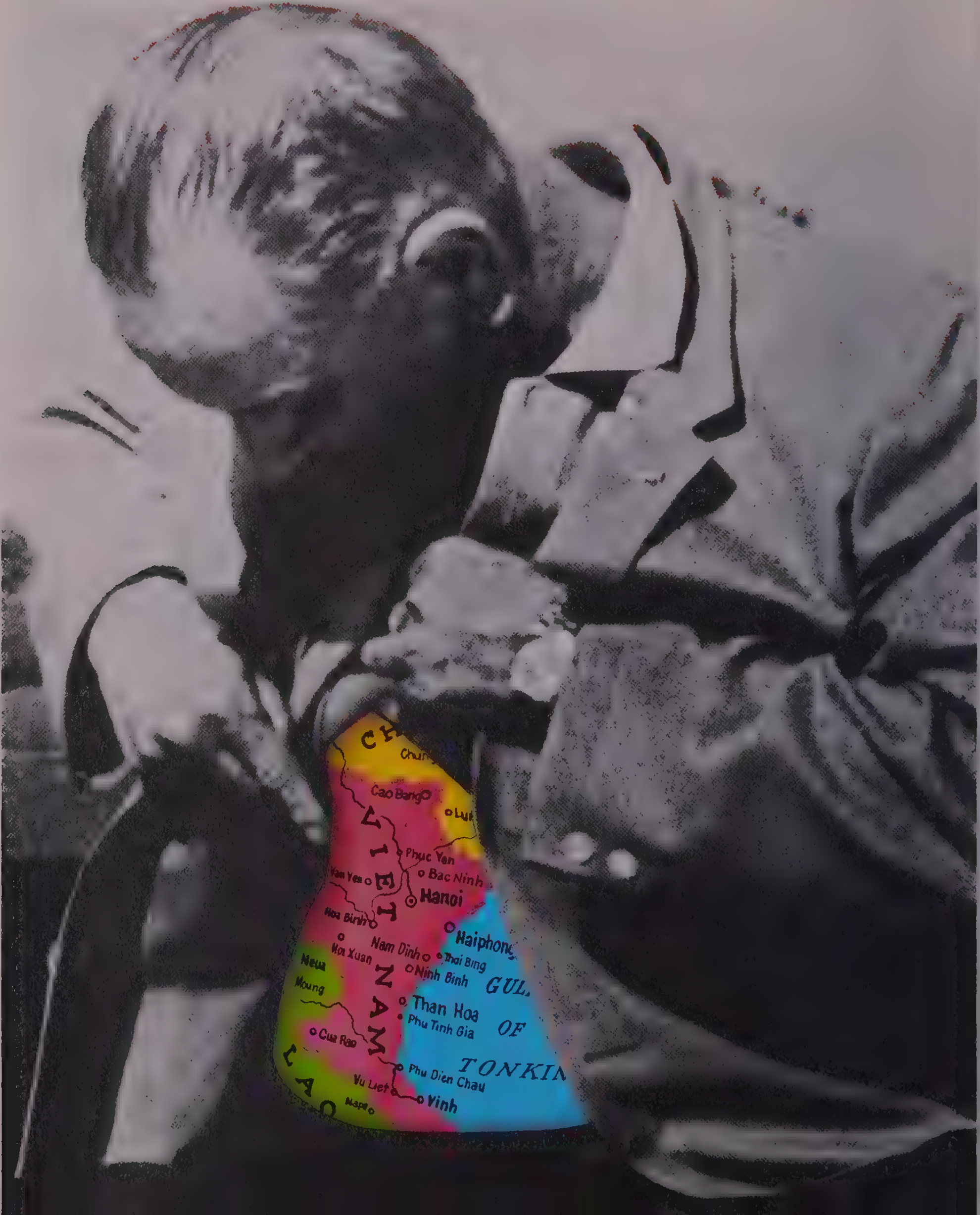
SPECIAL RACIAL ISSUE

No. 111
June '67

OUR PRICE 30¢ CHEAP

Norman Mingo

# MAD's Great Moments In Politics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Chun
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VIET NAM
Phuc Yen
Bac Ninh
Van Yen
Hanoi
Hoa Binh
Haiphong
Nam Dinh
Thai Bing
Hoi Xuan
Neua
Moung
Ninh Binh
GUL
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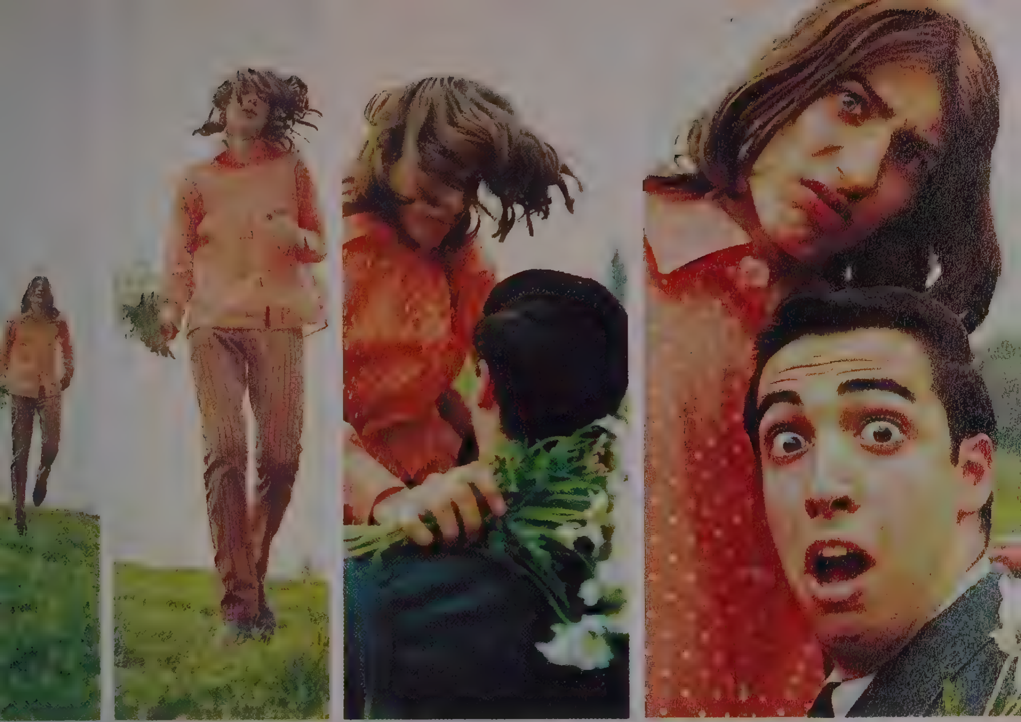
Phu Tinh Gia
OF
Cua Rao
TONKIN
LAO
Phu Dien Chau
Vu Liet
Mapo
Vinh



# The further she is . . . the closer you should look!*

**"Mod" Clothes and Hair-Styles so similar, it invites embarrassing problems close up!***

Distance may have lent enchantment in the old days, but with today's "Mod" look . . . with everybody wearing long hair and tight pants and blousey shirts . . . the only thing that distance does is add to the confusion! So why risk the embarrassment (and a possible punch in the mouth) by running to meet a girl half-way and having her suddenly turn out to be a boy close-up?

With a pair of Clear-All "Spot 'em Easy" Field Glasses, you can get that all-important close-up look while there's still time to make out the few subtle differences that distinguish a boy from a girl in today's "Mod" world. No more embarrassing mistakes with Clear-All! Remember . . . **The further she is . . . the closer you should look—mainly because she could turn out to be a boy!**

See a "Mod" . . .
Is it a boy or girl?

Take a look . . .
Crazy! It's a girl!

Go get 'er! Spot 'em
Easy avoids mistakes!

Spot 'em Easy

CLEAR-ALL
FIELD GLASSES
FOR THE "MOD" LOOK

## New! Spot 'em Easy with Clear-All

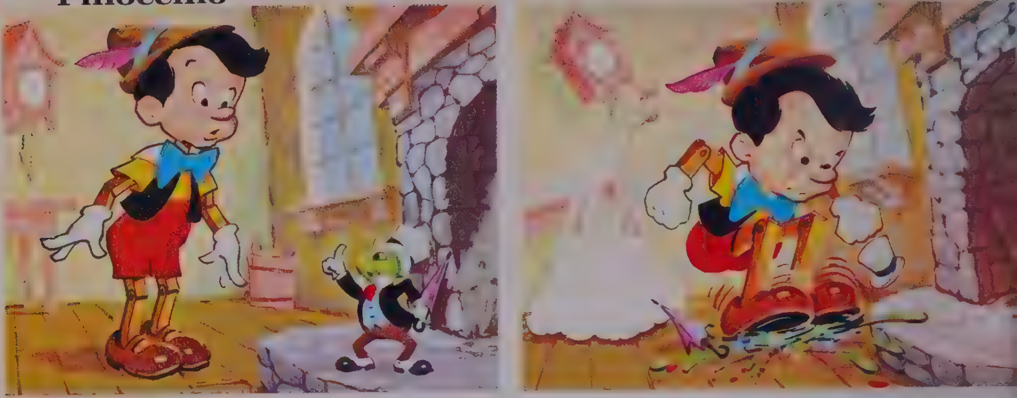
THE VISUAL ASSISTANCE
FIELD GLASSES
FOR TODAY'S "MOD" LOOK

Photography by Irving Schild

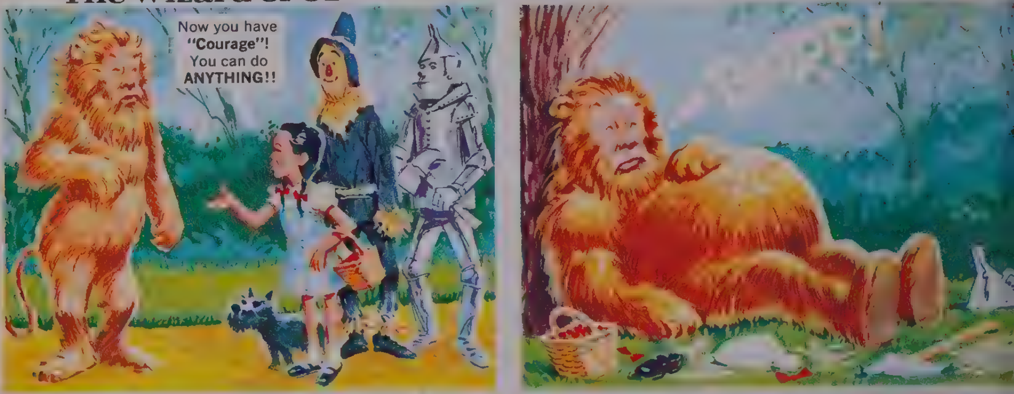
# Scenes We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

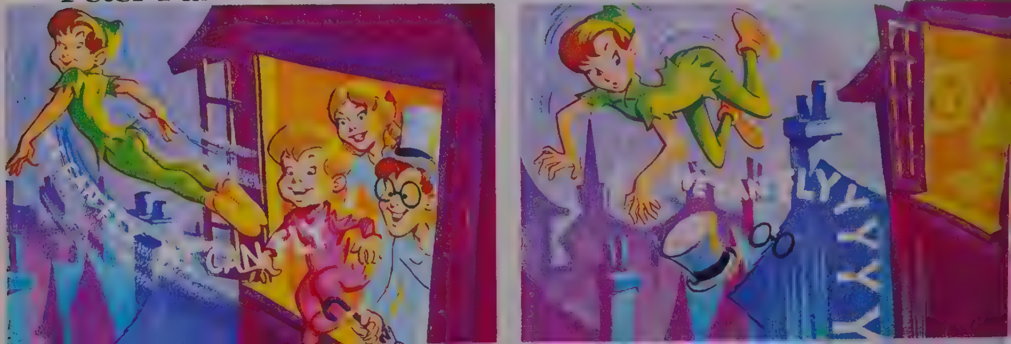
## Pinocchio



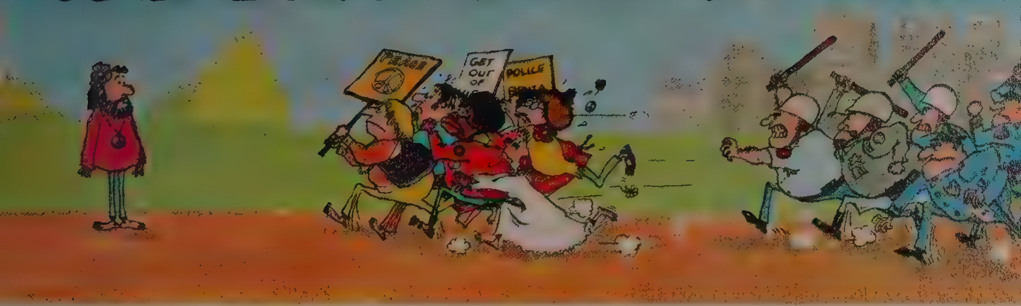
## The Wizard of Oz


Now you have "Courage"! You can do ANYTHING!!

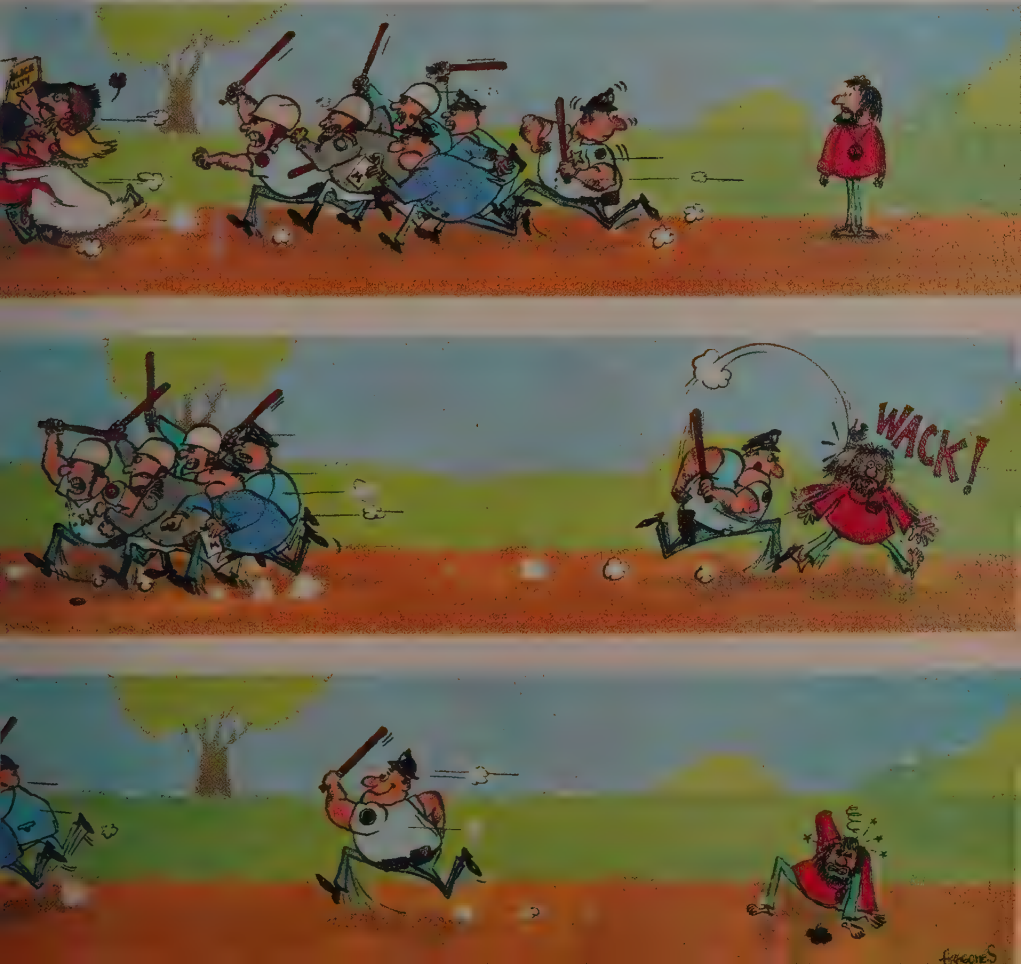
## Peter Pan



# THE BEAT GENERATION


PEACE
GET OUT OF
POLICE BRUTA

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES


LICE
ALITY
WACK!
ARAGONES

# The 60-second disappointment

It happens too often with a Parloraid Color Pack Camera! That's why we can't take a chance. We photograph these ads with a Nikon loaded with Ektachrome!

Photography by Irving

WHICH
ODERN ARTIST
IS MOST
UCCESSFULLY
MMUNICATING
WITH HIS
AUDIENCE?

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

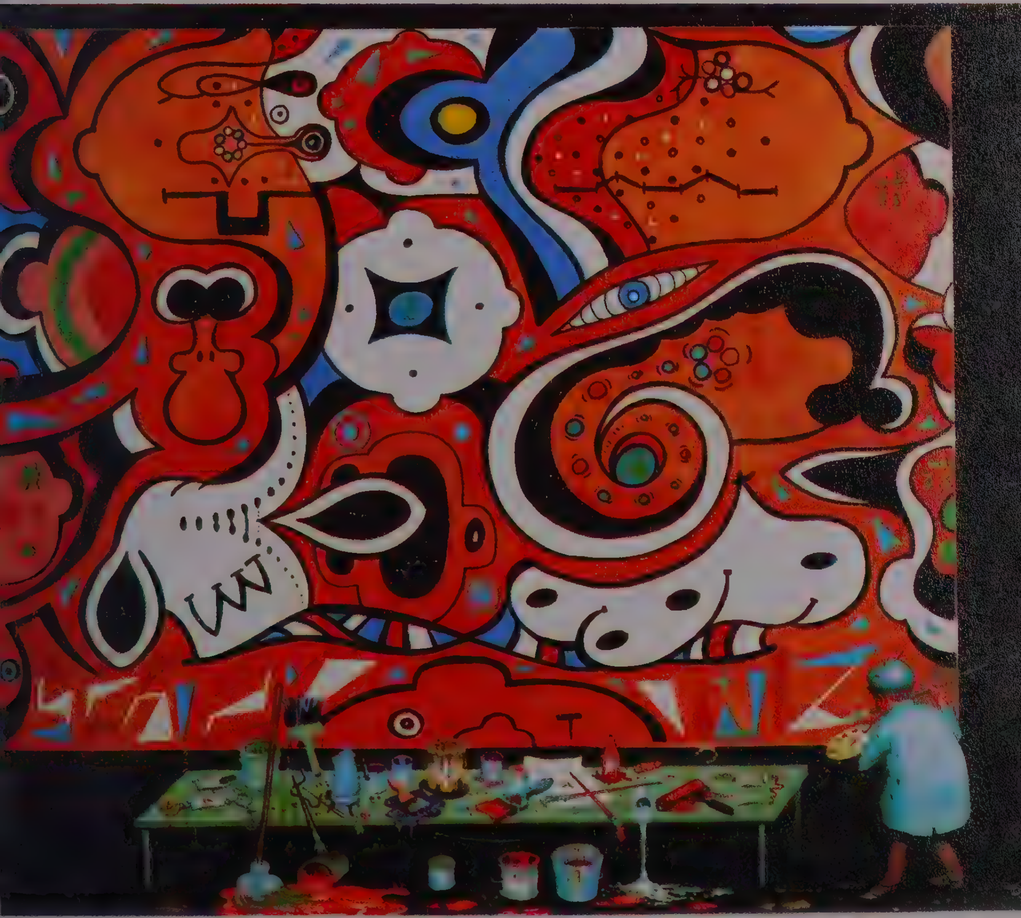
"Modern Art" has taken some pretty wild turns in recent years. But no matter which direction it takes, it seems to be headed more and more toward total incomprehensibility. Reactions like "What is it?" and "What does it mean?" are almost guaranteed. But there is one modern artist whose work is understood by everyone! To find out who this phenomenal genius is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



MANY MODERN ARTISTS HAVE LONG FELT THAT GREAT ART NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE UNDERSTOOD BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC, AND SOME HIDEOUS GROTESQUERIES HAVE BEEN CREATED IN THIS BELIEF!

RTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

# Ron Reagan. Isn't he the ex-movie star who wanted to be President?

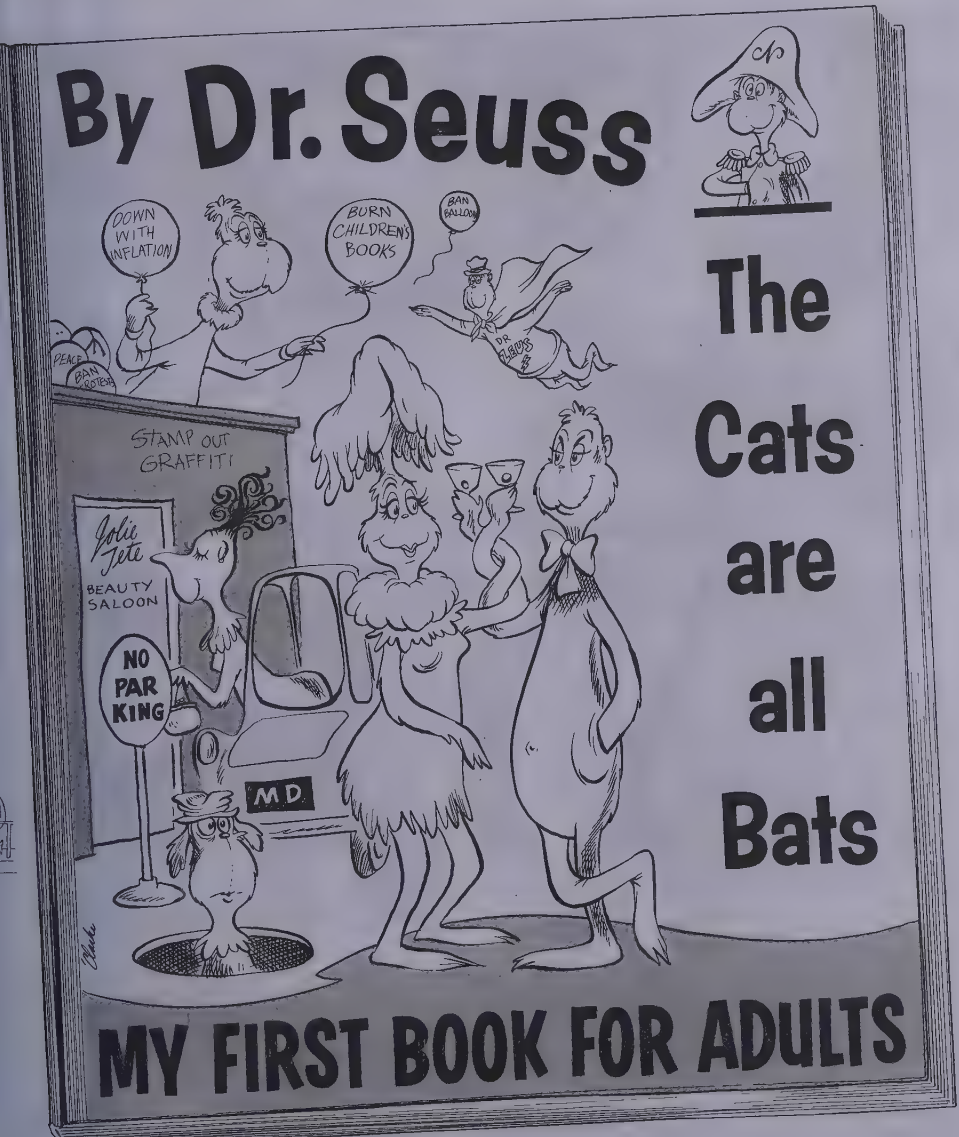
RONREAGAN
RIGHT WING LABEL
RONREAGAN
PUERTO
REAGAN
RUM

Yep! And it's something most folks would like to forget! That things like this are happening here in America! That old-time movie stars who weren't even that good in the first place have become Senators and Governors and yes—even made bids for Presidential nominations. It's enough to drive a thinking person to drink!

## Ronreagan. A rum to help forget.

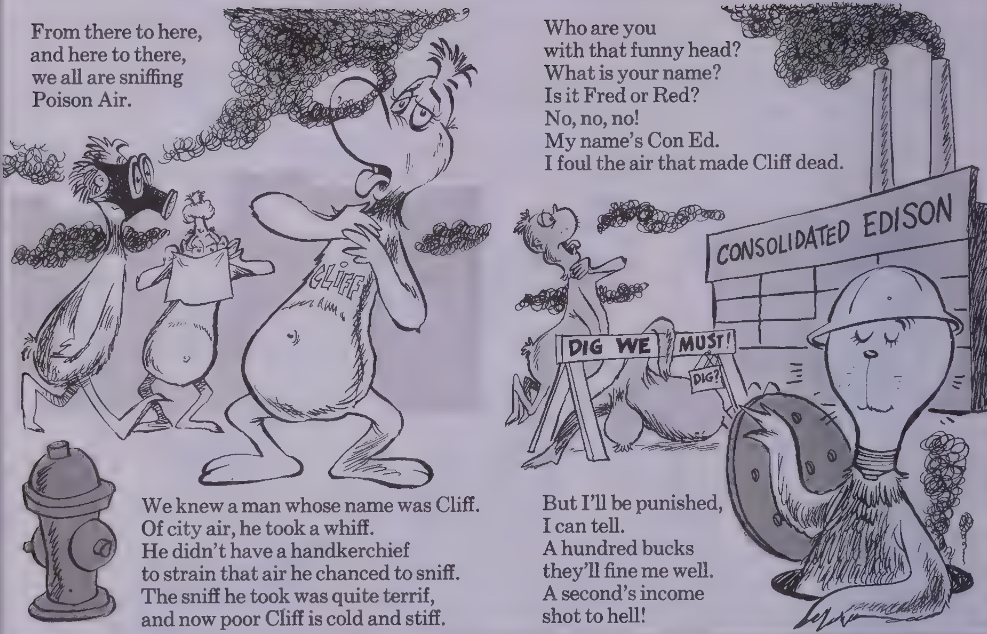
## EUSS YOUR OLD MAN DEPT.

n recent years, some of the most popular books for children have been among the series written and ustrated by Dr. Seuss. Now, as much as we admire Dr. Seuss and his strange looking creatures, his lting rhymes and his inspired nonsense, we still can't seem to get very excited about "Zeds" and Gacks" and "Seven-Hump Wumps." We figure it's about time for Dr. Seuss to face reality and turn his lents toward more meaningful stuff. In other words, we'd really like to see something like this . . .


By Dr. Seuss
DOWN WITH INFLATION
BURN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
BAN BALLOON
PEACE
BAN PROTEST
DR ZEUS
The Cats are all Bats
STAMP OUT GRAFFITI
Jolie Jete BEAUTY SALOON
NO PAR KING
MD
MY FIRST BOOK FOR ADULTS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

From there to here,
and here to there,
we all are sniffing
Poison Air.

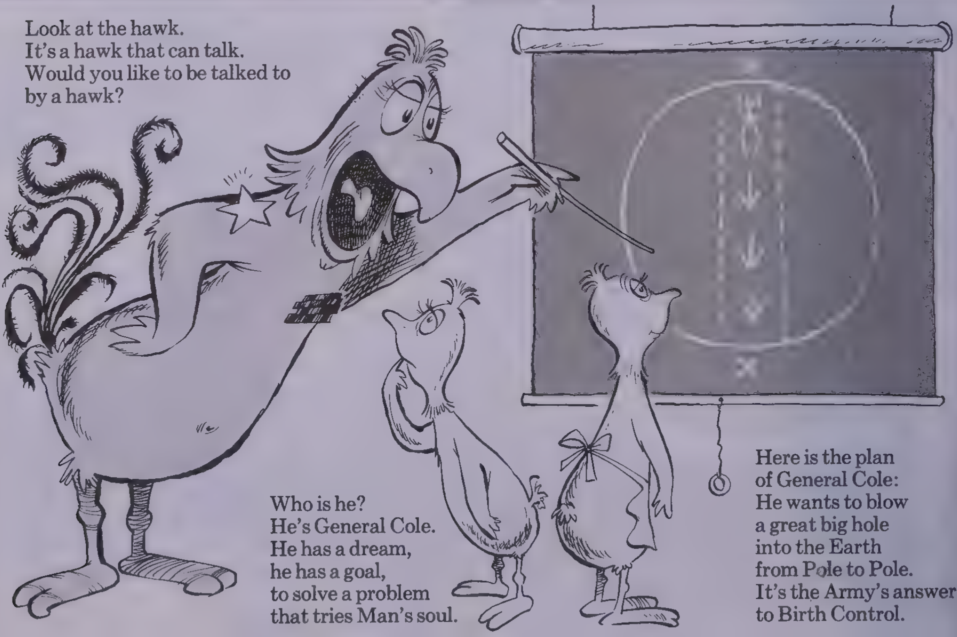


We knew a man whose name was Cliff.
Of city air, he took a whiff.
He didn't have a handkerchief
to strain that air he chanced to sniff.
The sniff he took was quite terrif,
and now poor Cliff is cold and stiff.

Who are you
with that funny head?
What is your name?
Is it Fred or Red?
No, no, no!
My name's Con Ed.
I foul the air that made Cliff dead.

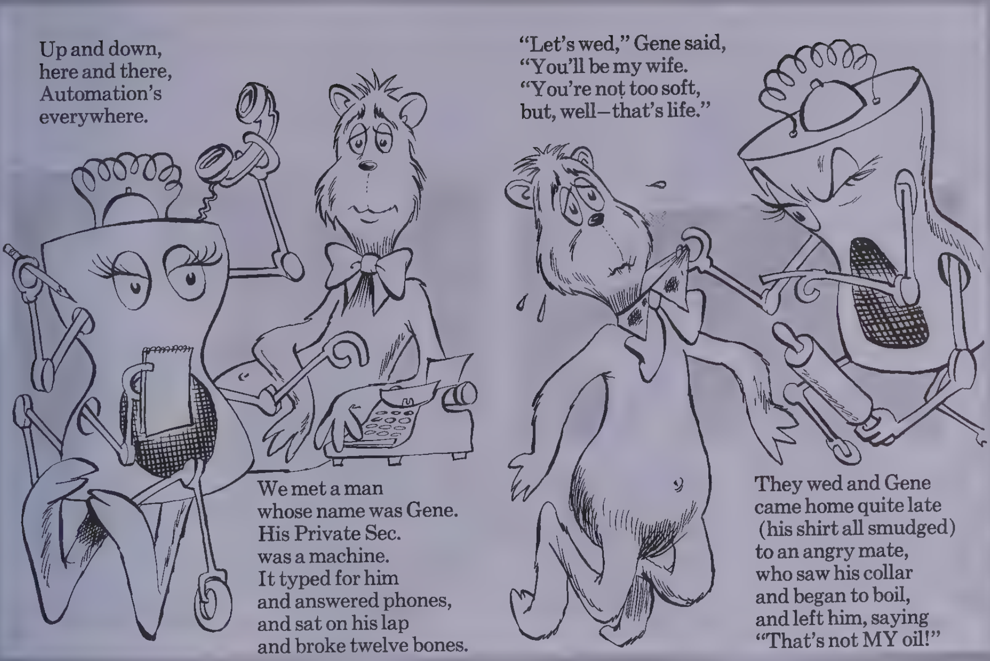
But I'll be punished,
I can tell.
A hundred bucks
they'll fine me well.
A second's income
shot to hell!

Look at the hawk.
It's a hawk that can talk.
Would you like to be talked to
by a hawk?



Who is he?
He's General Cole.
He has a dream,
he has a goal,
to solve a problem
that tries Man's soul.

Here is the plan
of General Cole:
He wants to blow
a great big hole
into the Earth
from Pole to Pole.
It's the Army's answer
to Birth Control.

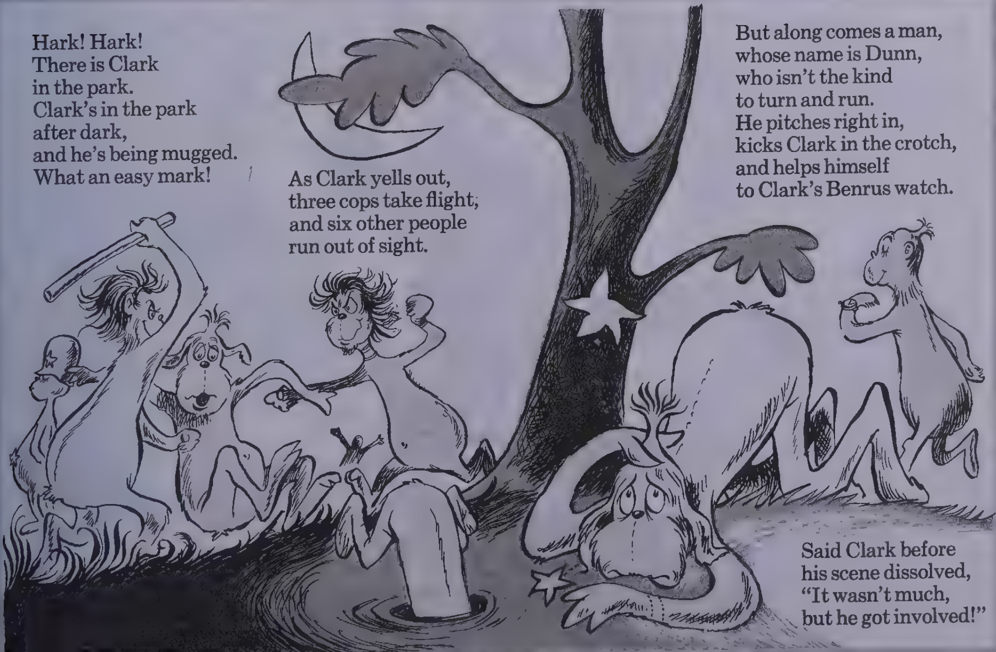


Up and down,
here and there,
Automation's
everywhere.

We met a man
whose name was Gene.
His Private Sec.
was a machine.
It typed for him
and answered phones,
and sat on his lap
and broke twelve bones.

"Let's wed," Gene said,
"You'll be my wife.
"You're not too soft,
but, well—that's life."

They wed and Gene
came home quite late
(his shirt all smudged)
to an angry mate,
who saw his collar
and began to boil,
and left him, saying
"That's not MY oil!"

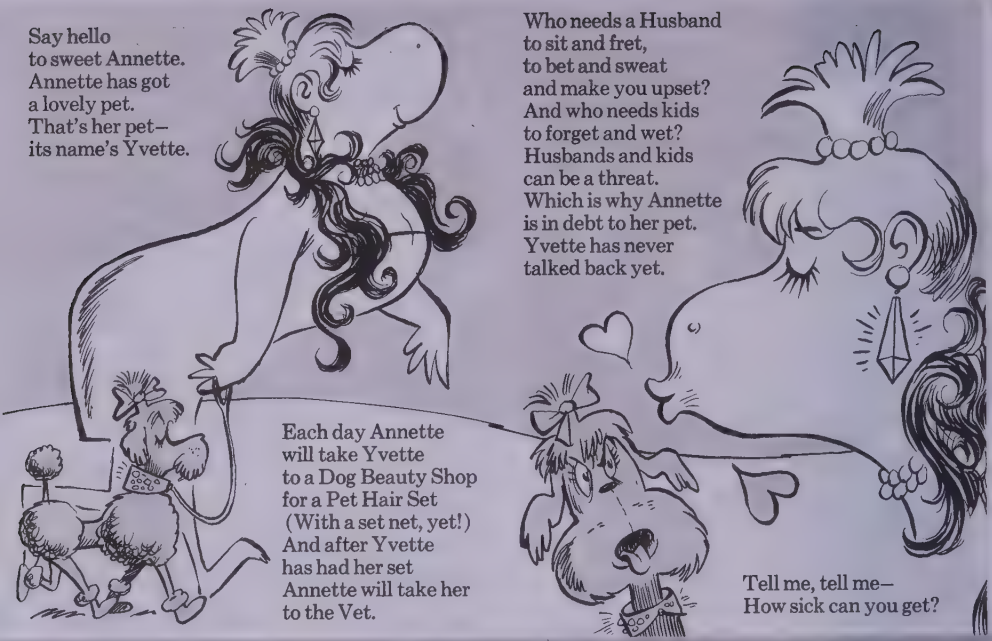


Hark! Hark!
There is Clark
in the park.
Clark's in the park
after dark,
and he's being mugged.
What an easy mark!

As Clark yells out,
three cops take flight,
and six other people
run out of sight.

But along comes a man,
whose name is Dunn,
who isn't the kind
to turn and run.
He pitches right in,
kicks Clark in the crotch,
and helps himself
to Clark's Benrus watch.

Said Clark before
his scene dissolved,
"It wasn't much,
but he got involved!"

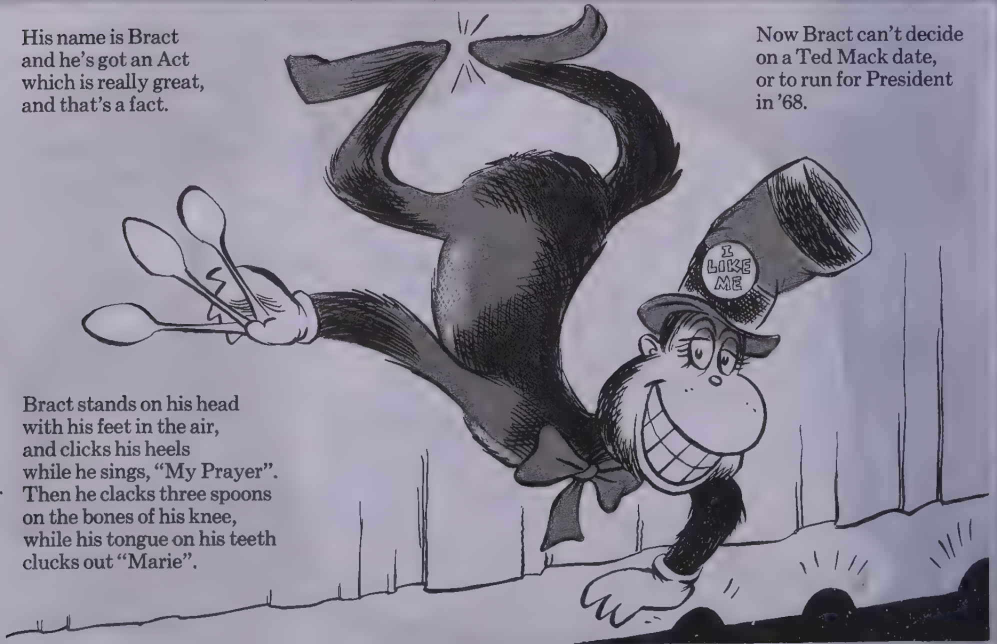


Say hello
to sweet Annette.
Annette has got
a lovely pet.
That's her pet—
its name's Yvette.

Who needs a Husband
to sit and fret,
to bet and sweat
and make you upset?
And who needs kids
to forget and wet?
Husbands and kids
can be a threat.
Which is why Annette
is in debt to her pet.
Yvette has never
talked back yet.

Each day Annette
will take Yvette
to a Dog Beauty Shop
for a Pet Hair Set
(With a set net, yet!)
And after Yvette
has had her set
Annette will take her
to the Vet.

Tell me, tell me—
How sick can you get?

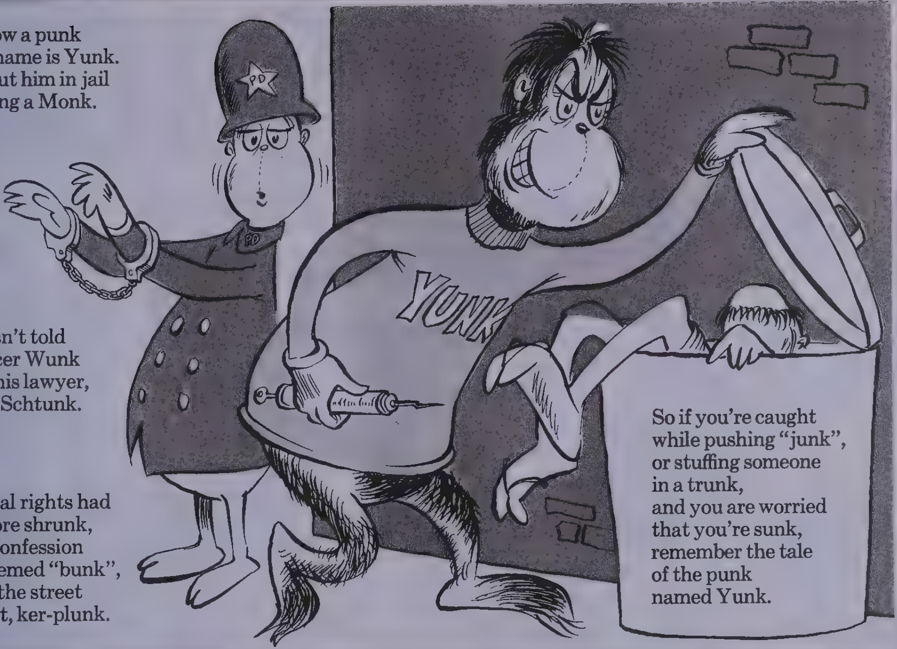


His name is Bract
and he's got an Act
which is really great,
and that's a fact.

Bract stands on his head
with his feet in the air,
and clicks his heels
while he sings, "My Prayer".
Then he clacks three spoons
on the bones of his knee,
while his tongue on his teeth
clucks out "Marie".

Now Bract can't decide
on a Ted Mack date,
or to run for President
in '68.

We know a punk
whose name is Yunk.
They put him in jail
for killing a Monk.

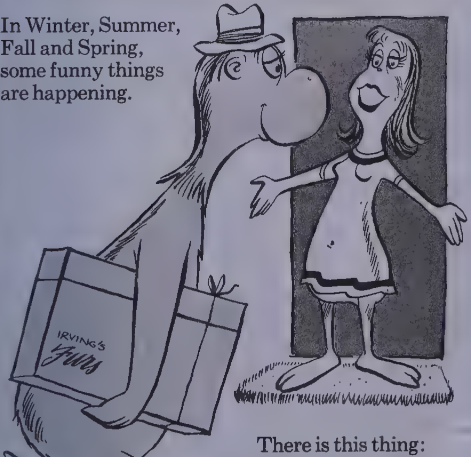


He wasn't told
by Officer Wunk
to call his lawyer,
Bernie Schtunk.

His legal rights had
therefore shrunk,
so his confession
was deemed "bunk",
and in the street
he went, ker-plunk.

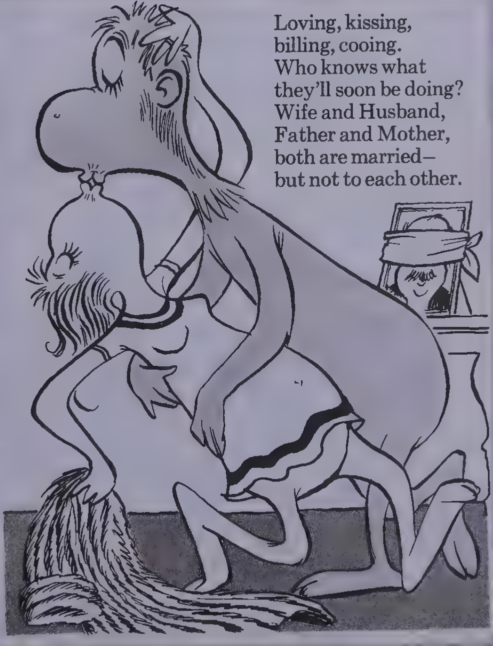
So if you're caught
while pushing "junk",
or stuffing someone
in a trunk,
and you are worried
that you're sunk,
remember the tale
of the punk
named Yunk.

In Winter, Summer,
Fall and Spring,
some funny things
are happening.



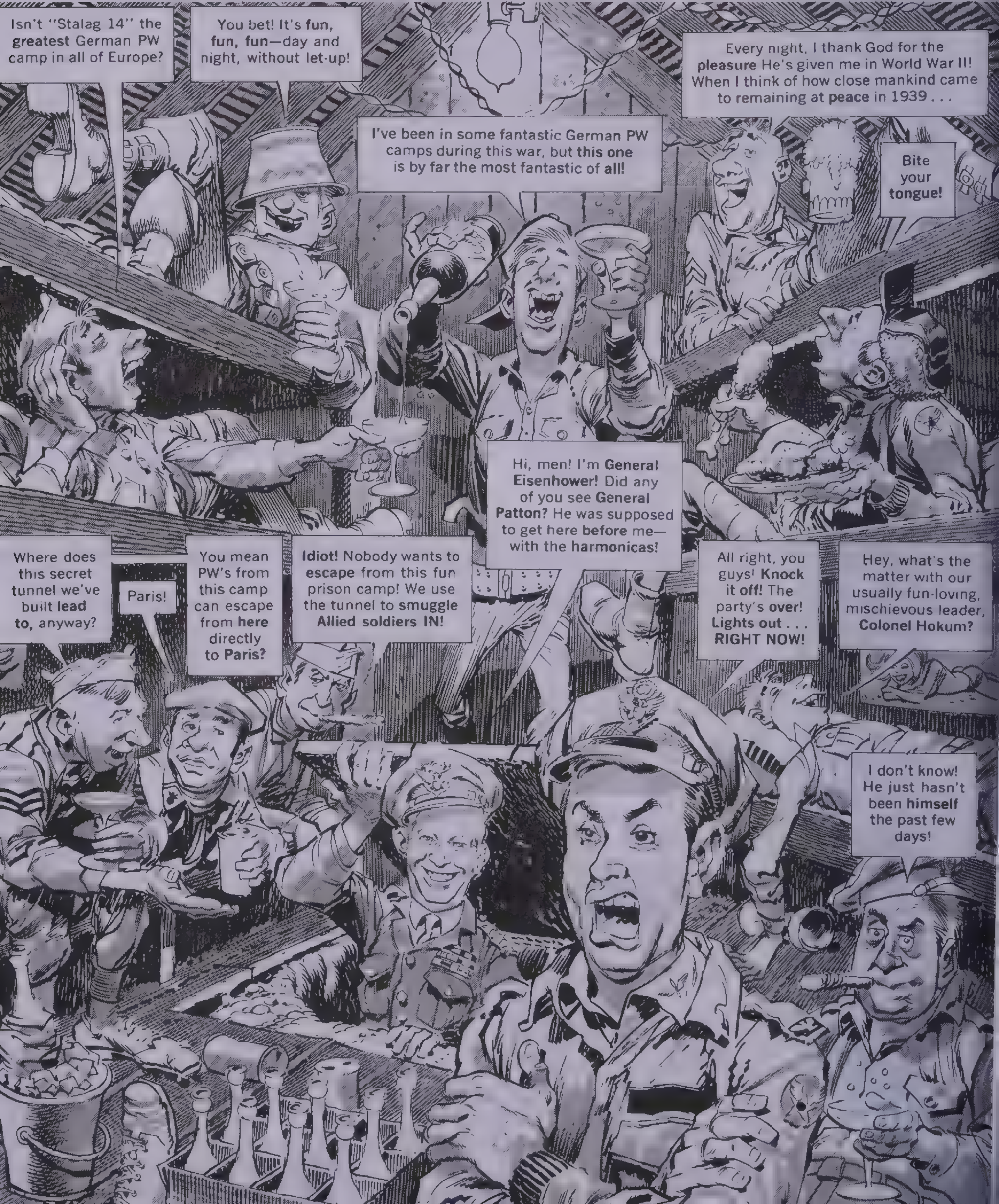
There is this thing:
She's called a Wife.
She loves a Husband
all her life.
There is this Husband
loved by her,
who's bringing her
a fancy fur.

Loving, kissing,
billing, cooing.
Who knows what
they'll soon be doing?
Wife and Husband,
Father and Mother,
both are married—
but not to each other.

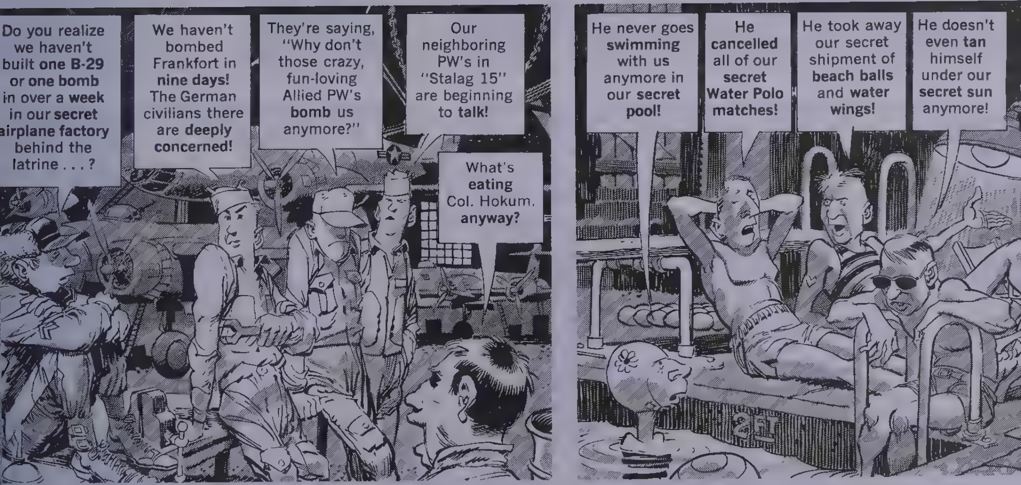


## MEIN "KAMP" HUMOR DEPT.

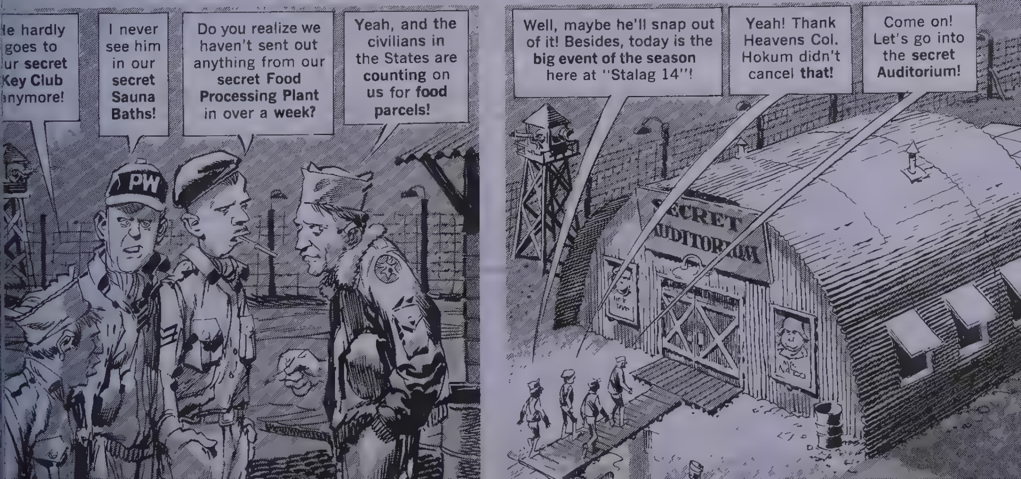
HEY, GANG . . . JOIN US NOW AS MAD PRESENTS ITS VERSION OF THE FUNNIEST SHOW ON TELEVISION SINCE THE "APPALACHIAN POVERTY SPECIAL." WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE WEEKLY TV SITUATION COMEDY FEATURING THAT GAY, WILD, ZANY, IRREPRESSIBLE BUNCH OF WORLD WAR II PW'S . . . THOSE HAPPY INMATES OF "STALAG 14" KNOWN AS

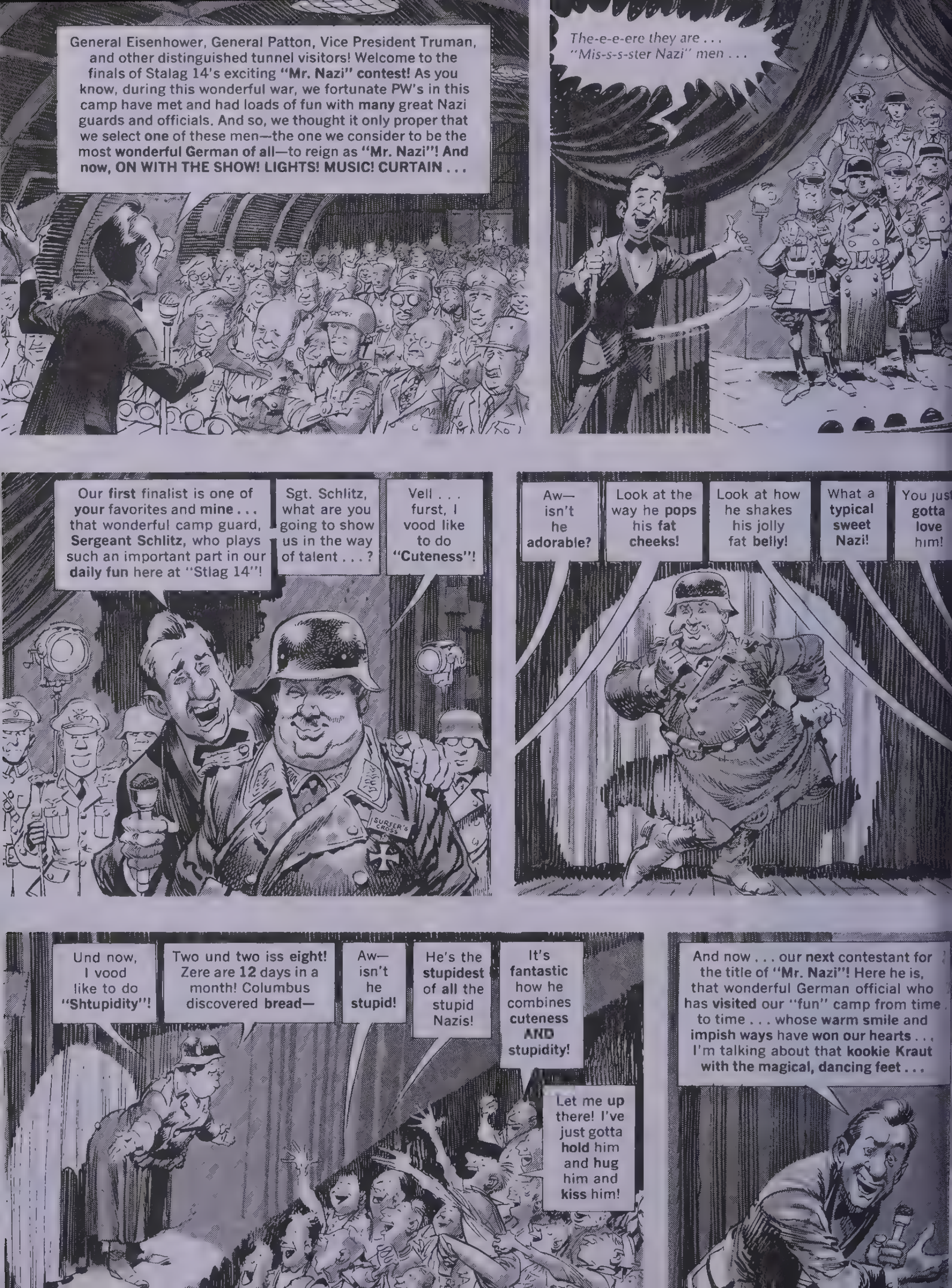

Isn't "Stalag 14" the greatest German PW camp in all of Europe?
You bet! It's fun, fun, fun—day and night, without let-up!
I've been in some fantastic German PW camps during this war, but this one is by far the most fantastic of all!
Every night, I thank God for the pleasure He's given me in World War II! When I think of how close mankind came to remaining at peace in 1939 . . .
Bite your tongue!
Hi, men! I'm General Eisenhower! Did any of you see General Patton? He was supposed to get here before me—with the harmonicas!
Where does this secret tunnel we've built lead to, anyway?
Paris!
You mean PW's from this camp can escape from here directly to Paris?
Idiot! Nobody wants to escape from this fun prison camp! We use the tunnel to smuggle Allied soldiers IN!
All right, you guys! Knock it off! The party's over! Lights out . . . RIGHT NOW!
Hey, what's the matter with our usually fun-loving, mischievous leader, Colonel Hokum?
I don't know! He just hasn't been himself the past few days!

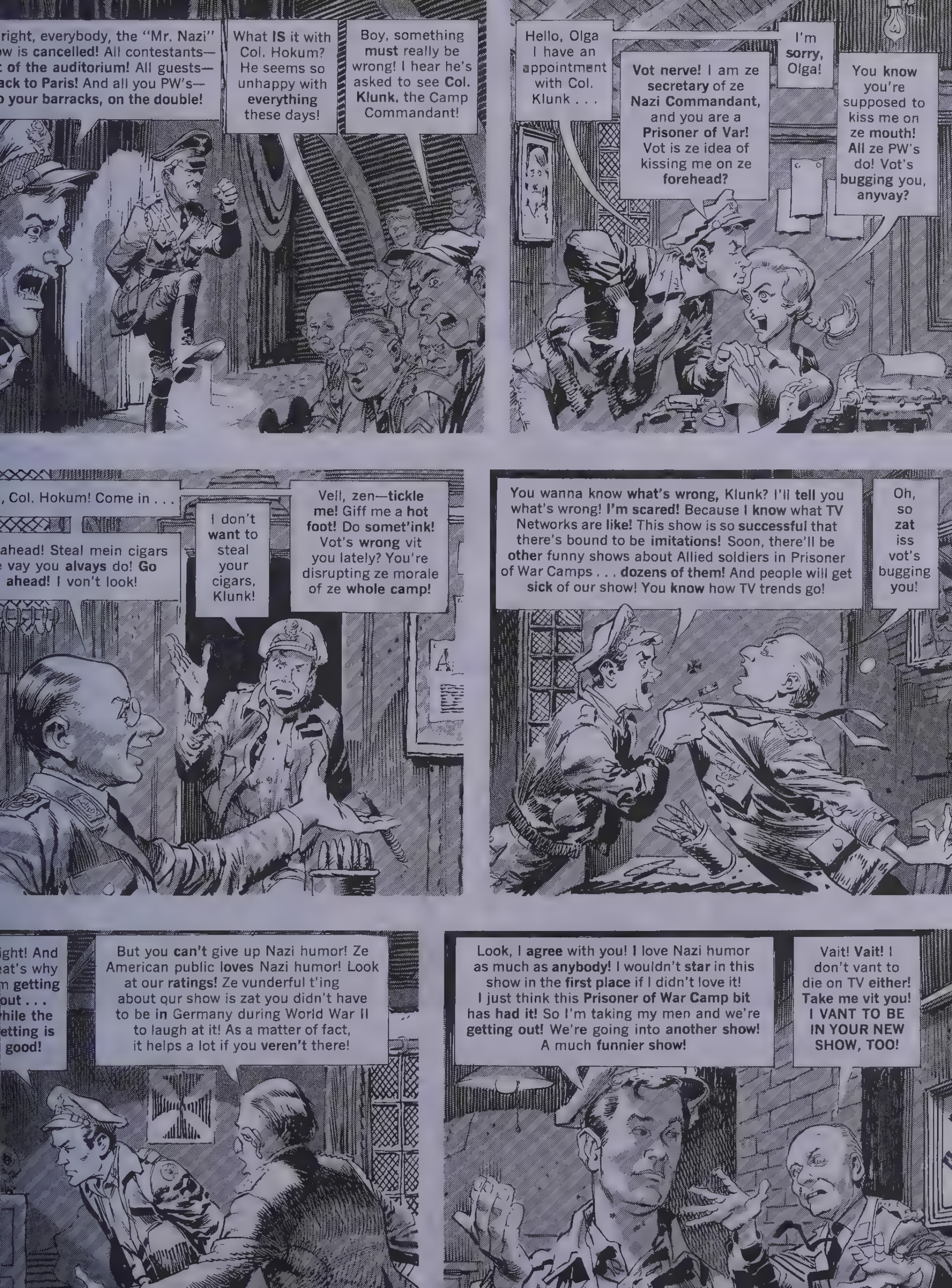
# HOKUM'S HEROES

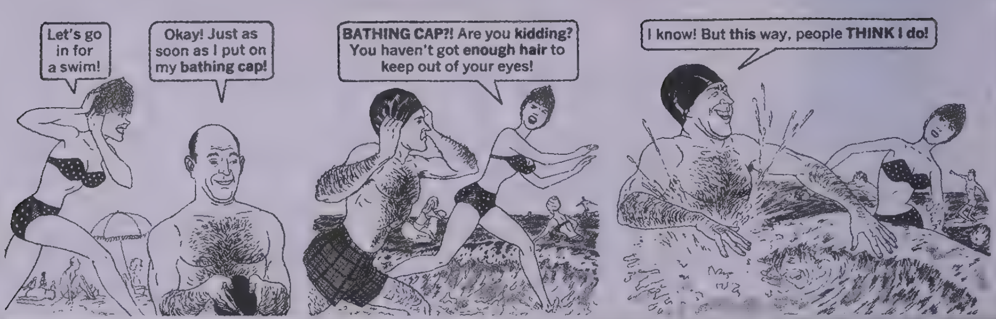

Do you realize we haven't built one B-29 or one bomb in over a week in our secret airplane factory behind the latrine . . . ?
We haven't bombed Frankfort in nine days! The German civilians there are deeply concerned!
They're saying, "Why don't those crazy, fun-loving Allied PW's bomb us anymore?"
Our neighboring PW's in "Stalag 15" are beginning to talk!
What's eating Col. Hokum, anyway?
He never goes swimming with us anymore in our secret pool!
He cancelled all of our secret Water Polo matches!
He took away our secret shipment of beach balls and water wings!
He doesn't even tan himself under our secret sun anymore!

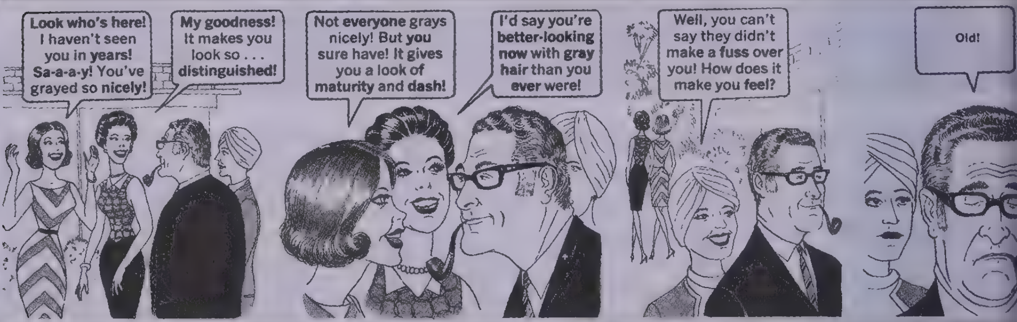
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

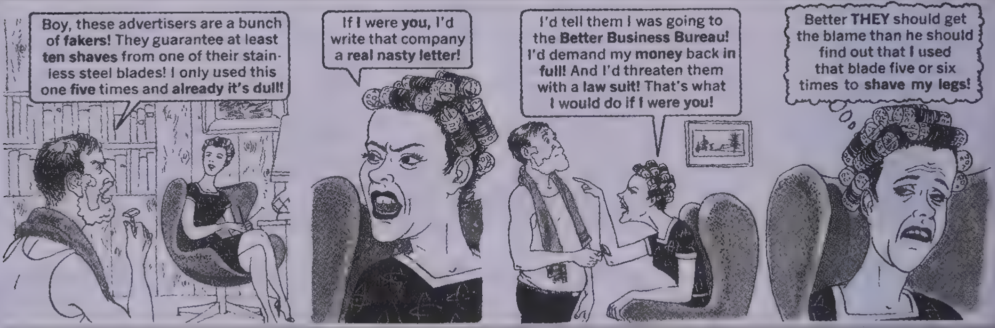

e hardly goes to ur secret Key Club nymore!
I never see him in our secret Sauna Baths!
Do you realize we haven't sent out anything from our secret Food Processing Plant in over a week?
Yeah, and the civilians in the States are counting on us for food parcels!
PW
Well, maybe he'll snap out of it! Besides, today is the big event of the season here at "Stalag 14"!
Yeah! Thank Heavens Col. Hokum didn't cancel that!
Come on! Let's go into the secret Auditorium!
SECRET AUDITORIUM

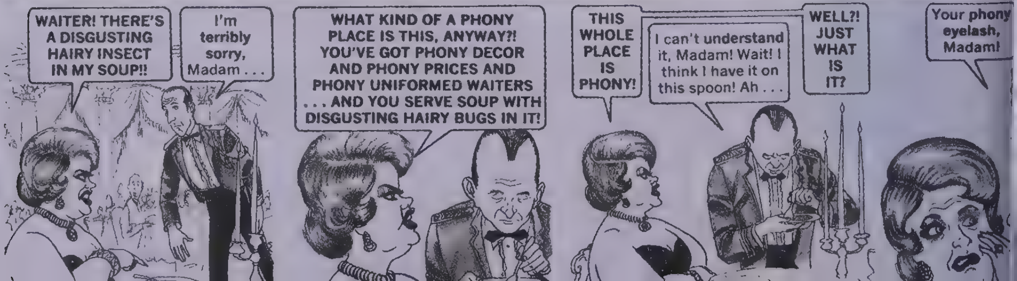

General Eisenhower, General Patton, Vice President Truman, and other distinguished tunnel visitors! Welcome to the finals of Stalag 14's exciting "Mr. Nazi" contest! As you know, during this wonderful war, we fortunate PW's in this camp have met and had loads of fun with many great Nazi guards and officials. And so, we thought it only proper that we select one of these men—the one we consider to be the most wonderful German of all—to reign as "Mr. Nazi"! And now, ON WITH THE SHOW! LIGHTS! MUSIC! CURTAIN . . .
The-e-e-ere they are . . . "Mis-s-s-ster Nazi" men . . .
Our first finalist is one of your favorites and mine . . . that wonderful camp guard, Sergeant Schlitz, who plays such an important part in our daily fun here at "Stlag 14"!
Sgt. Schlitz, what are you going to show us in the way of talent . . . ?
Vell . . . furst, I vood like to do "Cuteness"!
SURFER'S CROSS
Aw— isn't he adorable?
Look at the way he pops his fat cheeks!
Look at how he shakes his jolly fat belly!
What a typical sweet Nazi!
You jus gotta love him!
Und now, I vood like to do "Shtupidity"!
Two und two iss eight! Zere are 12 days in a month! Columbus discovered bread—
Aw— isn't he stupid!
He's the stupidest of all the stupid Nazis!
It's fantastic how he combines cuteness AND stupidity!
Let me up there! I've just gotta hold him and hug him and kiss him!
And now . . . our next contestant for the title of "Mr. Nazi"! Here he is, that wonderful German official who has visited our "fun" camp from time to time . . . whose warm smile and impish ways have won our hearts . . . I'm talking about that kookie Kraut with the magical, dancing feet . . .

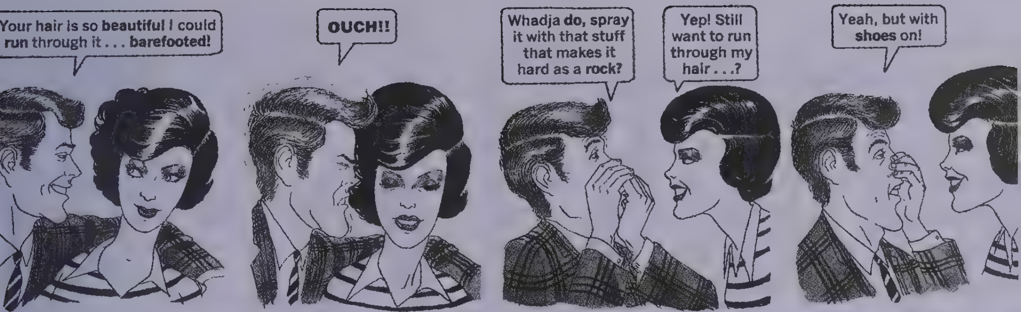

right, everybody, the "Mr. Nazi" w is cancelled! All contestants— of the auditorium! All guests— ack to Paris! And all you PW's— o your barracks, on the double!
What IS it with Col. Hokum? He seems so unhappy with everything these days!
Boy, something must really be wrong! I hear he's asked to see Col. Klunk, the Camp Commandant!
Hello, Olga I have an appointment with Col. Klunk . . .
Vot nerve! I am ze secretary of ze Nazi Commandant, and you are a Prisoner of Var! Vot is ze idea of kissing me on ze forehead?
I'm sorry, Olga!
You know you're supposed to kiss me on ze mouth! All ze PW's do! Vot's bugging you, anyvay?
, Col. Hokum! Come in . . .
ahead! Steal mein cigars e vay you alvays do! Go ahead! I von't look!
I don't want to steal your cigars, Klunk!
Vell, zen—tickle me! Giff me a hot foot! Do somet'ink! Vot's wrong vit you lately? You're disrupting ze morale of ze whole camp!
You wanna know what's wrong, Klunk? I'll tell you what's wrong! I'm scared! Because I know what TV Networks are like! This show is so successful that there's bound to be imitations! Soon, there'll be other funny shows about Allied soldiers in Prisoner of War Camps . . . dozens of them! And people will get sick of our show! You know how TV trends go!
Oh, so zat iss vot's bugging you!
ight! And at's why m getting out . . . hile the etting is good!
But you can't give up Nazi humor! Ze American public loves Nazi humor! Look at our ratings! Ze vunderful t'ing about our show is zat you didn't have to be in Germany during World War II to laugh at it! As a matter of fact, it helps a lot if you veren't there!
Look, I agree with you! I love Nazi humor as much as anybody! I wouldn't star in this show in the first place if I didn't love it! I just think this Prisoner of War Camp bit has had it! So I'm taking my men and we're getting out! We're going into another show! A much funnier show!
Vait! Vait! I don't vant to die on TV either! Take me vit you! I VANT TO BE IN YOUR NEW SHOW, TOO!

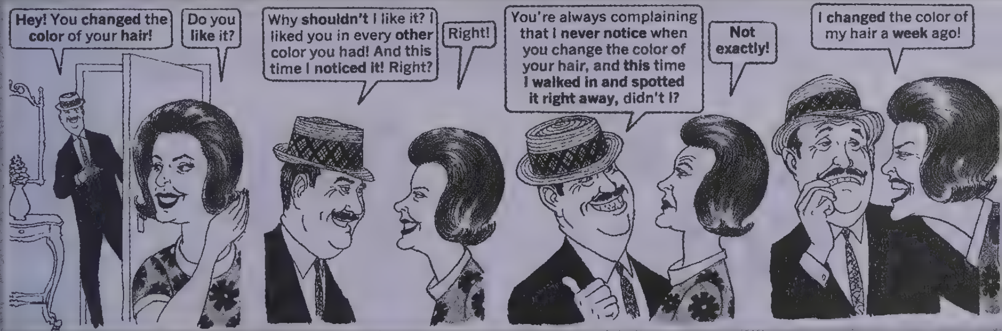

Let's go in for a swim!
Okay! Just as soon as I put on my bathing cap!
BATHING CAP?! Are you kidding? You haven't got enough hair to keep out of your eyes!
I know! But this way, people THINK I do!

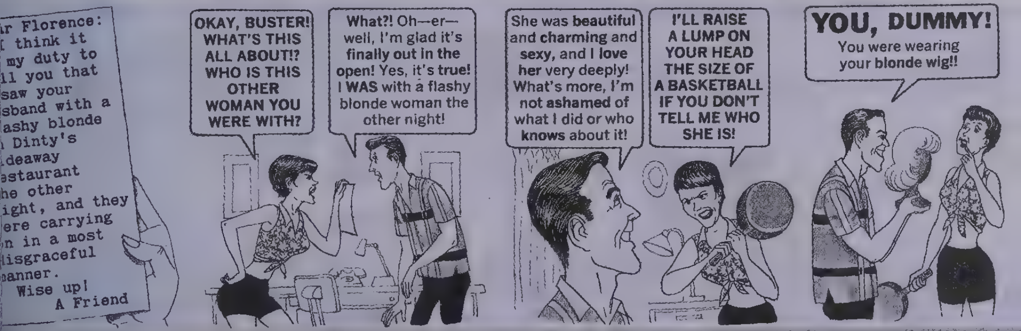

Look who's here! I haven't seen you in years! Sa-a-a-y! You've grayed so nicely!
My goodness! It makes you look so . . . distinguished!
Not everyone grays nicely! But you sure have! It gives you a look of maturity and dash!
I'd say you're better-looking now with gray hair than you ever were!
Well, you can't say they didn't make a fuss over you! How does it make you feel?
Old!


Boy, these advertisers are a bunch of fakers! They guarantee at least ten shaves from one of their stainless steel blades! I only used this one five times and already it's dull!
If I were you, I'd write that company a real nasty letter!
I'd tell them I was going to the Better Business Bureau! I'd demand my money back in full! And I'd threaten them with a law suit! That's what I would do if I were you!
Better THEY should get the blame than he should find out that I used that blade five or six times to shave my legs!


WAITER! THERE'S A DISGUSTING HAIRY INSECT IN MY SOUP!!
I'm terribly sorry, Madam . . .
WHAT KIND OF A PHONY PLACE IS THIS, ANYWAY?! YOU'VE GOT PHONY DECOR AND PHONY PRICES AND PHONY UNIFORMED WAITERS . . . AND YOU SERVE SOUP WITH DISGUSTING HAIRY BUGS IN IT!
THIS WHOLE PLACE IS PHONY!
I can't understand it, Madam! Wait! I think I have it on this spoon! Ah . . .
WELL?! JUST WHAT IS IT?
Your phony eyelash, Madam!


Your hair is so beautiful I could run through it . . . barefooted!
OUCH!!
Whadja do, spray it with that stuff that makes it hard as a rock?
Yep! Still want to run through my hair . . .?
Yeah, but with shoes on!


Hey! You changed the color of your hair!
Do you like it?
Why shouldn't I like it? I liked you in every other color you had! And this time I noticed it! Right?
Right!
You're always complaining that I never notice when you change the color of your hair, and this time I walked in and spotted it right away, didn't I?
Not exactly!
I changed the color of my hair a week ago!


ir Florence:
I think it
my duty to
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saw your
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ashy blonde
Dinty's
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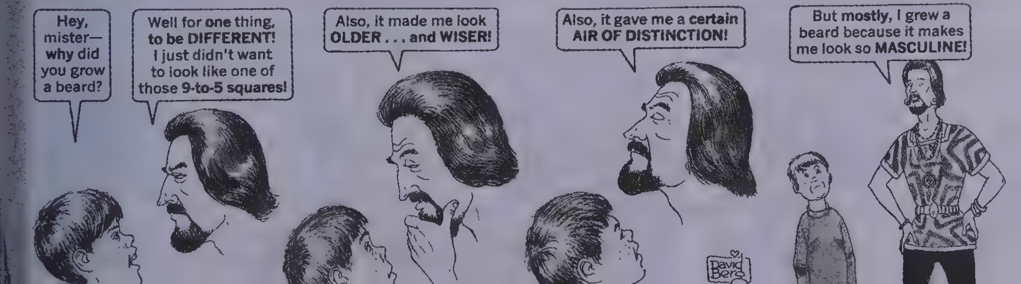
ight, and they
ere carrying
n in a most
isgraceful
anner.
Wise up!
A Friend
OKAY, BUSTER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!? WHO IS THIS OTHER WOMAN YOU WERE WITH?
What?! Oh—er—well, I'm glad it's finally out in the open! Yes, it's true! I WAS with a flashy blonde woman the other night!
She was beautiful and charming and sexy, and I love her very deeply! What's more, I'm not ashamed of what I did or who knows about it!
I'LL RAISE A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHO SHE IS!
YOU, DUMMY! You were wearing your blonde wig!!

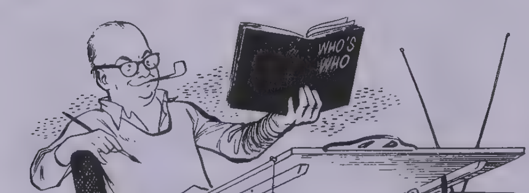

Hey, mister—why did you grow a beard?
Well for one thing, to be DIFFERENT! I just didn't want to look like one of those 9-to-5 squares!
Also, it made me look OLDER . . . and WISER!
Also, it gave me a certain AIR OF DISTINCTION!
But mostly, I grew a beard because it makes me look so MASCULINE!
David Berg

**FAMOUS FUNNIES DEPT.**

Eight years ago, MAD came up with a great idea—namely that Newspaper Syndicates might do well to create Comic Strips based on real people! Naturally, like most of the great ideas in MAD, it was completely ignored! Well, we still think it's a great idea – and even though we know we'll be ignored again, here's a brand new, up-to-date-selection of

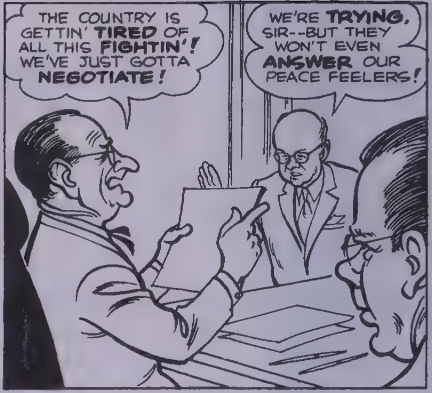
# Comic Strip Heroes

## TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE

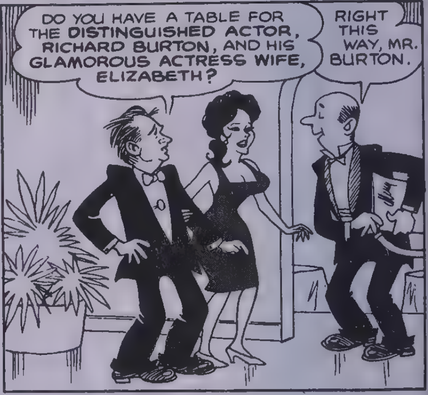

WHO'S WHO
LIFE
TIME

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

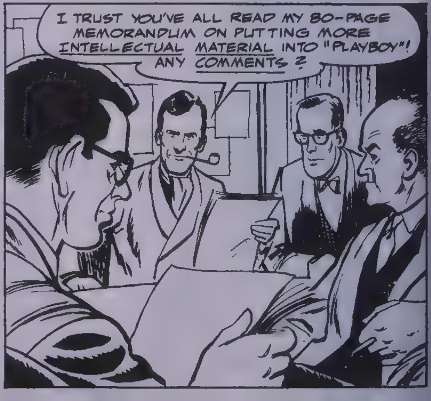
### BIG LYNDON

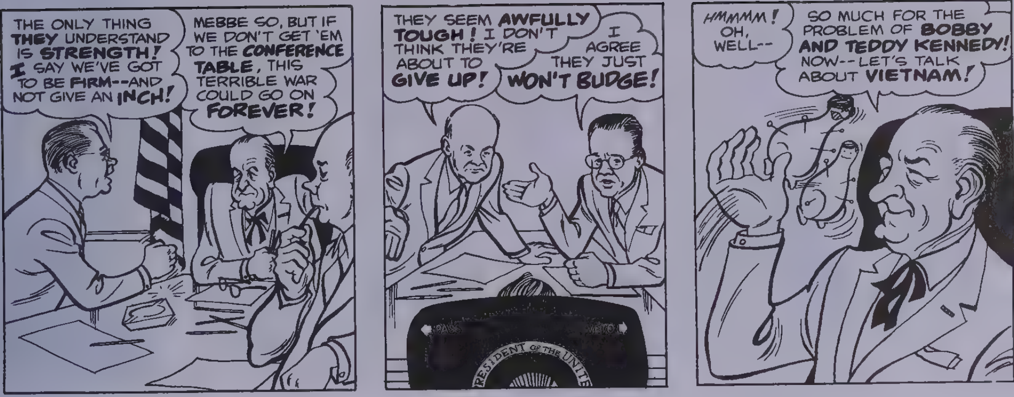

THE COUNTRY IS GETTIN' TIRED OF ALL THIS FIGHTIN'! WE'VE JUST GOTTA NEGOTIATE!
WE'RE TRYING, SIR--BUT THEY WON'T EVEN ANSWER OUR PEACE FEELERS!

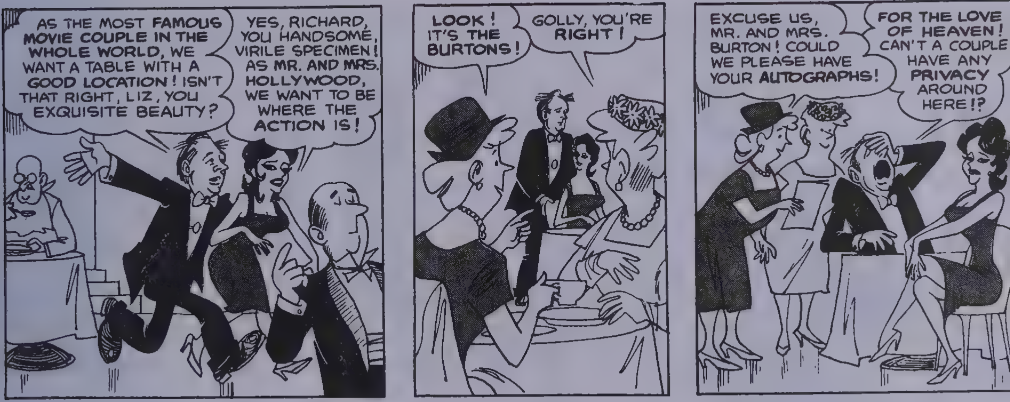
### THE BEAUTIFUL BURTONS

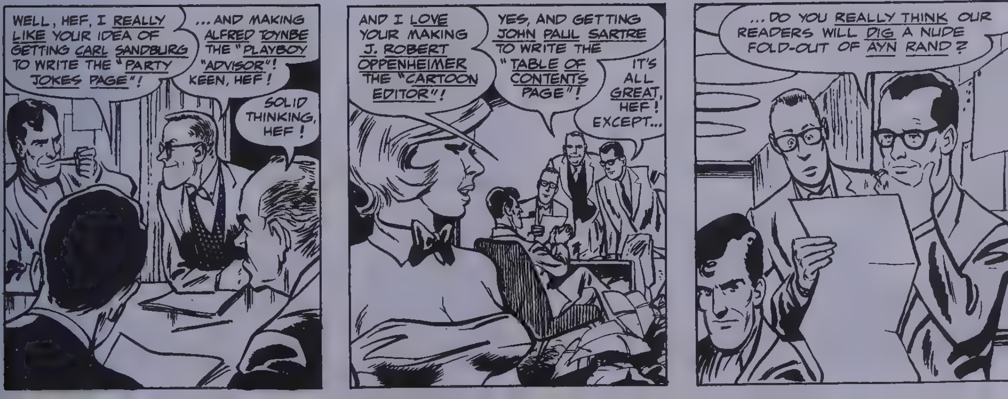

DO YOU HAVE A TABLE FOR THE DISTINGUISHED ACTOR, RICHARD BURTON, AND HIS GLAMOROUS ACTRESS WIFE, ELIZABETH?
RIGHT THIS WAY, MR. BURTON.

### HEFNER AND HIS PALS

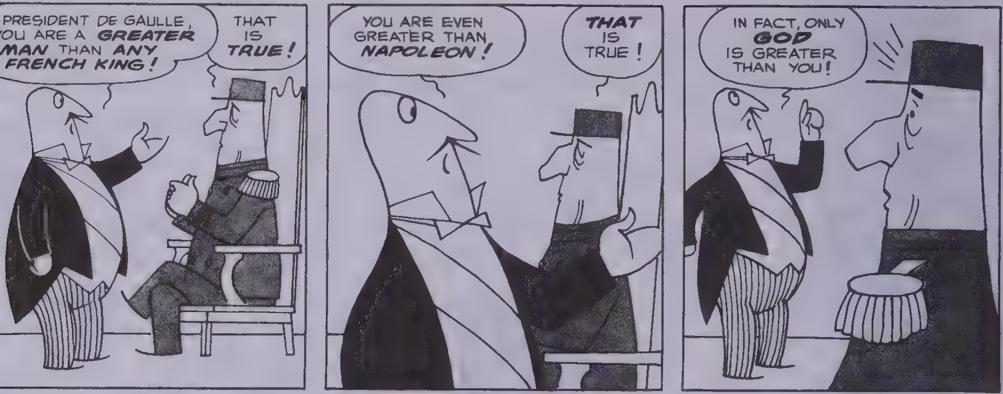

I TRUST YOU'VE ALL READ MY 80-PAGE MEMORANDUM ON PUTTING MORE INTELLECTUAL MATERIAL INTO "PLAYBOY"! ANY COMMENTS ?


THE ONLY THING THEY UNDERSTAND IS STRENGTH! I SAY WE'VE GOT TO BE FIRM--AND NOT GIVE AN INCH!
MEBBE SO, BUT IF WE DON'T GET 'EM TO THE CONFERENCE TABLE, THIS TERRIBLE WAR COULD GO ON FOREVER!
THEY SEEM AWFULLY TOUGH! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE ABOUT TO GIVE UP!
I AGREE THEY JUST WON'T BUDGE!
HMMMM! OH, WELL--
SO MUCH FOR THE PROBLEM OF BOBBY AND TEDDY KENNEDY! NOW--LET'S TALK ABOUT VIETNAM!

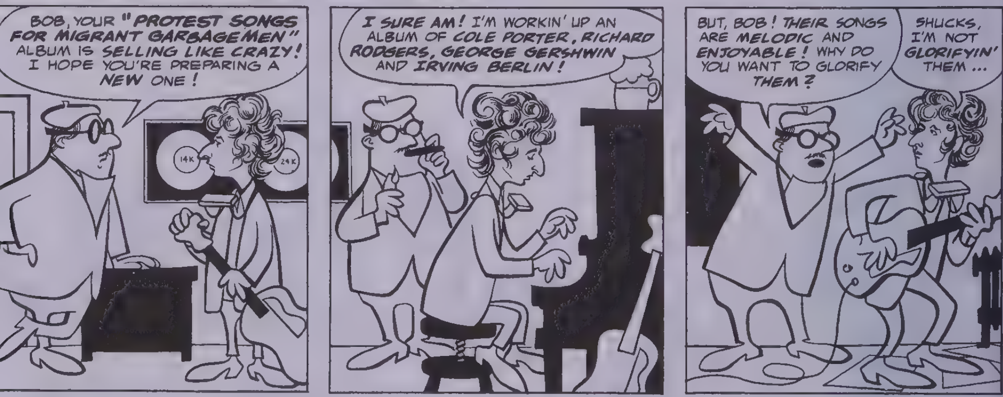

AS THE MOST FAMOUS MOVIE COUPLE IN THE WHOLE WORLD, WE WANT A TABLE WITH A GOOD LOCATION! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LIZ, YOU EXQUISITE BEAUTY?
YES, RICHARD, YOU HANDSOME, VIRILE SPECIMEN! AS MR. AND MRS. HOLLYWOOD, WE WANT TO BE WHERE THE ACTION IS!
LOOK! IT'S THE BURTONS!
GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT!
EXCUSE US, MR. AND MRS. BURTON! COULD WE PLEASE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPHS!
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN! CAN'T A COUPLE HAVE ANY PRIVACY AROUND HERE!?


WELL, HEF, I REALLY LIKE YOUR IDEA OF GETTING CARL SANDBURG TO WRITE THE "PARTY JOKES PAGE"!
...AND MAKING ALFRED TOYNBE THE "PLAYBOY ADVISOR"! KEEN, HEF!
SOLID THINKING, HEF!
AND I LOVE YOUR MAKING J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER THE "CARTOON EDITOR"!
YES, AND GETTING JOHN PAUL SARTRE TO WRITE THE "TABLE OF CONTENTS PAGE"!
IT'S ALL GREAT, HEF! EXCEPT...
...DO YOU REALLY THINK OUR READERS WILL DIG A NUDE FOLD-OUT OF AYN RAND?

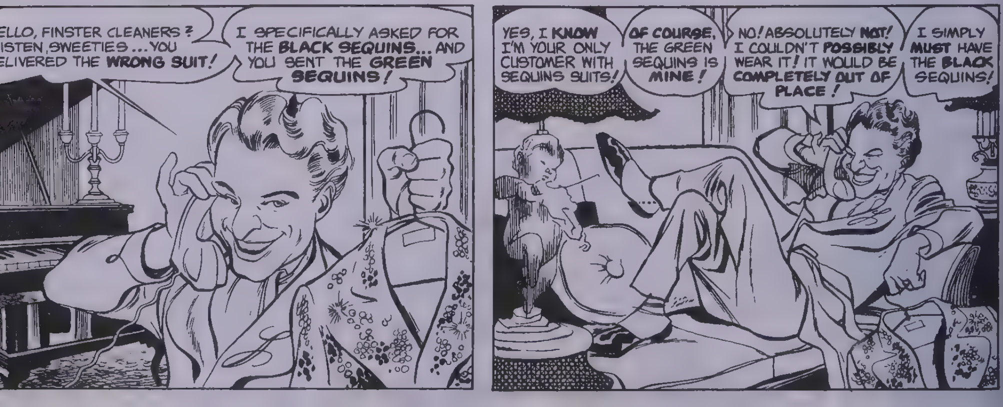
## CHARLIE DE GAULLE IN PARIS

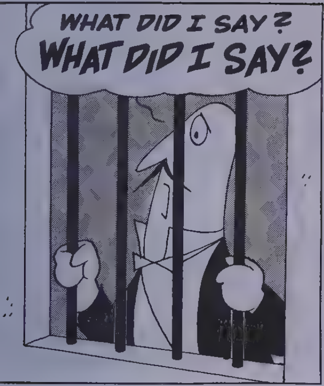

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE, OU ARE A GREATER MAN THAN ANY FRENCH KING!
THAT IS TRUE!
YOU ARE EVEN GREATER THAN NAPOLEON!
THAT IS TRUE!
IN FACT, ONLY GOD IS GREATER THAN YOU!

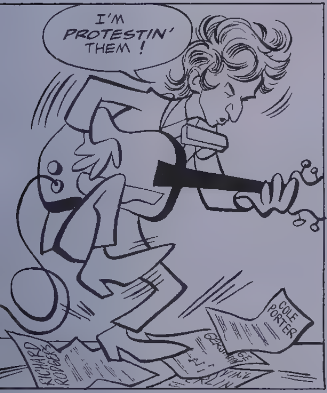
## OBBY DYLAN AND HIS GUITAR

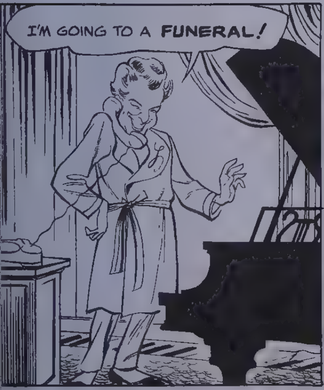

BOB, YOUR "PROTEST SONGS FOR MIGRANT GARBAGEMEN" ALBUM IS SELLING LIKE CRAZY! I HOPE YOU'RE PREPARING A NEW ONE!
14K
24K
I SURE AM! I'M WORKIN' UP AN ALBUM OF COLE PORTER, RICHARD RODGERS, GEORGE GERSHWIN AND IRVING BERLIN!
BUT, BOB! THEIR SONGS ARE MELODIC AND ENJOYABLE! WHY DO YOU WANT TO GLORIFY THEM?
SHUCKS, I'M NOT GLORIFYIN' THEM ...

## OVELY LIBERACE


ELLO, FINSTER CLEANERS? ISTEN, SWEETIES ... YOU ELIVERED THE WRONG SUIT!
I SPECIFICALLY ASKED FOR THE BLACK SEQUINS ... AND YOU SENT THE GREEN SEQUINS!
YES, I KNOW I'M YOUR ONLY CUSTOMER WITH SEQUINS SUITS!
OF COURSE, THE GREEN SEQUINS IS MINE!
NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! I COULDN'T POSSIBLY WEAR IT! IT WOULD BE COMPLETELY OUT OF PLACE!
I SIMPLY MUST HAVE THE BLACK SEQUINS!

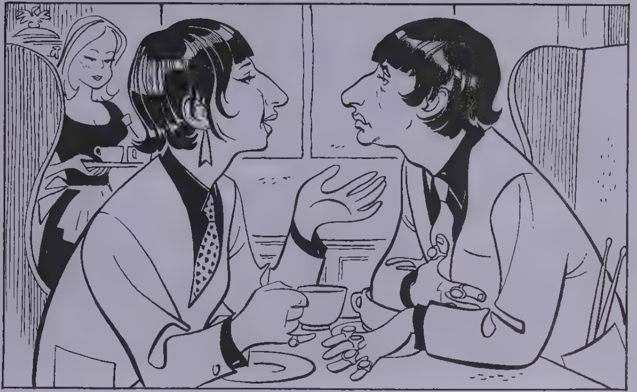

WHAT DID I SAY? WHAT DID I SAY?


I'M PROTESTIN' THEM!
COLE PORTER
RICHARD RODGERS


I'M GOING TO A FUNERAL!

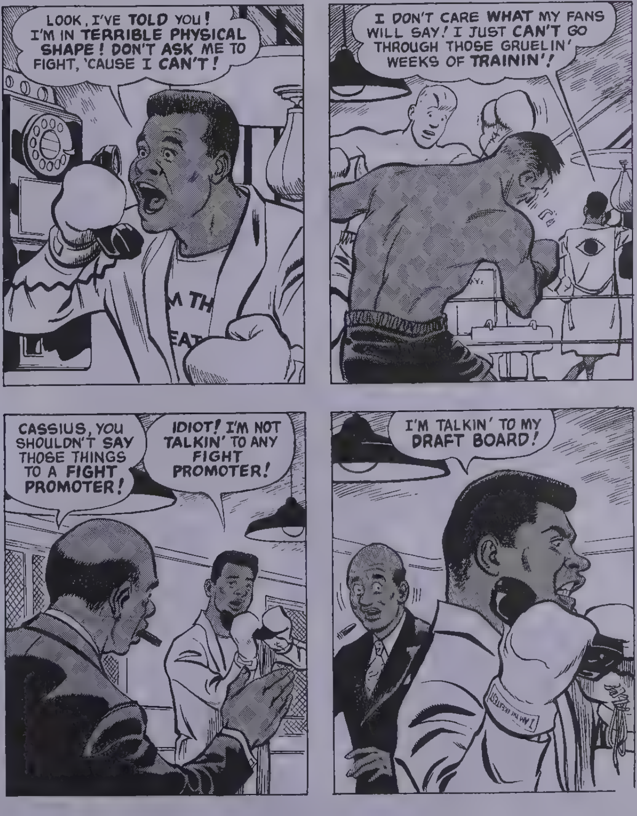
**The Beer Barrel Fox Trot

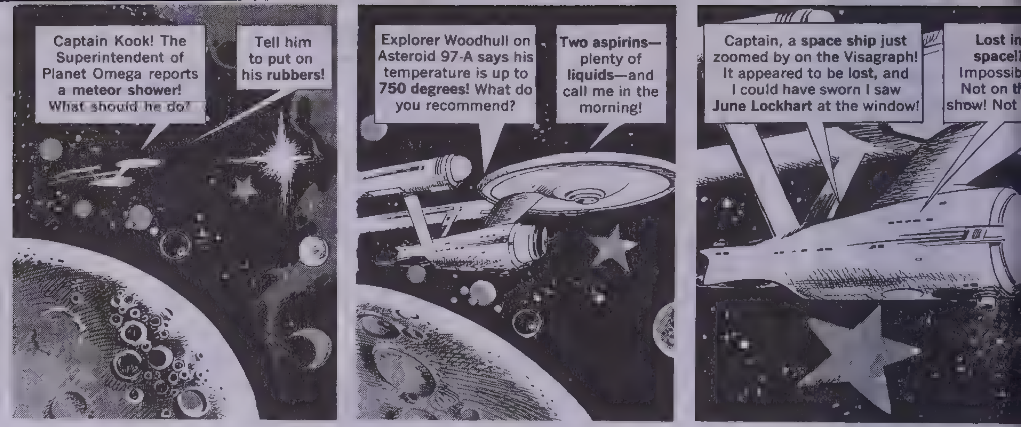
## BARBRA, THE BELTER



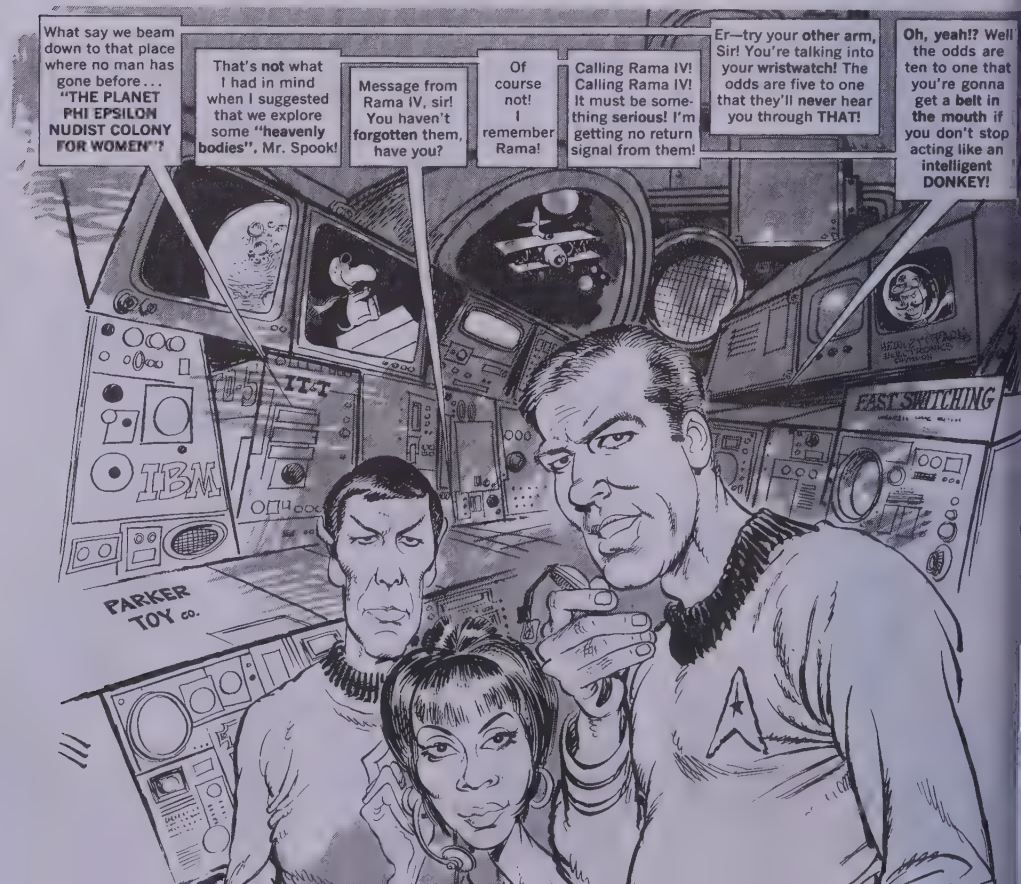
"I'd love teaming up with you, Ringo, but I have a feeling the Public might not be able to tell us apart!"

## CASSIUS CLAY, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP


LOOK, I'VE TOLD YOU! I'M IN TERRIBLE PHYSICAL SHAPE! DON'T ASK ME TO FIGHT, 'CAUSE I CAN'T!
I DON'T CARE WHAT MY FANS WILL SAY! I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH THOSE GRUELIN' WEEKS OF TRAININ'!
CASSIUS, YOU SHOULDN'T SAY THOSE THINGS TO A FIGHT PROMOTER!
IDIOT! I'M NOT TALKIN' TO ANY FIGHT PROMOTER!
I'M TALKIN' TO MY DRAFT BOARD!


Captain Kook! The Superintendent of Planet Omega reports a meteor shower! What should he do?
Tell him to put on his rubbers!
Explorer Woodhull on Asteroid 97-A says his temperature is up to 750 degrees! What do you recommend?
Two aspirins—plenty of liquids—and call me in the morning!
Captain, a space ship just zoomed by on the Visagraph! It appeared to be lost, and I could have sworn I saw June Lockhart at the window!
Lost in space!? Impossib Not on th show! Not

"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRAN

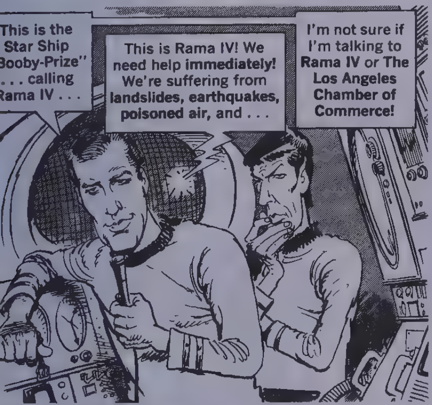

What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before... "THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?
That's not what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some "heavenly bodies", Mr. Spook!
Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't forgotten them, have you?
Of course not! I remember Rama!
Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be something serious! I'm getting no return signal from them!
Er—try your other arm, Sir! You're talking into your wristwatch! The odds are five to one that they'll never hear you through THAT!
Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get a belt in the mouth if you don't stop acting like an intelligent DONKEY!
IT-T
IBM
PARKER TOY co.
FAST SWITCHING

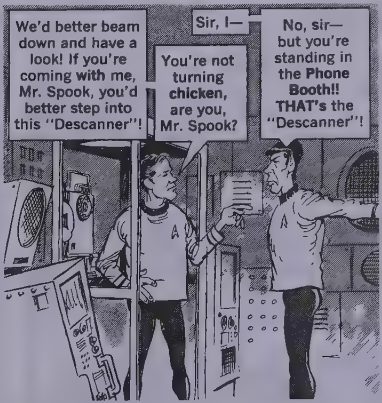
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

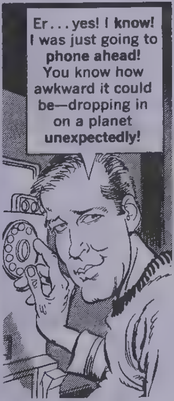
# STAR BLECCH

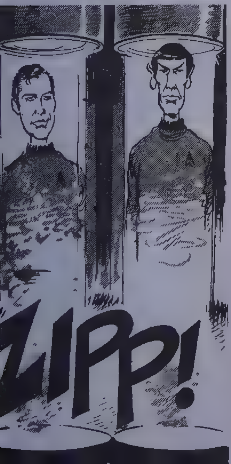
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

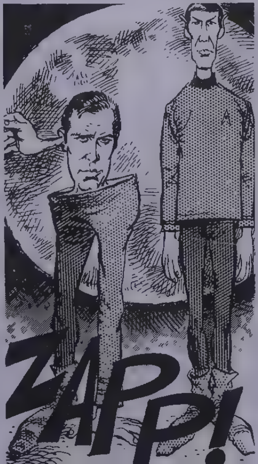
EW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"

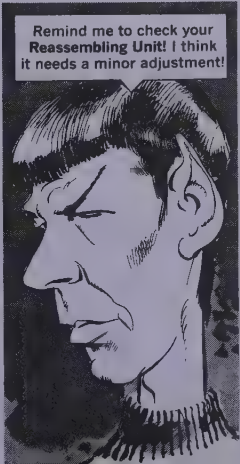

This is the Star Ship Booby-Prize" . . . calling Rama IV . . .
This is Rama IV! We need help **immediately!** We're suffering from **landslides, earthquakes, poisoned air,** and . . .
I'm not sure if I'm talking to **Rama IV** or **The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce!**

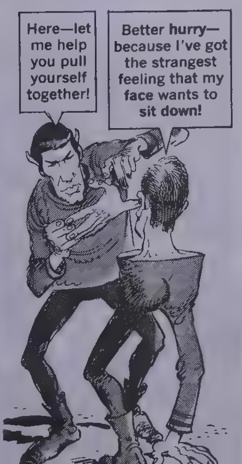

We'd better beam down and have a look! If you're coming with me, Mr. Spook, you'd better step into this "Descanner"!
Sir, I—
You're not turning **chicken,** are you, Mr. Spook?
No, sir— but you're standing in the **Phone Booth!! THAT's** the "Descanner"!

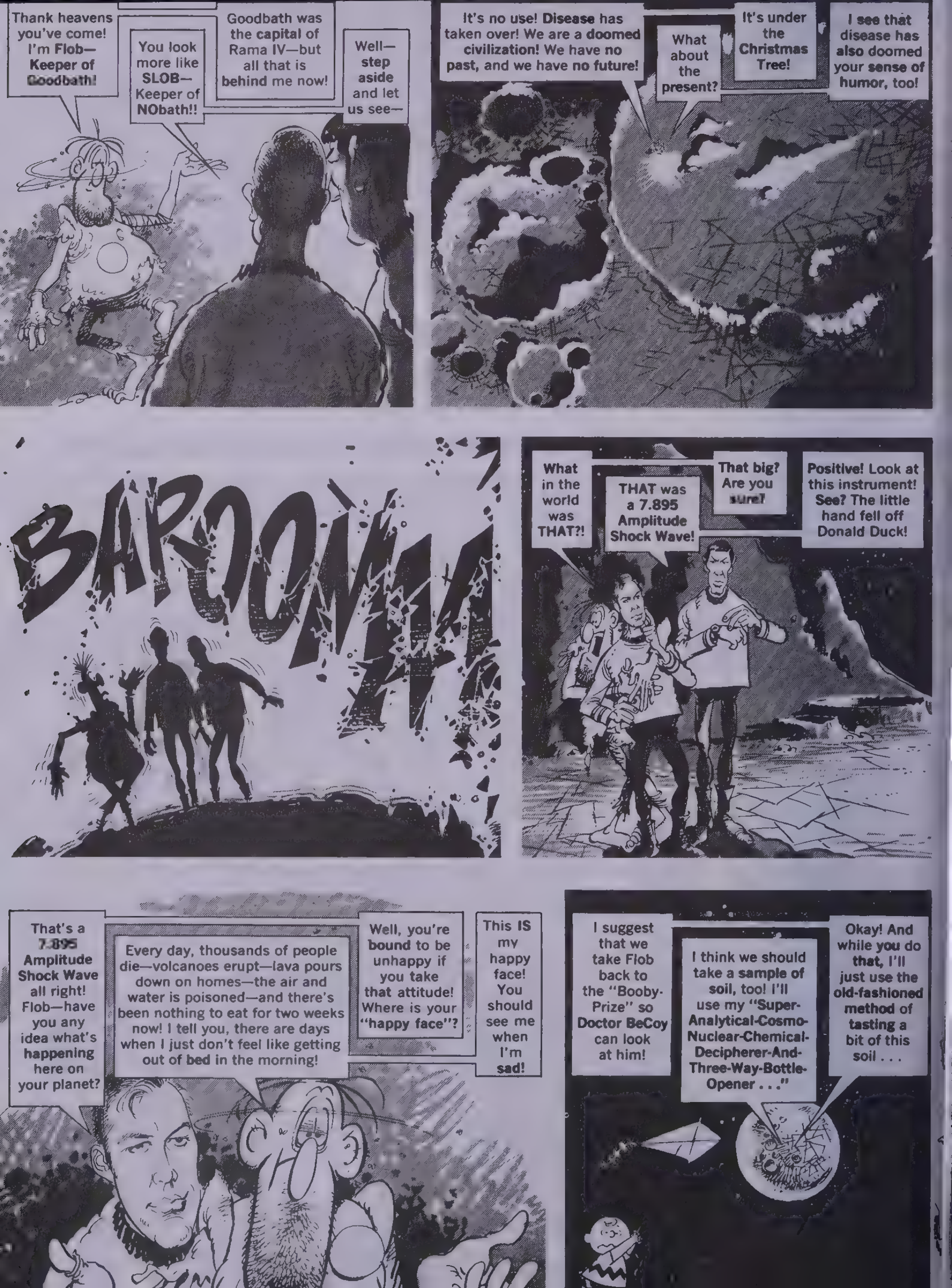

Er . . . yes! I **know!** I was just going to **phone ahead!** You know how awkward it could be—dropping in on a planet **unexpectedly!**

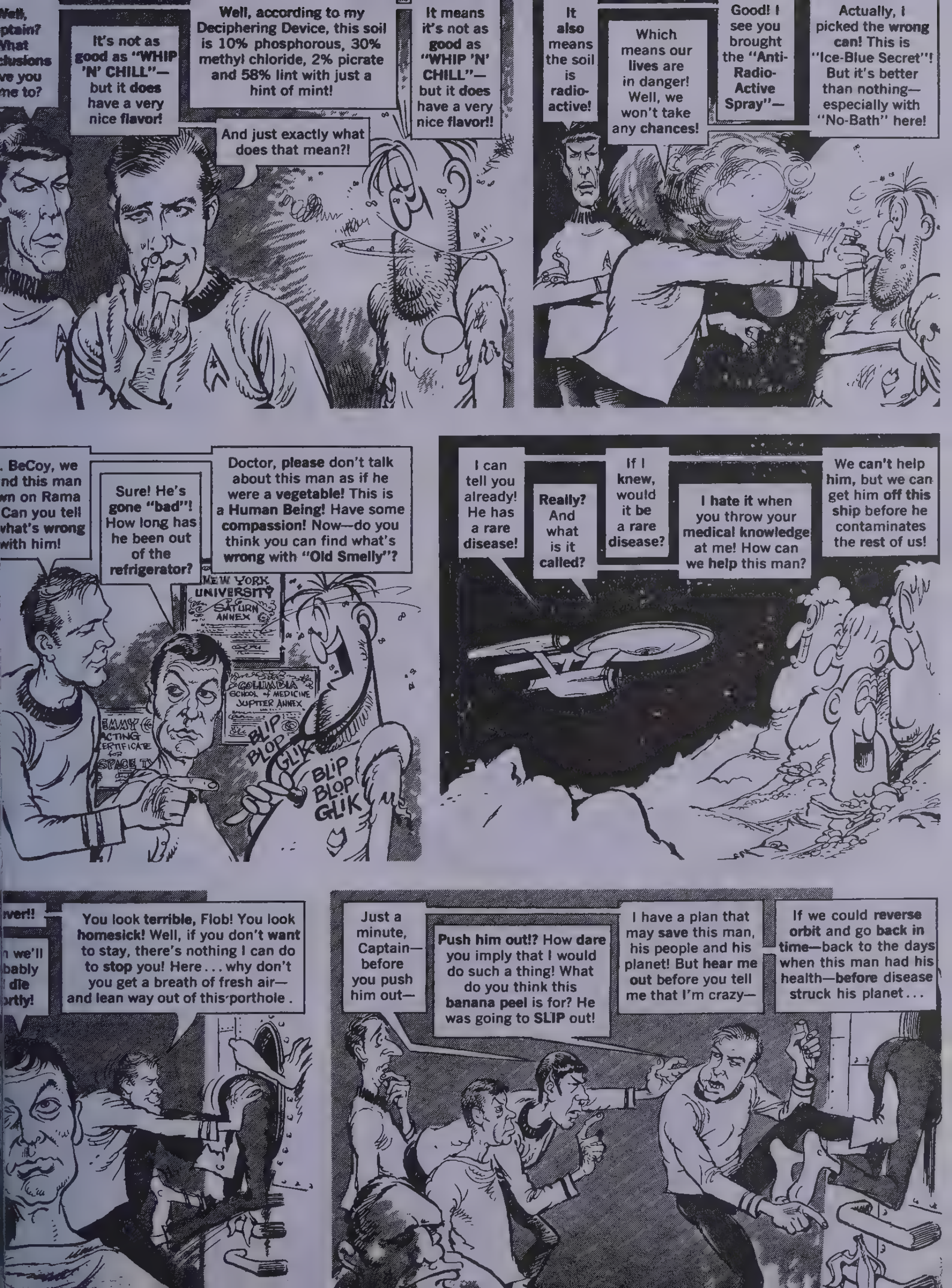


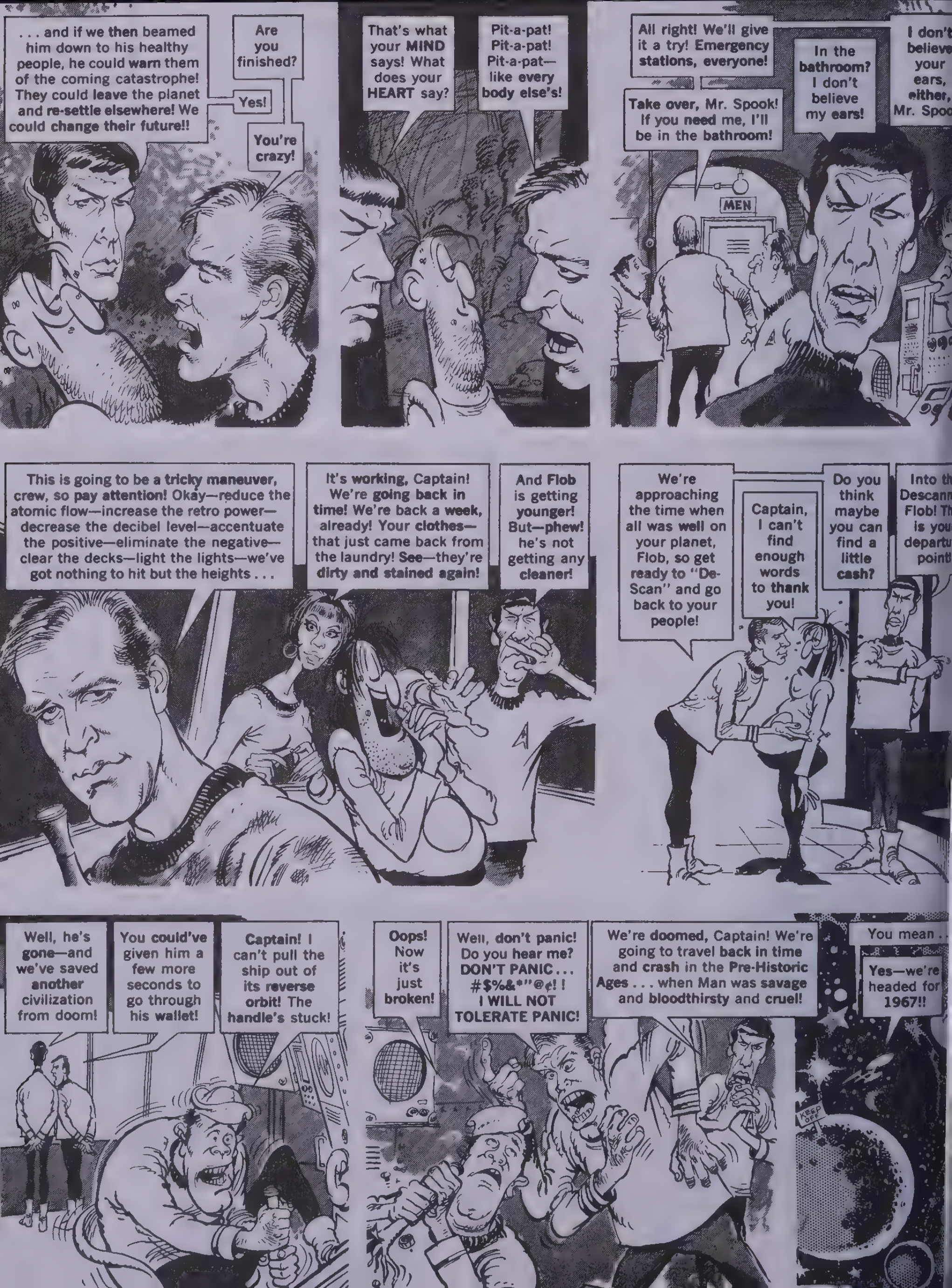



Remind me to check your **Reassembling Unit!** I think it needs a minor adjustment!

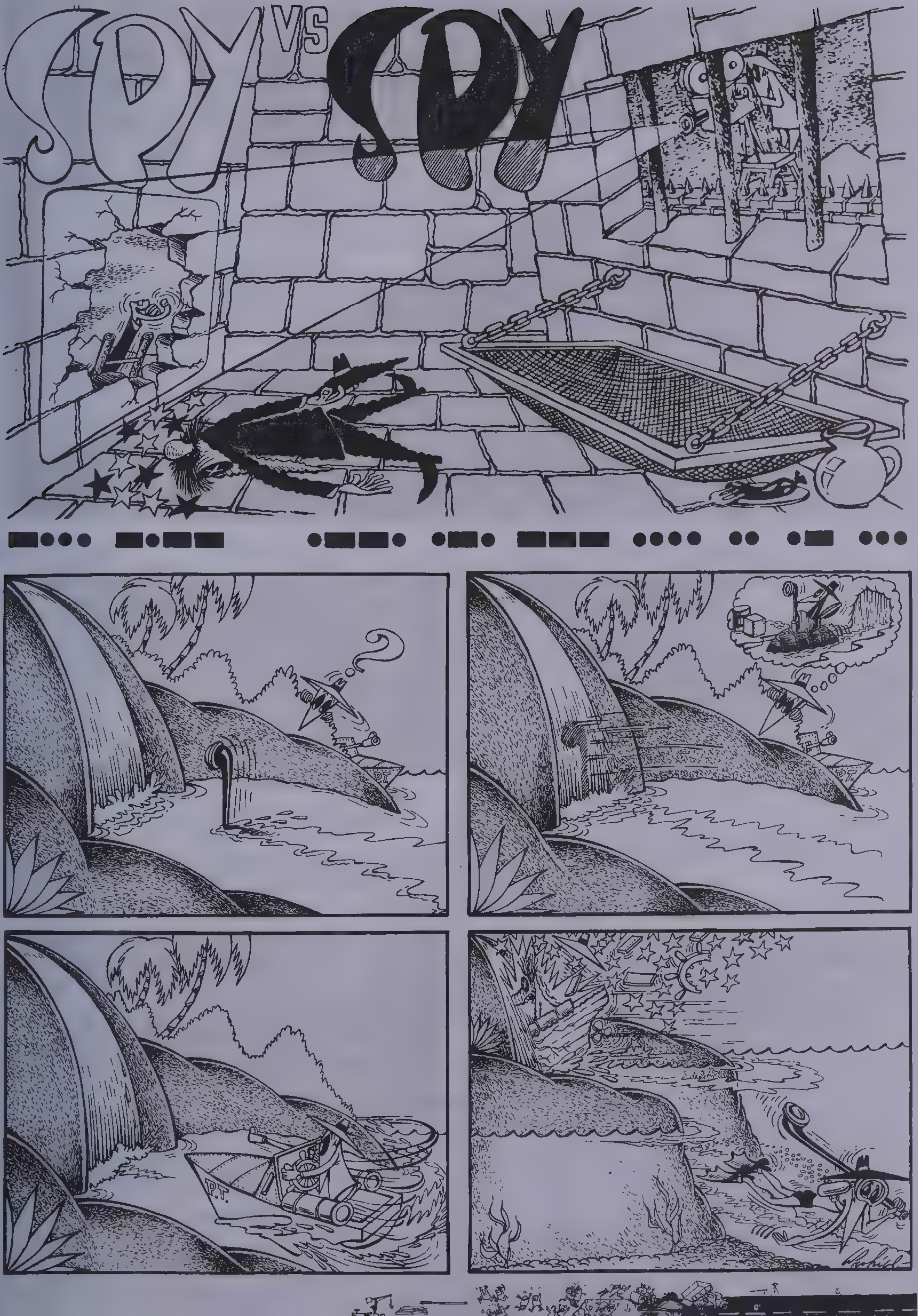

Here—let me help you pull yourself together!
Better **hurry**— because I've got the strangest feeling that my face wants to sit down!


Thank heavens you've come! I'm Flob—Keeper of Goodbath!
You look more like SLOB—Keeper of NObath!!
Goodbath was the capital of Rama IV—but all that is behind me now!
Well—step aside and let us see—
It's no use! Disease has taken over! We are a doomed civilization! We have no past, and we have no future!
What about the present?
It's under the Christmas Tree!
I see that disease has also doomed your sense of humor, too!
BAROOMM
What in the world was THAT?!
THAT was a 7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave!
That big? Are you sure?
Positive! Look at this instrument! See? The little hand fell off Donald Duck!
That's a 7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave all right! Flob—have you any idea what's happening here on your planet?
Every day, thousands of people die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours down on homes—the air and water is poisoned—and there's been nothing to eat for two weeks now! I tell you, there are days when I just don't feel like getting out of bed in the morning!
Well, you're bound to be unhappy if you take that attitude! Where is your "happy face"?
This IS my happy face! You should see me when I'm sad!
I suggest that we take Flob back to the "Booby-Prize" so Doctor BeCoy can look at him!
I think we should take a sample of soil, too! I'll use my "Super-Analytical-Cosmo-Nuclear-Chemical-Decipherer-And-Three-Way-Bottle-Opener . . ."
Okay! And while you do that, I'll just use the old-fashioned method of tasting a bit of this soil . . .


Well, ptain? What clusions ve you me to?
It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!
Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!
And just exactly what does that mean?!
It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!!
It also means the soil is radio-active!
Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!
Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—
Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing—especially with "No-Bath" here!
. BeCoy, we nd this man wn on Rama Can you tell what's wrong with him!
Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?
Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY SATURN ANNEX
COLUMBIA SCHOOL of MEDICINE JUPITER ANNEX
EMMY ACTING ERTIFICATE for SPACE TV
BLIP BLOP GLIK
BLIP BLOP GLIK
I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!
Really? And what is it called?
If I knew, would it be a rare disease?
I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!
ver!!
n we'll bably die rtly!
You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here . . . why don't you get a breath of fresh air—and lean way out of this porthole .
Just a minute, Captain—before you push him out—
Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!
I have a plan that may save this man, his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—
If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet . . .


. . . and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!
Are you finished?
Yes!
You're crazy!
That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat—like every body else's!
All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!
Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!
MEN
In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!
I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spoo
This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights . . .
It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!
And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!
We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!
Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!
Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?
Into th Descann Flob! Th is you departu point!
Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!
You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!
Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!
Oops! Now it's just broken!
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC . . . #$%&*"@¢! ! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!
We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages . . . when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!
You mean . .
Yes—we're headed for 1967!!
KEEP OFF

**JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART I**

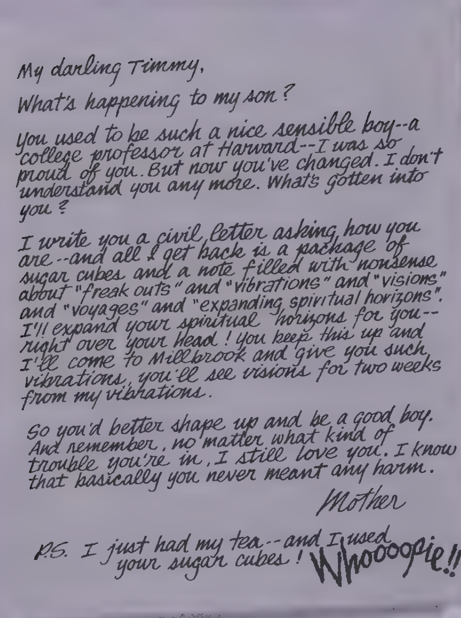

SPY VS SPY
■●●● ■●■■ ●■■● ●■● ■■■ ●●●● ●● ●■ ●●●
P.T.
P.T.
P.T.
Prohias

**HIP-POCKETFUL OF DREAMS DEPT.**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER "MAD" VERSION OF THE CONTENTS OF...

# A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN



*My darling Timmy,*

*What's happening to my son?*

*You used to be such a nice sensible boy--a college professor at Harward--I was so proud of you. But now you've changed. I don't understand you any more. What's gotten into you?*

*I write you a civil letter asking how you are--and all I get back is a package of sugar cubes and a note filled with nonsense about "freak outs" and "vibrations" and "visions" and "voyages" and "expanding spiritual horizons". I'll expand your spiritual horizons for you--right over your head! You keep this up and I'll come to Millbrook and give you such vibrations, you'll see visions for two weeks from my vibrations.*

*So you'd better shape up and be a good boy. And remember, no matter what kind of trouble you're in, I still love you. I know that basically you never meant any harm.*

*Mother*

*P.S. I just had my tea--and I used your sugar cubes! Whooopie!!*

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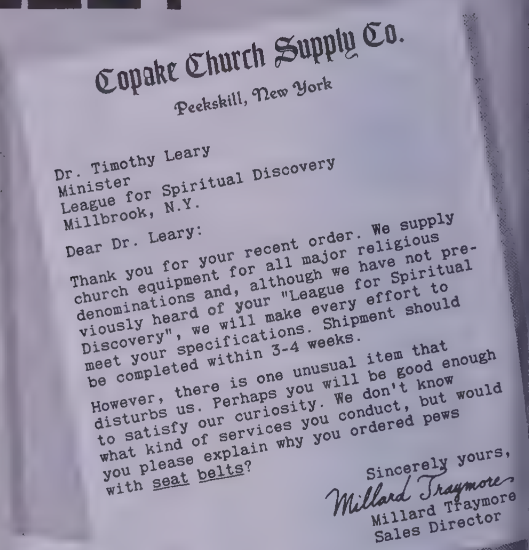


**Copake Church Supply Co.**
Peekskill, New York

Dr. Timothy Leary
Minister
League for Spiritual Discovery
Millbrook, N.Y.

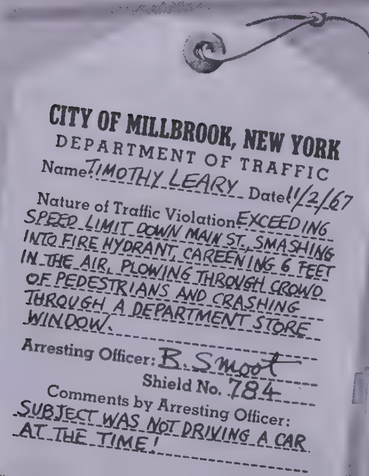
Dear Dr. Leary:

Thank you for your recent order. We supply church equipment for all major religious denominations and, although we have not previously heard of your "League for Spiritual Discovery", we will make every effort to meet your specifications. Shipment should be completed within 3-4 weeks.

However, there is one unusual item that disturbs us. Perhaps you will be good enough to satisfy our curiosity. We don't know what kind of services you conduct, but would you please explain why you ordered pews with seat belts?

Sincerely yours,
Millard Traymore
Millard Traymore
Sales Director

---



**CITY OF MILLBROOK, NEW YORK**
DEPARTMENT OF TRAFFIC

Name: TIMOTHY LEARY Date: 1/2/67

Nature of Traffic Violation: EXCEEDING SPEED LIMIT DOWN MAIN ST., SMASHING INTO FIRE HYDRANT, CAREENING 6 FEET IN THE AIR, PLOWING THROUGH CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS AND CRASHING THROUGH A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.

Arresting Officer: B. Smoot

Shield No. 784

Comments by Arresting Officer: SUBJECT WAS NOT DRIVING A CAR AT THE TIME!

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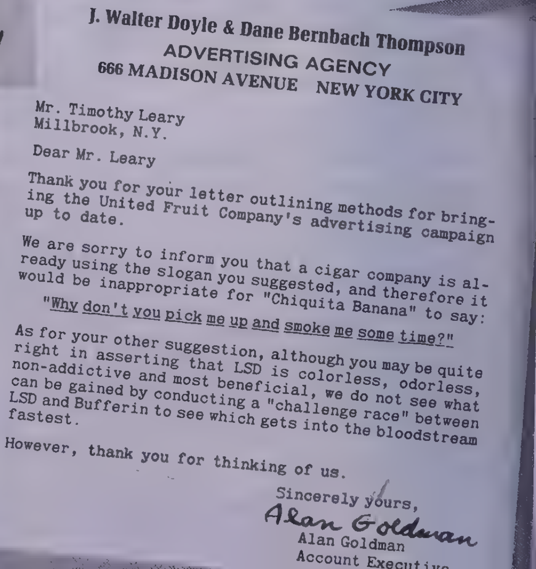


**J. Walter Doyle & Dane Bernbach Thompson**
ADVERTISING AGENCY
666 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Timothy Leary
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

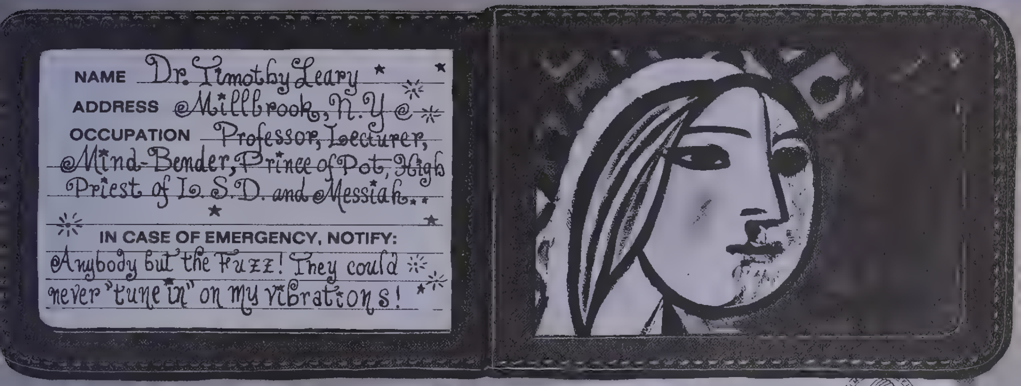
Thank you for your letter outlining methods for bringing the United Fruit Company's advertising campaign up to date.

We are sorry to inform you that a cigar company is already using the slogan you suggested, and therefore it would be inappropriate for "Chiquita Banana" to say: "Why don't you pick me up and smoke me some time?"

As for your other suggestion, although you may be quite right in asserting that LSD is colorless, odorless, non-addictive and most beneficial, we do not see what can be gained by conducting a "challenge race" between LSD and Bufferin to see which gets into the bloodstream fastest.

However, thank you for thinking of us.

Sincerely yours,
Alan Goldman
Alan Goldman
Account Executiv



NAME Dr. Timothy Leary

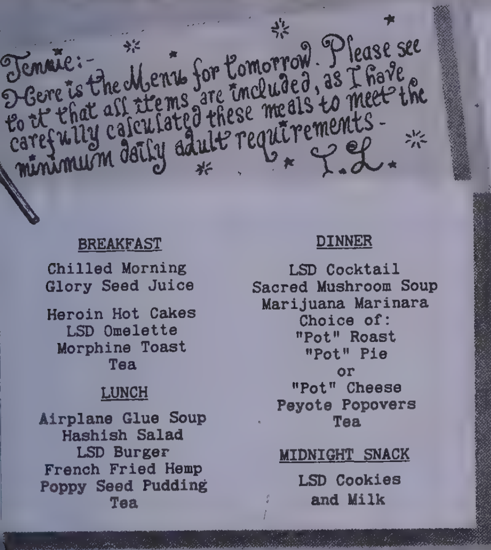
ADDRESS Millbrook, N.Y.

OCCUPATION ~~Professor, Lecturer,~~ Mind-Bender, Prince of Pot, High Priest of L.S.D. and Messiah..

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:

Anybody but the Fuzz! They could never "tune in" on my vibrations!

---



Jennie:- Here is the Menu for tomorrow. Please see to it that all items are included, as I have carefully calculated these meals to meet the minimum daily adult requirements - T.L.

| BREAKFAST | DINNER |
|---|---|
| Chilled Morning Glory Seed Juice | LSD Cocktail |
| Heroin Hot Cakes | Sacred Mushroom Soup |
| LSD Omelette | Marijuana Marinara |
| Morphine Toast | Choice of:<br>"Pot" Roast<br>"Pot" Pie<br>or<br>"Pot" Cheese |
| Tea | Peyote Popovers |
| | Tea |

| LUNCH | MIDNIGHT SNACK |
|---|---|
| Airplane Glue Soup | LSD Cookies and Milk |
| Hashish Salad | |
| LSD Burger | |
| French Fried Hemp | |
| Poppy Seed Pudding | |
| Tea | |

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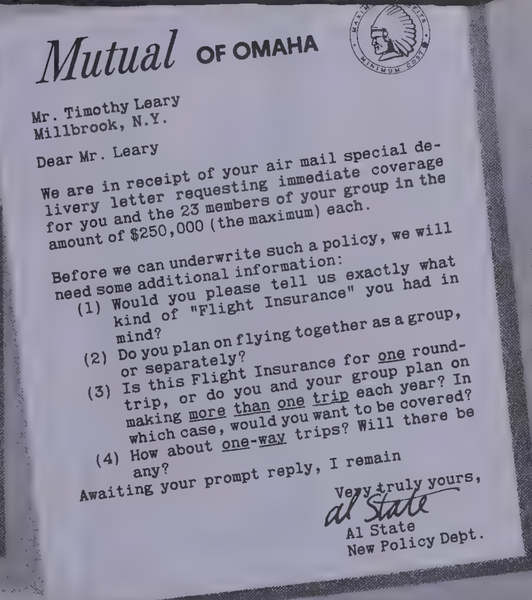

*Mutual* OF OMAHA

Mr. Timothy Leary
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

We are in receipt of your air mail special delivery letter requesting immediate coverage for you and the 23 members of your group in the amount of $250,000 (the maximum) each.

Before we can underwrite such a policy, we will need some additional information:

(1) Would you please tell us exactly what kind of "Flight Insurance" you had in mind?

(2) Do you plan on flying together as a group, or separately?

(3) Is this Flight Insurance for one round-trip, or do you and your group plan on making more than one trip each year? In which case, would you want to be covered?

(4) How about one-way trips? Will there be any?

Awaiting your prompt reply, I remain

Very truly yours,

Al State

Al State
New Policy Dept.

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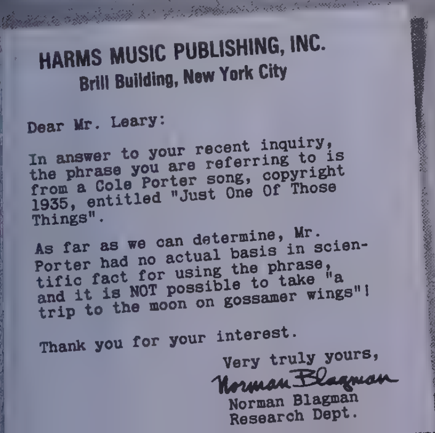

**HARMS MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.**
**Brill Building, New York City**

Dear Mr. Leary:

In answer to your recent inquiry, the phrase you are referring to is from a Cole Porter song, copyright 1935, entitled "Just One Of Those Things".

As far as we can determine, Mr. Porter had no actual basis in scientific fact for using the phrase, and it is NOT possible to take "a trip to the moon on gossamer wings"!

Thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,

Norman Blagman

Norman Blagman
Research Dept.

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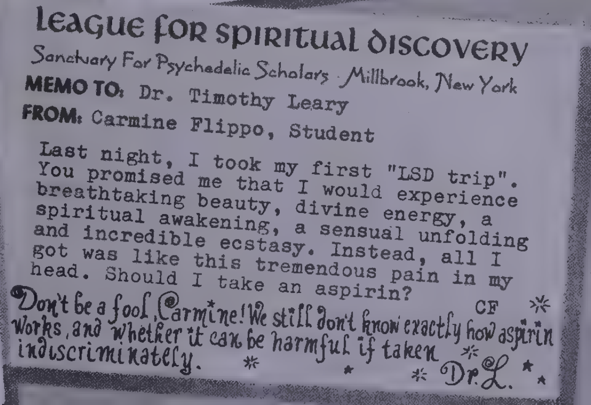


LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY
Sanctuary For Psychedelic Scholars · Millbrook, New York

**MEMO TO:** Dr. Timothy Leary
**FROM:** Carmine Flippo, Student

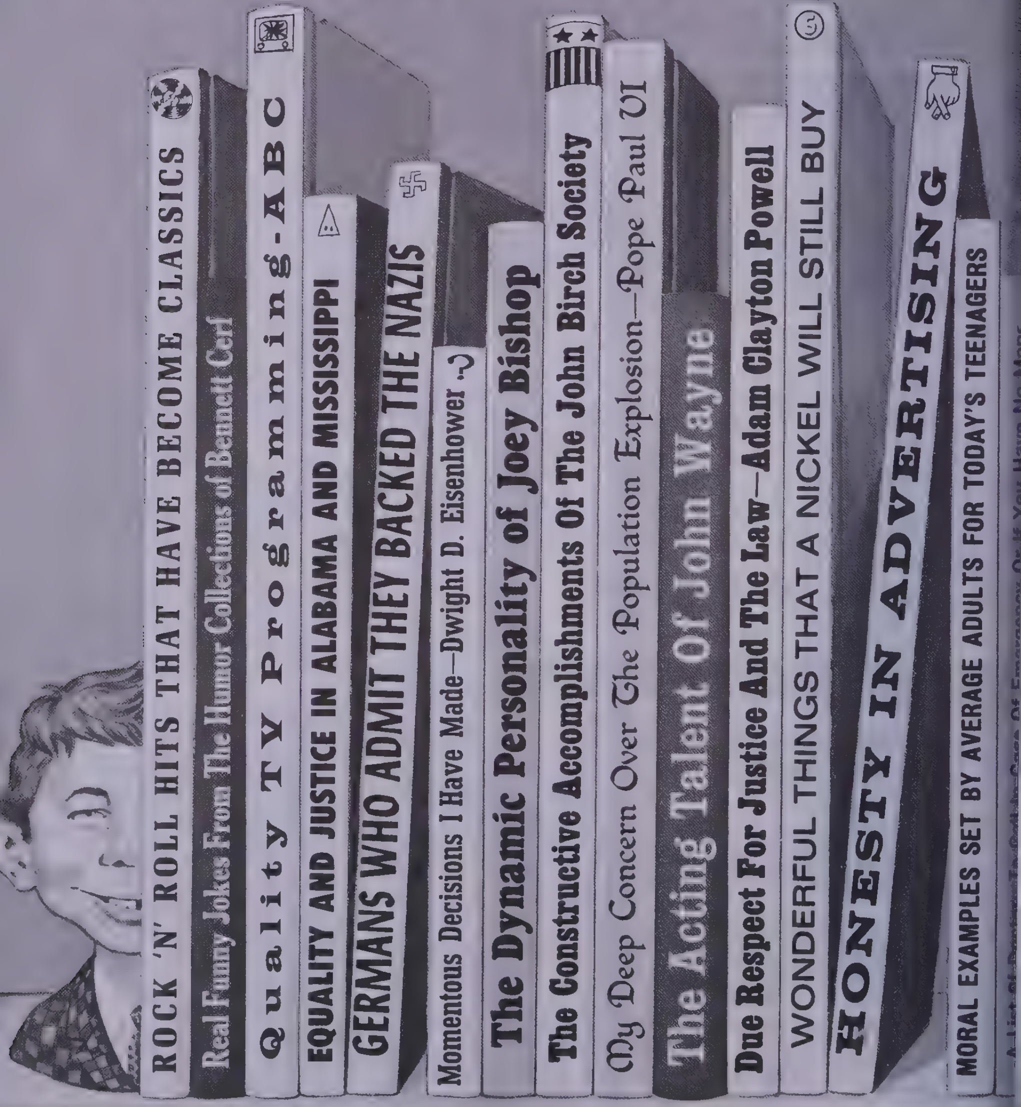
Last night, I took my first "LSD trip". You promised me that I would experience breathtaking beauty, divine energy, a spiritual awakening, a sensual unfolding and incredible ecstasy. Instead, all I got was like this tremendous pain in my head. Should I take an aspirin?

CF

Don't be a fool, Carmine! We still don't know exactly how aspirin works, and whether it can be harmful if taken indiscriminately. Dr. L.

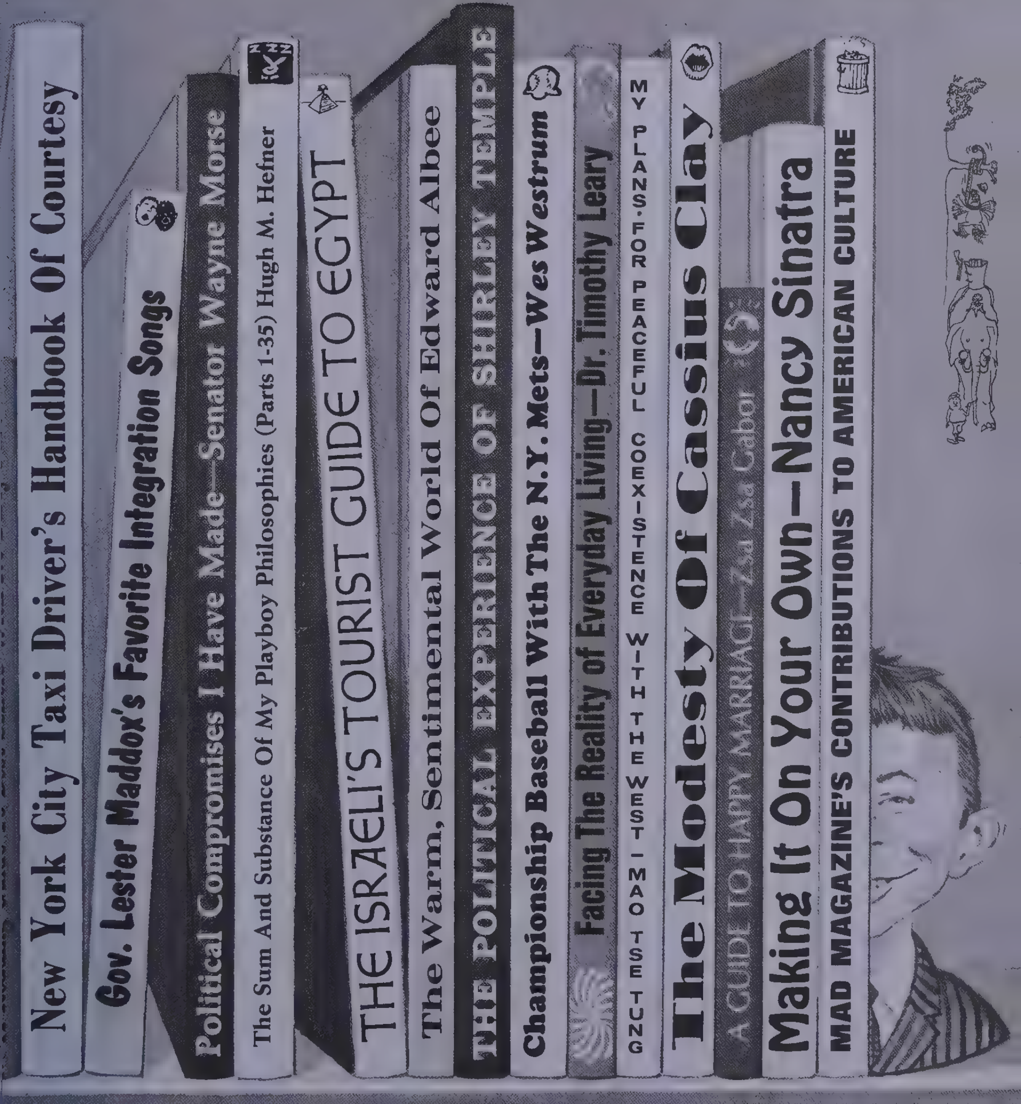
NARROW-MINDED DEPT.

# THE MAD LIBRARY OF


ROCK 'N' ROLL HITS THAT HAVE BECOME CLASSICS
Real Funny Jokes From The Humor Collections of Bennett Cerf
Quality TV Programing-ABC
EQUALITY AND JUSTICE IN ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI
GERMANS WHO ADMIT THEY BACKED THE NAZIS
Momentous Decisions I Have Made—Dwight D. Eisenhower
The Dynamic Personality of Joey Bishop
The Constructive Accomplishments Of The John Birch Society
My Deep Concern Over The Population Explosion—Pope Paul VI
The Acting Talent Of John Wayne
Due Respect For Justice And The Law—Adam Clayton Powell
WONDERFUL THINGS THAT A NICKEL WILL STILL BUY
HONESTY IN ADVERTISING
MORAL EXAMPLES SET BY AVERAGE ADULTS FOR TODAY'S TEENAGERS

# EXTREMELY THIN BOOKS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS


New York City Taxi Driver's Handbook Of Courtesy
Gov. Lester Maddox's Favorite Integration Songs
Political Compromises I Have Made—Senator Wayne Morse
The Sum And Substance Of My Playboy Philosophies (Parts 1-35) Hugh M. Hefner
THE ISRAELI'S TOURIST GUIDE TO EGYPT
The Warm, Sentimental World Of Edward Albee
THE POLITICAL EXPERIENCE OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Championship Baseball With The N.Y. Mets—Wes Westrum
Facing The Reality of Everyday Living—Dr. Timothy Leary
MY PLANS FOR PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE WITH THE WEST—MAO TSE TUNG
The Modesty Of Cassius Clay
A GUIDE TO HAPPY MARRIAGE—Zsa Zsa Gabor
Making It On Your Own—Nancy Sinatra
MAD MAGAZINE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN CULTURE

**COLD TABLETS DEPT.**

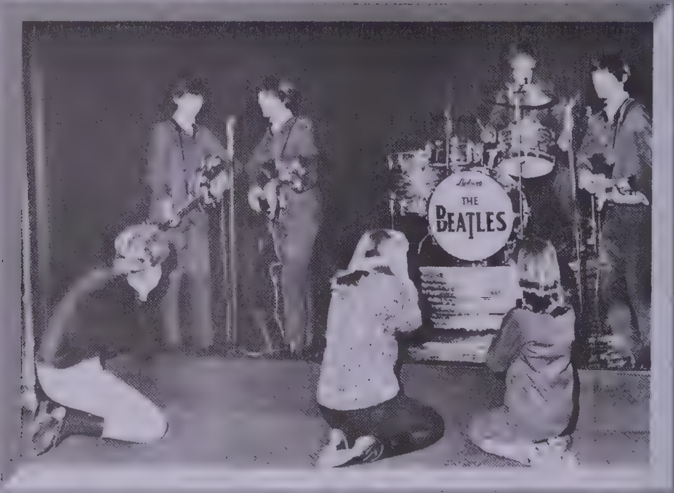
# THE TEN COMMAND

PRODUC

PHOTOS BY:

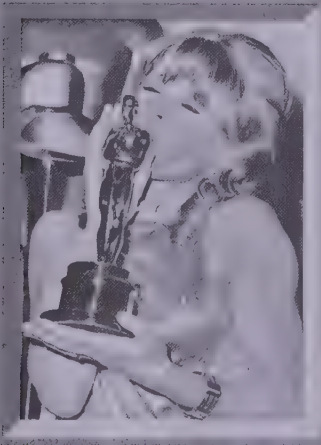
## I

THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.


Ludwig
THE
BEATLES

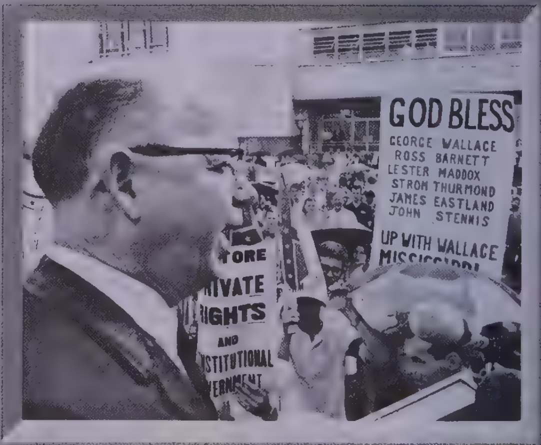
## II

THOU SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO THEE ANY GRAVEN IMAGE,



## III

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD, THY GOD, IN VAIN;


GOD BLESS
GEORGE WALLACE
ROSS BARNETT
LESTER MADDOX
STROM THURMOND
JAMES EASTLAND
JOHN STENNIS
UP WITH WALLACE
MISSISSIPPI
ORE
RIVATE
RIGHTS
AND
STITUTIONAL
ERNMENT

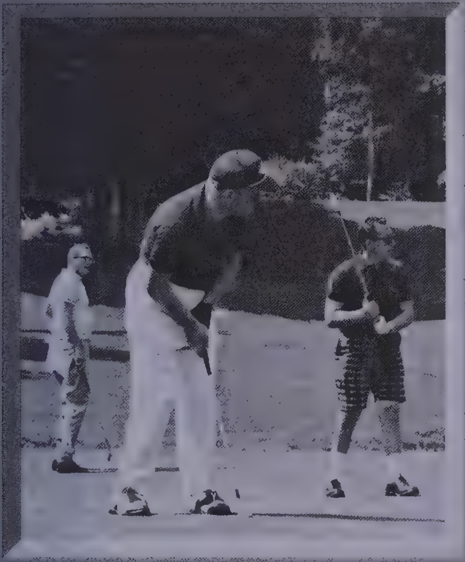
# MENTS – REVISITED

AX BRANDEL

IDE

## IV

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.



## V

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER:

MAMA'S & PAPA'S

## VI

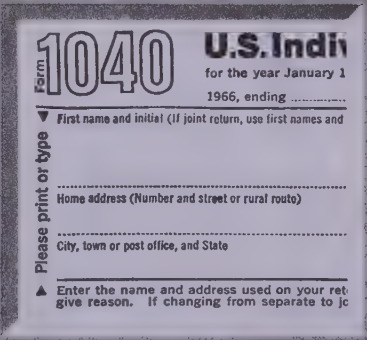
THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

## VII

### THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.

## VIII

### THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.



Form 1040 **U.S.Indi**
for the year January 1
1966, ending ..............

Please print or type

First name and initial (If joint return, use first names and
..............................................................
Home address (Number and street or rural route)
..............................................................
City, town or post office, and State

Enter the name and address used on your ret
give reason. If changing from separate to j

## IX

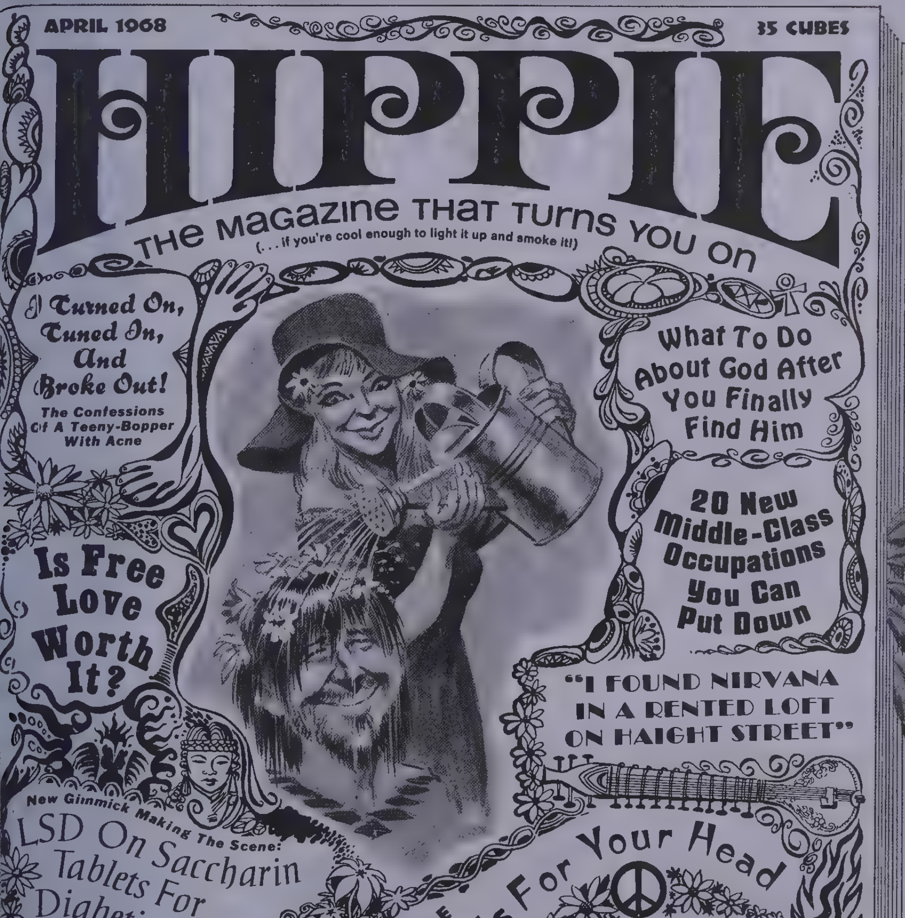
### THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR.

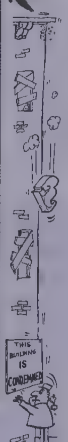
## X

### THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

**RN ON, TUNE IN, DROP DEAD DEPT.**

ERE'S A WILD NEW GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE BECOME PROMINENT IN AMERICA RECENTLY. THEY HAVE THEIR
VN UNIQUE LANGUAGE, THEIR OWN STRANGE BEHAVIOR, AND THEIR OWN BIZARRE PHILOSOPHY WHICH IS COM-
ETELY MISUNDERSTOOD BY MANY OLDSTERS. THE GROUP IS KNOWN AS "MODERATE REPUBLICANS". HOWEVER, IN
DITION TO THOSE CREEPS, THERE IS *ANOTHER* WEIRD SUB-CULTURE WITH *ANOTHER* SET OF HANG-UPS. THIS
OUP IS KNOWN AS "HIPPIES". THEY'RE *EVEN* MORE MISUNDERSTOOD THAN "MODERATE REPUBLICANS". AND SO,
A PUBLIC SERVICE—SO THAT THEY WILL BE MISUNDERSTOOD *EVEN MORE SO*, MAD MAGAZINE PRESENTS . . .


APRIL 1968
35 CUBES
HIPPIE
THE MAGAZINE THAT TURNS YOU ON
(. . . if you're cool enough to light it up and smoke it!)
I Turned On, Tuned In, And Broke Out!
The Confessions Of A Teeny-Bopper With Acne
What To Do About God After You Finally Find Him
20 New Middle-Class Occupations You Can Put Down
Is Free Love Worth It?
"I FOUND NIRVANA IN A RENTED LOFT ON HAIGHT STREET"
New Gimmick Making The Scene: LSD On Saccharin Tablets For Diabetic Tripsters
SPECIAL FULL-COLOR FEATURE
42 Flower Arrangements For Your Head
"What's All This Nonsense About LSD Affecting Our Chromosomes?"
By Samantha Bleeckerstreet, Mother of the famous "Siamese Sextuplets."


THIS BUILDING IS CONDEMNED

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

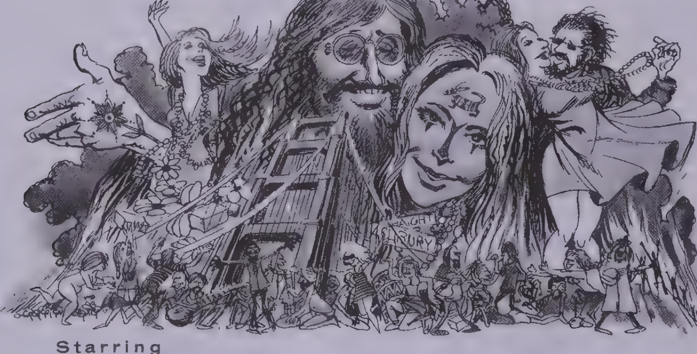
**A MOTION PICTURE SO BRUTALLY FRANK AND SO SHOCKING THAT ONLY A WIGGED-OUT PRODUCER LIKE NIRVANA E. LEVINE WOULD DARE MAKE IT!**

Psychedelic Pictures Present:

# The Wild Freakout Acid Trip At The Hippie Teeny-Bopper Love-In Orgy On The Strip

Formerly Titled: "I Found My Tender Love In San Francisco"

**IN GLORIOUS 70mm SIN-EMASCOPE AND STARTLING LSD-COLOR!**



Starring

**Peter Fonda** as "Honda"

**Andy Warhol** as "Soupy"

**Paul Krassner** as "The Dreamer"

**Joe Pepitone** as "Fungo"

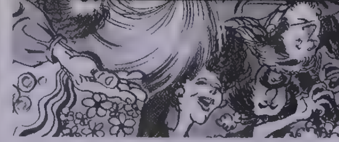
and introducing GOD in His first important role . . . as "President Johnson"

**SEE:** 10,000 WILD-EYED HIPPIES FLOGGING EACH OTHER INTO INSENSIBILITY WITH THEIR HAIR

**SEE:** 12,000 SCREAMING TEENY-BOPPERS FIGHTING FOR THE BLANKET IN THE ONE BED THEY SHARE

**SEE:** 15,000 BERSERK DIGGERS GROVELING FOR A ROACH THAT FELL DOWN A SEWER ON N. Y.'S EAST SIDE

**SEE:** 8 CRAZY USHERS LEAD YOU TO YOUR SEAT USING A PSYCHEDELIC STROBE LIGHT TO PUT YOU ON



THREE FULL DAYS IN THE MAKING!

**FILMED ON LOCATION IN WARREN BEATTY'S RUMPUS ROOM**

# HIPPIE

## CLASSIFIED ADS

**FOR SALE:** Extra-Large Banana, al
most like new, smoked only onc
by a Little Old Lady Hippie on th
lower East Side. Box H79

**39 MALE HIPPIES, 4 FEMALE HIPPIES**
seek 5 Female Hippies to shar
one-room pad on Haight St. Al
replies confidential. Our Landlor
knows about this ad. Box H81

**WILL TRADE** three locks of Allen Gins
berg's beard for one swatch fron
Timothy Leary's toga. Box H82

**YOUNG MALE HIPPIE,** leaving for India
to find God, desires Young Femal
Traveling Companion in case I don'
connect. Box H83

**GREENWICH VILLAGE HIPPIE** seeks tri
to West Coast. I'll stay here. Yo
drive my mind to California. Wee
of July 7th. Box H85

**RAGA ROCK GROUP** trio seeks fourt
member, to explain the melodies t
us. Box H87

**MALE HIPPIE WITH ONE LEG** seeks Female Hippie with One Leg. Object
Real out-of-sight Boogaloo. Bo
H89

**LET US HANDLE YOUR NEXT LSD TRIP**
Avoid Freakouts. We make al
necessary arrangements. Hallucina
tions carefully planned. Th
Turned-On Travel Agency. Bo
H90

**HELP! I AM BEING HELD PRISONER** i
my Hi-Fi and TV-equipped ow
room in the suburban home of m
materialistic, conformist parents
Box H92

**FREE GUIDE TO 101 MOUNTAINS** wher
you can dwell, meditate, turn o
groove and hold orgies—includin
several active volcanos. Box H93

**COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC** to 9
Buddhist Chants. Only $2.50. Bo
H98

**THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS!** Excitin
new cure for hernias resulting fro
Yoga Lotus Position. Box H111

**LET US CATER YOUR NEXT POT PART**
Why fuss? Estimates cheerfull
given. Dietary Laws strictly o
served. Write: Leo's Psychedelica
tessen. Box H112

**LOOKING FOR GOD?** I will tell yo
where to find Him. No kidding,
know where He's at, and who H
is. $1.00 gets this information. You
money back in 7 days if you're n
completely satisfied with Him. Bo
H115

**MELVIN, YOU'VE GOT TO COME HOM**
We understand why you droppe
out of our hypocritical conform
existence devoted to the acquisitio
of material things, to tune in on t
peace, brotherhood and psychedel
joys of the turned-on Hippie Mov
ment. It's just that we can no long
afford to send you the money y

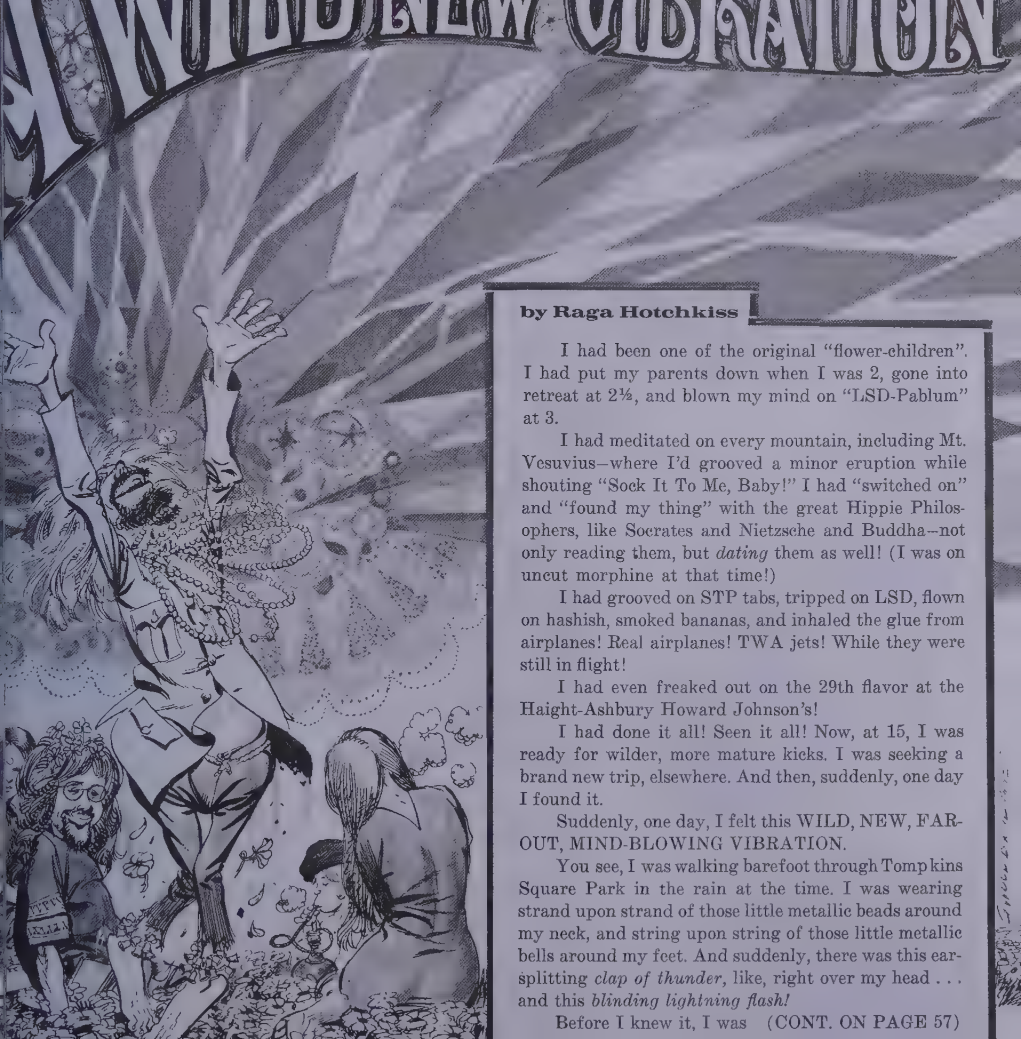
**I Had Tried Every Kick There Was!**

**I Had Seen It All!**

**And Then . . .**

# I DISCOVERED A WILD NEW VIBRATION

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE-WINNING **HIPPIE** CONFESSION STORY



### by Raga Hotchkiss

I had been one of the original "flower-children". I had put my parents down when I was 2, gone into retreat at 2½, and blown my mind on "LSD-Pablum" at 3.

I had meditated on every mountain, including Mt. Vesuvius—where I'd grooved a minor eruption while shouting "Sock It To Me, Baby!" I had "switched on" and "found my thing" with the great Hippie Philosophers, like Socrates and Nietzsche and Buddha—not only reading them, but *dating* them as well! (I was on uncut morphine at that time!)

I had grooved on STP tabs, tripped on LSD, flown on hashish, smoked bananas, and inhaled the glue from airplanes! Real airplanes! TWA jets! While they were still in flight!

I had even freaked out on the 29th flavor at the Haight-Ashbury Howard Johnson's!

I had done it all! Seen it all! Now, at 15, I was ready for wilder, more mature kicks. I was seeking a brand new trip, elsewhere. And then, suddenly, one day I found it.

Suddenly, one day, I felt this WILD, NEW, FAR-OUT, MIND-BLOWING VIBRATION.

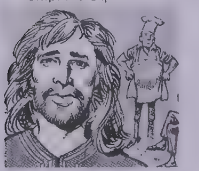
You see, I was walking barefoot through Tompkins Square Park in the rain at the time. I was wearing strand upon strand of those little metallic beads around my neck, and string upon string of those little metallic bells around my feet. And suddenly, there was this ear-splitting *clap of thunder*, like, right over my head . . . and this *blinding lightning flash!*

Before I knew it, I was (CONT. ON PAGE 57)

## The Hippie HALL OF SHAME

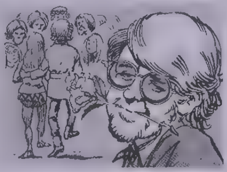
The Hippies below have been placed on our Dishonor Roll and blacklisted from the following Hippie Communities: The East Village in N. Y., Haight-Ashbury in S. F., Fire Island on L. I., Sunset Blvd. in L. A. and Munchkin Land in Oz. They have turned on to activities detrimental to our movement and should be avoided at all costs. Do not . . . repeat . . . DO NOT feed them or let them sleep in your pad.

**MOHAMMAD TISHMAN**
Tompkins Square Park



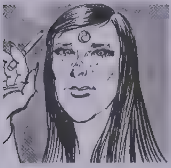
For burning incense at a suburban barbecue lawn party

**GAUGAIN GREENSPAN**
Greenwich Village



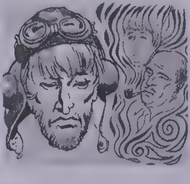
For coming to a love-in with his own date

**MANDALA O'TOOLE**
Haight-Ashbury



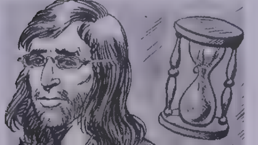
For smoking a cigarette with a brand-name on it

**SAROD COWZNOFSKI**
Fire Island



For taking an LSD trip and seeing his parents

**ZEN RAPPAPORT**
Ocean Beach



For being over thirty years of age

# ASK ABBA

Advice To The Up Tight

Each issue, Abba Bennadam answers the questions of the uptight, the turned-on, the freaked-out, the hung-up and the far-mished. Abba Bennadam is a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet, a Free-Thinker and an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman. Abba Bennadam is also a very wise man. Because he realizes that you can't make a living as a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet or a Free-Thinker . . . only as an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman.

Dear Abba:

I am planning to take my first mind-expanding "trip". But I have been warned that LSD is habit-forming. Is this true?

Bugged
San Francisco, Cal.

*Dear Bugged:*

*I have been taking mind-expanding LSD trips every day for the past 11 years, and I haven't found it habit-forming.*

* * *

Dear Abba:

Like, I am hip. Can you help me. I am looking for some wild new vibration. I would prefer something relating to the Far Eastern cults. Do you have any suggestions?

Hopped-Up
St. Louis, Mo.

*Dear Hopped-Up:*

*Try sticking your head between two Chinese gongs.*

* * *

Dear Abba:

Enclosed is my picture. I am an Acid-Head living on Fire Island, N. Y. Recently, my Doctor informed me that I was pregnant. I have heard that LSD can affect the chromosomes. Since I take LSD trips regularly, do you think that this may endanger my pregnancy?

Worried
Cherry Grove, N. Y.

*Dear Worried:*

*Ordinarily, no. But in your case, Sir, there may be some complications.*

* * *

Dear Abba:

I have tuned in on a wild new emotional trip and I think it's wonderful. Instead of the fleeting, impersonal, violent, unfeeling, dispassionate love many hedonist Hippies turn on to just for kicks, when I make love I try to make it into something beautiful and precious and close. What do you think?

At Peace
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

*Dear At Peace:*

*I think that's disgusting!*

* * *

Dear Abba:

I am approaching 30, and I still haven't found God! Man, I'm getting uptight over it! How and where can I find Him?

Rattled
Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Rattled:*

*Don't lose your cool. I'll tell Him you're looking for Him the next time I*

Dear Abba:

Last week, I really took a bad "trip". First I saw my body cut into hundreds of pieces. Then I saw my nose under my lip and one eye missing. Then I saw my skin turn blue, then green, then purple. What was I on?

Freaked-Out
New York City

*Dear Freaked-Out:*

*You were on the second floor of the Museum of Modern Art, and that was a Picasso you were looking at.*

* * *

Dear Abba:

I've smoked bananas, morning glory seeds, grapefruit rinds, grass (not pot, but "crab"), melons, prune pits . . . just about anything you can name. Now, some cat tells me I can groove with salmon. I think he's putting me on. So, clue me, Man! Ever, like, smoked salmon?

Hassled
Denver, Colo.

*Dear Hassled:*

*No, but I once dug pickled lox!*

* * *

Dear Abba:

Baby, like, I'm woke you copped a plea with the fuzz when they strung you out after turning on to boo and grooving with acid in your pad with this out of sight chick who was tripping on STP but couldn't cool it because she was strapped for bread and lacking the universal oom. So I put you down!

Switched-On
San Francisco, Cal.

*Dear Switched-On:*

*Stop talking like a child!*

* * *

Dear Abba:

Our teenage son has run away from our Bleecker Street pad and is now living in a split-level house in suburban Larchmont, where he is taking trips in a 1968 Ford Mustang, dressing in the latest "Mod" fashions, and, worst of all, working for money to pay for these things. Where did we go wrong?

Strung Out
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

*Dear Strung-Out:*

*You wigged out somewhere along the line. If you'd provided him with a normal, dirty, loft environment, shown an interest in his free-love problems, and supplied him with the things he really needed, like hashish and STP pills, perhaps he wouldn't have split the scene*

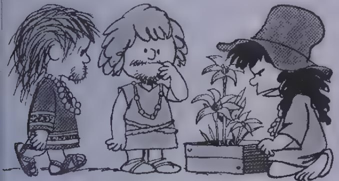
# "UPTIGHT" IS A DRY SUGAR CUBE

by Abu Schulz

**FOR THE NON-HIPPIE READER: IN THE WAY OF EXPLANATION**

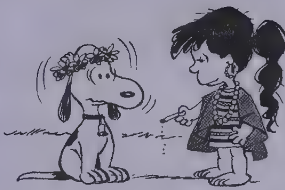
"Uptight" means, like, a bad scene. It's when you're hung up, or wigged out, or you can't make it. We all get "uptight" once in a while. Here are some grooving examples of "uptight":

UPTIGHT is . . .



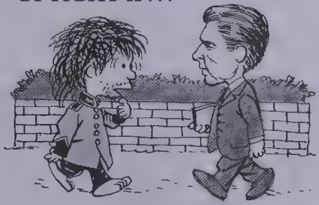
. . . seeing lilies-of-the-valley sprout from the Marijuana seeds you planted.

UPTIGHT is . . .



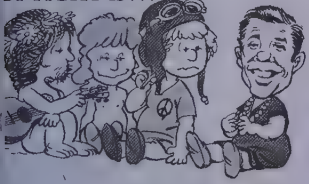
. . . having the light go out on the "joint" . . . just as it gets to you.

UPTIGHT is . . .



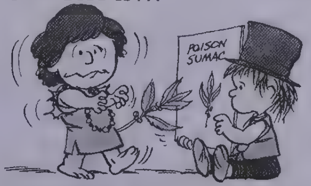
. . . walking along the Berkeley campus and bumping into Gov. Ronald Reagan.

UPTIGHT is . . .



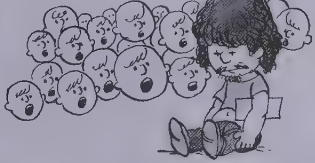
. . . looking around and seeing Bert Parks at your "pot" party.

UPTIGHT is . . .



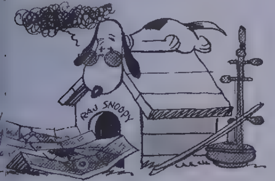
. . . discovering that the flower you've been carrying in your hand for two months is actually poison sumac.

UPTIGHT is . . .



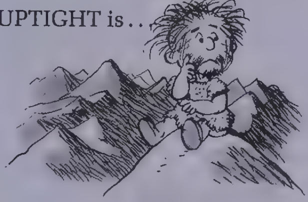
. . . taking an LSD trip and seeing "The Mormon Tabernacle Choir".

UPTIGHT is . . .



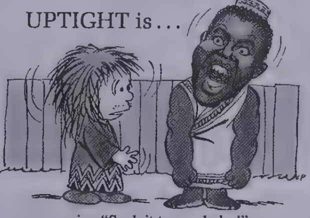
. . . finding out that Toledo Ohio *is* ". . . where it's at!"

UPTIGHT is . . .



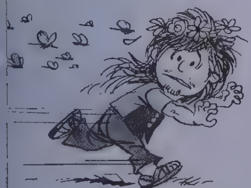
. . . climbing a mountain in Tibet to meditate, and then forgetting what you went up there for.

UPTIGHT is . . .



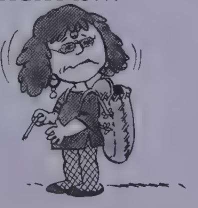
. . . saying "Sock it to me, baby!" and then discovering it's Mohammad Ali.

UPTIGHT is . . .



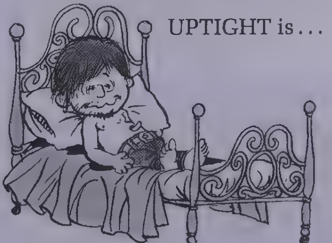
. . . discovering the flowers in your hair attract wasps.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . carrying the "papoose" on your back for twenty blocks, and then turning around and discovering there ain't no baby.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . contemplating your navel while on LSD, and watching as your appendix starts coming out of it.

# WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

## Philosophical Gems Overheard In Hippie Communities

### Omar Ferdlip

FREE-LANCE HEDONIST

. . . upon his return to the Haight-Ashbury scene after spending fourteen months meditating by himself on the top of Mount Shasta in California:

"Daisies have become the major force in my life!"

### Shah Bernbaum

PROFESSIONAL HIPPIE

. . . after being stopped by a tourist who gazed at his shredded Army coat, the garland of petunias in his hair, the filth on his bare feet, the spittle on his lips and the mud in his beard—and then asked him what he was trying to prove, just shrugged and said:

"All I can do is try to be beautiful!"

### Samantha Gurney

TOPLESS FREE-VERSE POET

. . . after being discovered living in the third floor bathroom linen closet of the East Village Y.M.C.A., and was asked by cops how come she was there:

"Man, everybody has got to be *someplace!*"

### Ecstasy Wainwright

FULL-TIME DROP-OUT FROM LIFE

. . . after being told that his father had just been elected President of a giant corporation with a salary of $175,000-a-year, plus a $100,000 stock-option plan, an unlimited expense account, a luxurious $80,000 home and a new company-owned car:

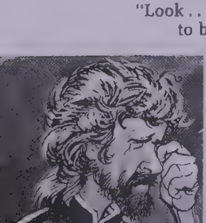
"Like, that's HIS hang-up!"

### Myron The Messiah

PROPHET AND FLUTE REPAIRMAN

. . . asked why he had pelted National Guard Troops with flowers during a riot, and then set fire to himself in protest by leaping barefoot into the steaming hot-fat-vats of a Chicken Delight delivery truck, just smiled:

"Look . . . that just happens to be my *thing!*"



### Moses M. Stash

UNEMPLOYED RAGA COMPOSER AND DRIFTER

. . . while passing through a typical square suburban community and seeing a well-groomed teenage boy and a modestly-dressed teenage girl holding hands and gazing at each other while sipping sodas at a corner drug store:

"Lord, what is happening

# Hippie Happenings

## What's Grooving Around Hippie Communities

by Charisma Berkowitz

*WHO TELLS IT LIKE IT IS*

**WILD SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN:** SAHIB NESBIT drill
a hole in his cranium. He's looking for a permanent tu
on . . . SINAI BOTCHKINS, at a Hindu "happening", try
to quote the Guru with a mouthful of Hashish . .
MANTHA SACKS and DESDEMONA TRESS pelting e
other with pussy willows, and breaking out in a rash
Hippie cut-up RAMA DOUD, trying for laughs by emp
ing a sack of Farina on SITAR TWEEDY while shou
"Flour Power!" (He didn't get any!) . . . ANGIE THE
SALLY THE SLOB, MURRAY THE UNCLEAN, RIVA T
RAGGED and CHICKIE THE FUZZ among the "Beaut
People" strolling barefoot through the scene.

**FURD FLACCID is being consoled by friends a**
returning from a "bad trip". Not a bad LSD trip. F
went home to visit his family . . . MADMAN MILLBU
looking for new kicks, tried injecting alphabet soup
his veins and broke out in four-letter words . . . WIL
THE WANDERER moved from his loft on Bleecker St
and is now living in a garbage can in Tompkins Squ
Park. And the best thing is he only has to share it
two other Hippies . . . KORAN CALIBASH finally too
haircut. He had it trimmed right up to his shoulders
DRACHMA THE DIGGER has made arrangements for sta
ing N. Y. Hippies to receive food packages from Vietn
War Orphans. Good grooving, Drachma!

**DIP YOUR PEN IN ACID, and write to the follow**
shut-ins: JOJO BOTTOMSLEY, recuperating in his p
JoJo tried to smoke a banana the hard way. While it
still in the Gorilla's mouth! . . . Also to RASHA NASH
who took a double dose of LSD so he'd be sure to m
a "round-trip" . . . Also to BABYJANE FLAUM, who g
hernia carrying the papoose on her back. Seems the b
wasn't in it, but her old man was! . . . Also to the 47 H
pies who were hurt in that terrible crash. Their bed
lapsed! . . . Also to MARA, MAJA and SHAH, three l
"tripsters" who took LSD together and saw MAN
MOE and SHEMP—The Three Stooges! Man, what a
trip!

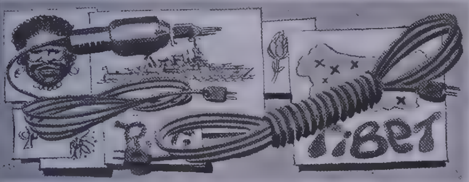
**MONK ROSNER, Raga Flute Player** is going
retreat to contemplate Robert Goulet . . . NIRV
NUSSBAUM is planning to run for President on the "L
ticket. Seems he isn't popular enough yet to run on
"Love" ticket . . . MOGID REILLY is putting the finis
touches on his new book: "How To Live in Hai
Ashbury on $15.00 a Year" . . . Orchids to Raga R
Composer SCIMITAR BUNNIGER! Not that he's d
such a good job on his music. It's just that he love
wear them in his hair . . . **ADD TO OUR "LO**
**ALIKES":** NORMA ZILCH, swinging new East Vil
teeny-bopper runaway from Great Neck, L. I. and AL
GINSBERG . . . **RUMOR OF THE MONTH:** Smol
pot will become legal. The hang-up is: getting high

# THE TURNED-ON GIFT GUIDE

## For The Hippie Who Has Nothing

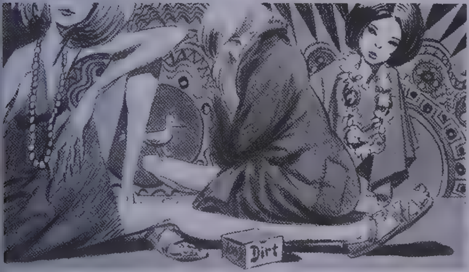
You may order any of these items direct from HIPPIE MAGAZINE. There are no prices quoted. Send us as much bread as you can. Not MONEY . . . real bread! Rye, Pumpernickel, anything! From this business, we can starve!

### Do-It-Yourself Tattoo Kit



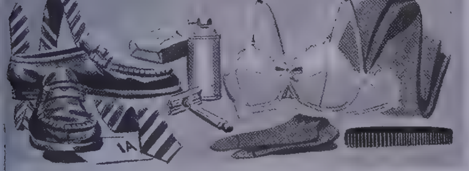
Now you can decorate yourself in the latest Hippie designs —permanently! Comes complete with electric needle, extra-ong extension cord (so if you don't have electricity, you an plug it into the lamppost outside your loft), and a huge election of sample tattoos, including a ¾ view of the Graf Spee, a portrait of a Hottentot Bushman, a full-color nap of Tibet showing all of the "meditation mountains", etc.

### Fashion Accessories



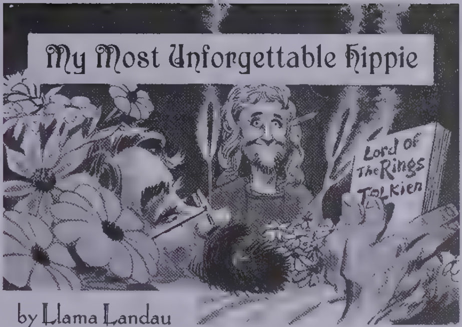
f you want to be one of the "Beautiful People", then this ix-piece fashion wardrobe is a "must"! You get a pair of vorn sandals, a moth-eaten Army blanket, a string of beads, garland of artificial flowers, a live bluebird and a box f real dirt. Can be worn everywhere—in your pad, while naking the scene, when meditating on a mountain, or while naking a police line-up. You'll look absolutely stunning . . just like the girls shown modeling the stuff above.

### Hippie Collectors Items



or the sentimental Hippie who wants to collect relics of he past. Shoes . . . ties . . . soap . . . bras . . . draft cards . . combs . . . shaving squipment . . . nylon stockings, etc. Ve have an unlimited supply of these nostalgic items. They ake great gag gifts, planters, ash trays or wall plaques,

## My Most Unforgettable Hippie


Lord of The Rings Tolkien

by Llama Landau

He was out of sight! He was tuned in on the ultimate vibration! He was turned on to the wildest bag possible! He was the hippiest Hippie! He spiritualized everything the true Hippie stands for . . . peace, love, gentleness and a return to nature. No longer would he pursue the fast buck, or strive for the Madison Avenue concept of happiness, or rot in the suburban-conformist swamp, or support the PTA, or attend the local Church, or kowtow to the Local Draft Board, or participate in Little League. No longer would he suffer the hang-up of the never-ending middle-class drive to produce, produce, produce and succeed, succeed, succeed. He had wigged out on all that!

Instead, he had found true beauty, lasting peace, the inner contentment that all Hippies seek. The true beauty that one enjoys while sitting on a secluded mountain and meditating in the clear, cold wind. The lasting peace that comes after your mind has expanded daily on 500 micrograms of LSD. The inner contentment that comes from eating only pure organic natural foods like liver powder and bone meal and millet.

And as I passed his coffin and gazed down upon his pale, serene face, I realized further that he *(Cont. on page 86)*

## Coming In The Next Issue

### "I Got Turned On By Soy Sauce!"

A HIPPIE'S TOUR OF CHINATOWN AND HIS ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

### A Report On Greenwich Village

"BROTHERLY LOVE'S OKAY, BUT THIS PLACE HAS, LIKE, TOO MUCH, BABY!"

### "I Was A Flower Girl At My Own Wedding!"

A HIPPIE BRIDE TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO TRIP DOWN THE AISLE

### *"I Mixed LSD With Chicken Soup And Took A Trip To Israel!"*

(WHICH IS A PRETTY NEAT TRICK CONSIDERING I'M NOT EVEN JEWISH!)

### *"How To Meditate On A High Mountain Without Getting A Nose-Bleed"*

### The "Do-It-Yourself Project" Of The Issue:

TAKE THE WORRY OUT OF SMOKING BANANAS WITH THE BRAND NEW

### Hippie Magazine Banana Filter

### 18 Startling Photos of "Bad Trips"

INCLUDING ONE TO PATCHOGUE ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD!

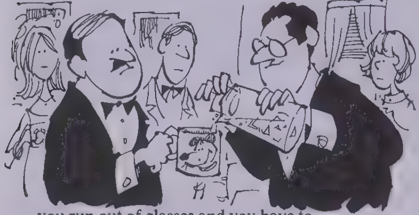
### A Hippie's Embarrassing Moment:

"LIKE, HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH A FLOWER IN MY HAIR AND GOT DANDRUFF ON MY DAFFODIL!"

BIRTH OF THE BLUES DEPT.

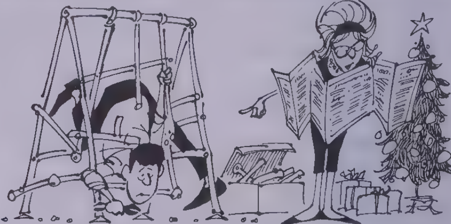
# You Know You're REALLY

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



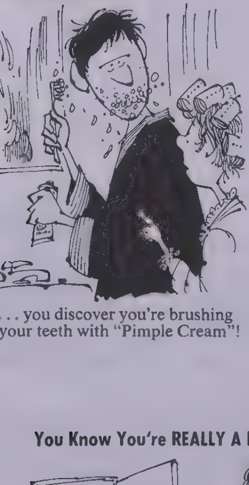
. . . you run out of glasses and you have to start serving martinis in "Yogi Bear" mugs!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



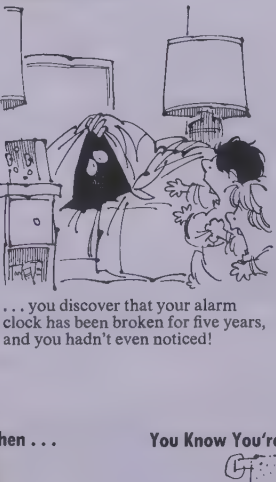
. . . the most dreaded event of the year is no longer "Income Tax" time, but that "Pre-Christmas Toy-Assembly" section!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



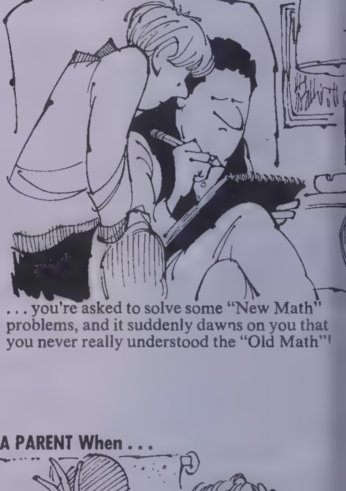
. . you discover you're brushing your teeth with "Pimple Cream"!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



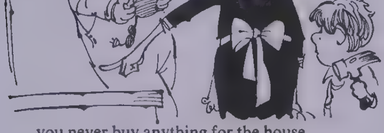
. . . you discover that your alarm clock has been broken for five years, and you hadn't even noticed!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . .**



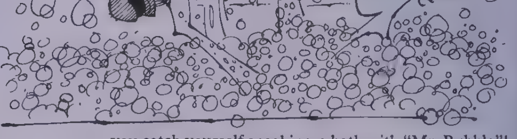
. . . you're asked to solve some "New Math" problems, and it suddenly dawns on you that you never really understood the "Old Math"!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



. . . you never buy anything for the house that isn't plastic, vinyl, or cast iron!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



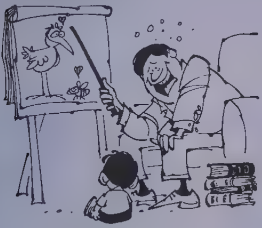
. . . you catch yourself sneaking a bath with "Mr. Bubble"!

# A PARENT When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

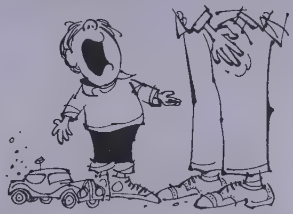
WRITERS: PHIL HAHN
& JACK HANRAHAN

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**



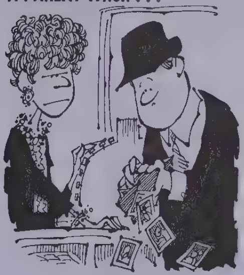
. . . you sit up all night preparing an off-the-cuff, informal explanation of the human reproductive process!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**



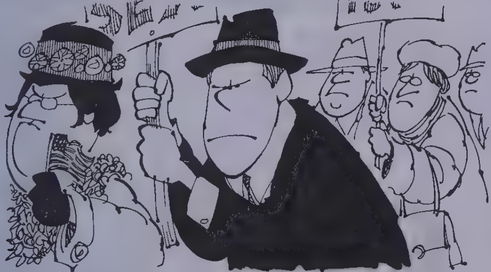
. . . you suddenly find that your electric bill comes to three dollars less than you paid for batteries for toys that month!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**



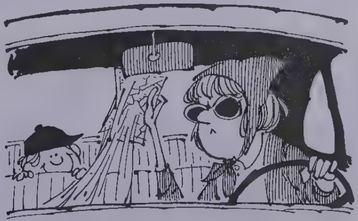
. . . you find yourself carrying snapshots in your wallet where money used to be!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



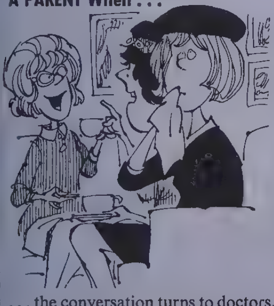
. . . you whole-heartedly join an all-out campaign to wipe out those smutty books and magazines you used to read and enjoy!

**You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .**



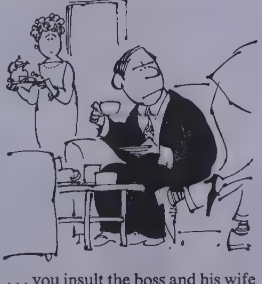
. . . you pull the Road Atlas out of the glove compartment and find that its pages have been permanently fused together with Tootsie Rolls!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**



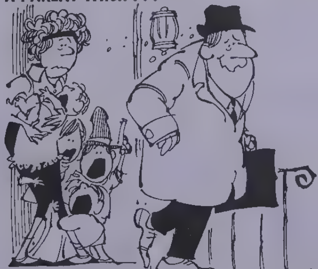
. . . the conversation turns to doctors, and the only two names that come to mind are "Spock" and "Seuss"!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**



. . . you insult the boss and his wife by leaving early rather than risk losing a good baby-sitter!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When . . .**

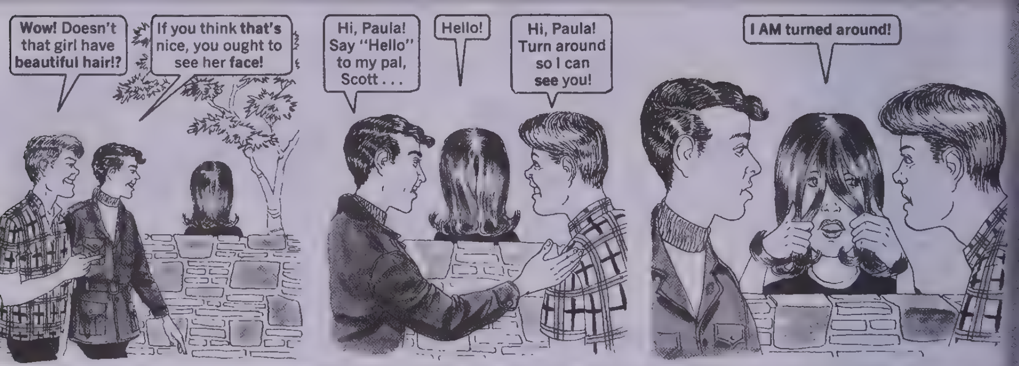


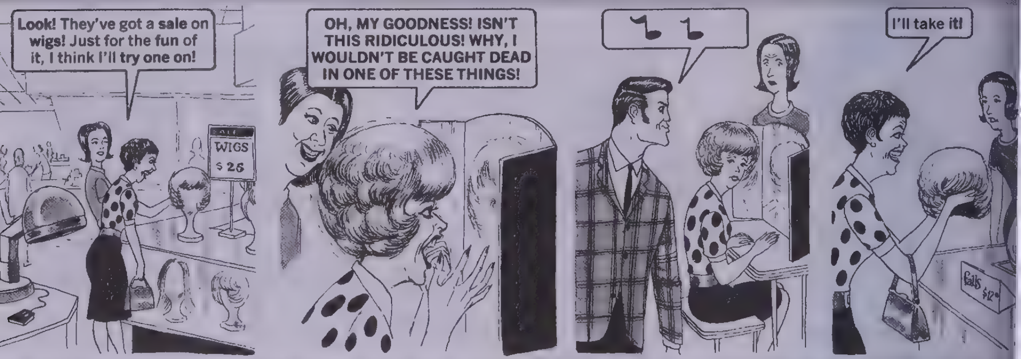
. . . you actually look forward to Mondays!

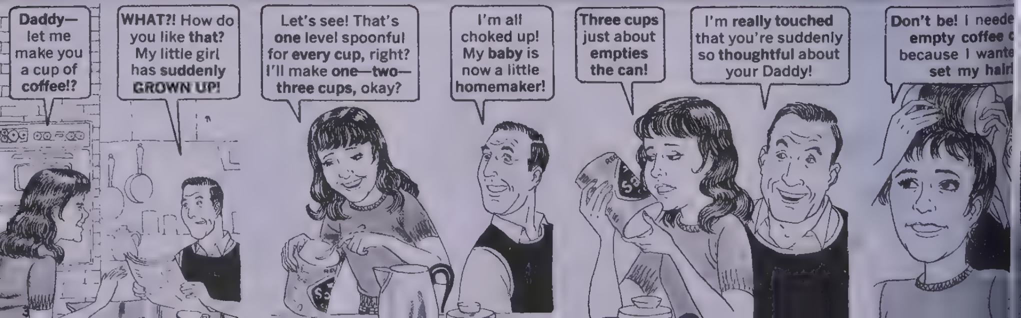
**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

Plucking
Trimming
Cutting
Shaping
Shaving
Shampooing
Coloring
Curling
Setting
Drying
Brushing
Combing
Straightening
Faking
Growing and
Removing...

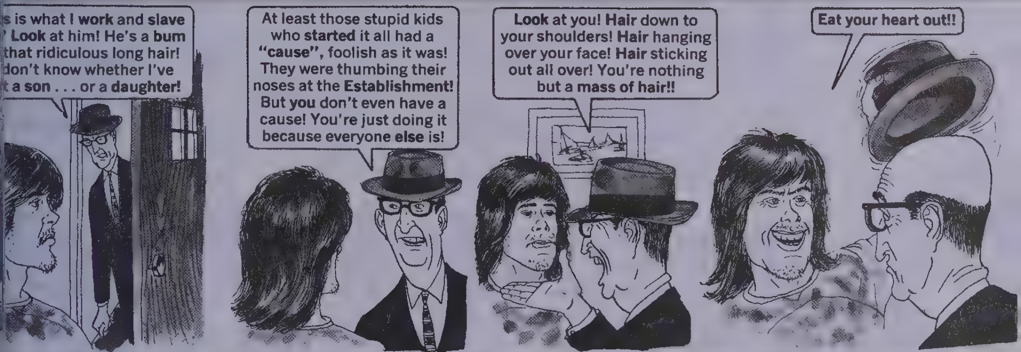

Wow! Doesn't that girl have beautiful hair!?
If you think that's nice, you ought to see her face!
Hi, Paula! Say "Hello" to my pal, Scott . . .
Hello!
Hi, Paula! Turn around so I can see you!
I AM turned around!

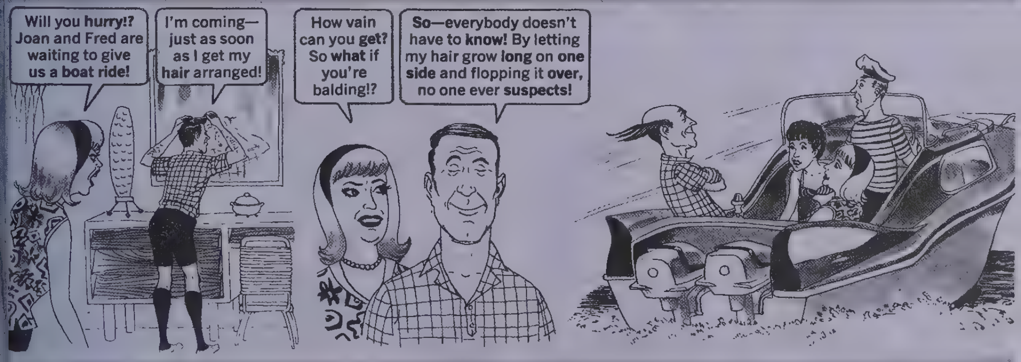

Look! They've got a sale on wigs! Just for the fun of it, I think I'll try one on!
SALE
WIGS
$ 25
OH, MY GOODNESS! ISN'T THIS RIDICULOUS! WHY, I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN ONE OF THESE THINGS!
I'll take it!
Falls $12

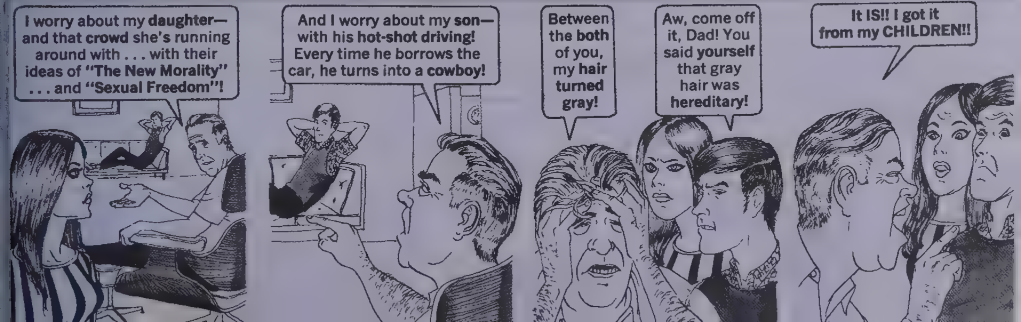

Daddy— let me make you a cup of coffee!?
WHAT?! How do you like that? My little girl has suddenly GROWN UP!
Let's see! That's one level spoonful for every cup, right? I'll make one—two— three cups, okay?
I'm all choked up! My baby is now a little homemaker!
Three cups just about empties the can!
I'm really touched that you're suddenly so thoughtful about your Daddy!
Don't be! I neede empty coffee c because I wante set my hair!

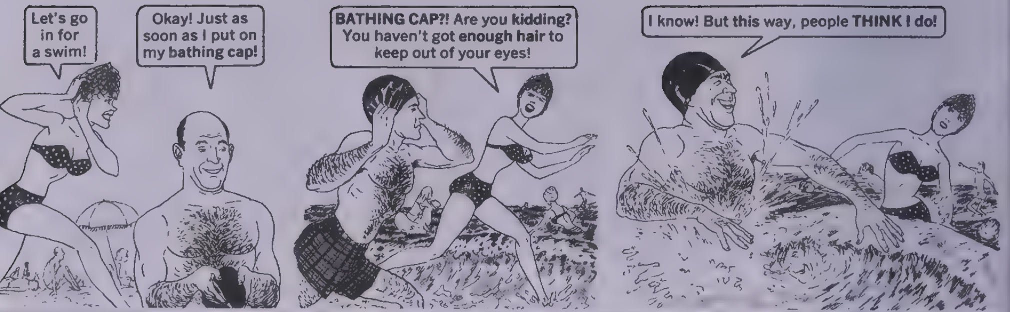
# HAIR

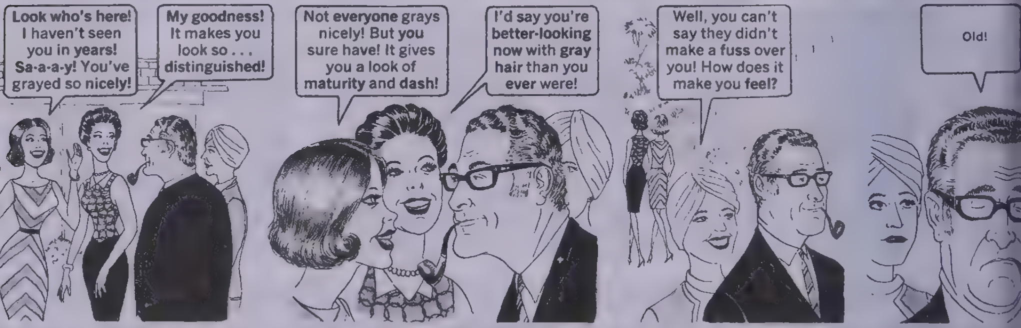
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

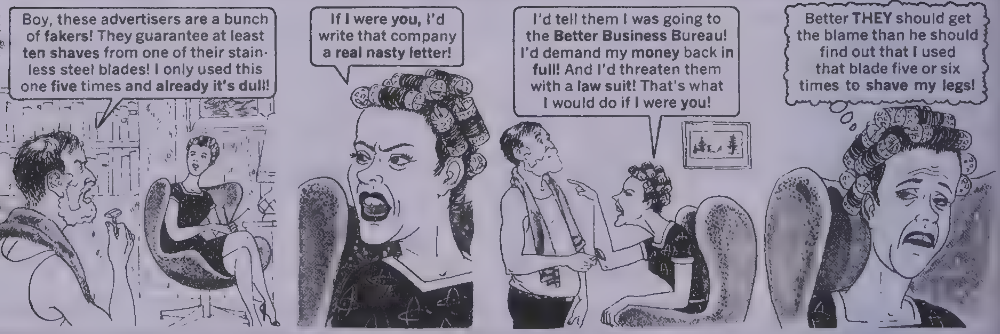

s is what I work and slave
' Look at him! He's a bum
that ridiculous long hair!
don't know whether I've
t a son . . . or a daughter!
At least those stupid kids who started it all had a "cause", foolish as it was! They were thumbing their noses at the Establishment! But you don't even have a cause! You're just doing it because everyone else is!
Look at you! Hair down to your shoulders! Hair hanging over your face! Hair sticking out all over! You're nothing but a mass of hair!!
Eat your heart out!!

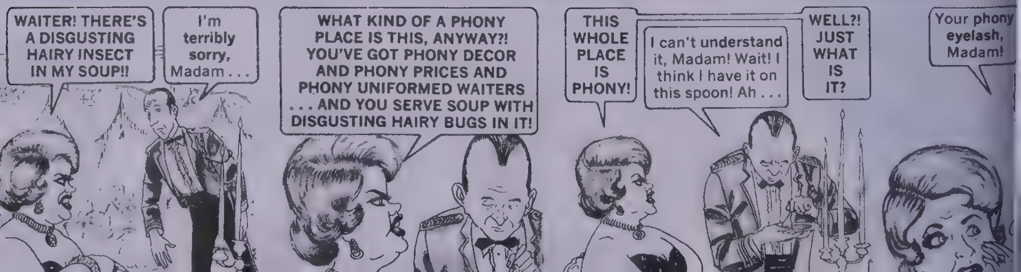

Will you hurry!? Joan and Fred are waiting to give us a boat ride!
I'm coming—just as soon as I get my hair arranged!
How vain can you get? So what if you're balding!?
So—everybody doesn't have to know! By letting my hair grow long on one side and flopping it over, no one ever suspects!

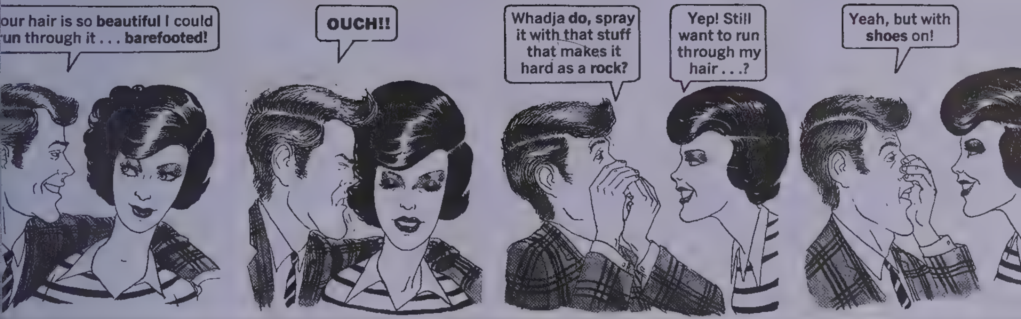

I worry about my daughter—and that crowd she's running around with . . . with their ideas of "The New Morality" . . . and "Sexual Freedom"!
And I worry about my son—with his hot-shot driving! Every time he borrows the car, he turns into a cowboy!
Between the both of you, my hair turned gray!
Aw, come off it, Dad! You said yourself that gray hair was hereditary!
It IS!! I got it from my CHILDREN!!

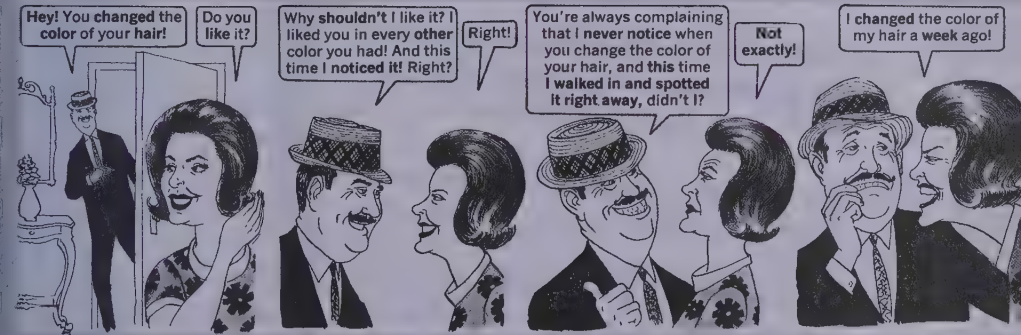

Let's go in for a swim!
Okay! Just as soon as I put on my bathing cap!
BATHING CAP?! Are you kidding? You haven't got enough hair to keep out of your eyes!
I know! But this way, people THINK I do!

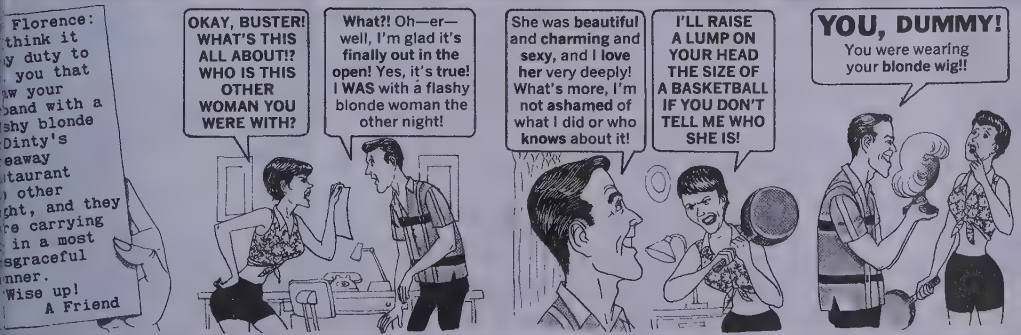

Look who's here! I haven't seen you in years! Sa-a-a-y! You've grayed so nicely!
My goodness! It makes you look so . . . distinguished!
Not everyone grays nicely! But you sure have! It gives you a look of maturity and dash!
I'd say you're better-looking now with gray hair than you ever were!
Well, you can't say they didn't make a fuss over you! How does it make you feel?
Old!


Boy, these advertisers are a bunch of fakers! They guarantee at least ten shaves from one of their stainless steel blades! I only used this one five times and already it's dull!
If I were you, I'd write that company a real nasty letter!
I'd tell them I was going to the Better Business Bureau! I'd demand my money back in full! And I'd threaten them with a law suit! That's what I would do if I were you!
Better THEY should get the blame than he should find out that I used that blade five or six times to shave my legs!

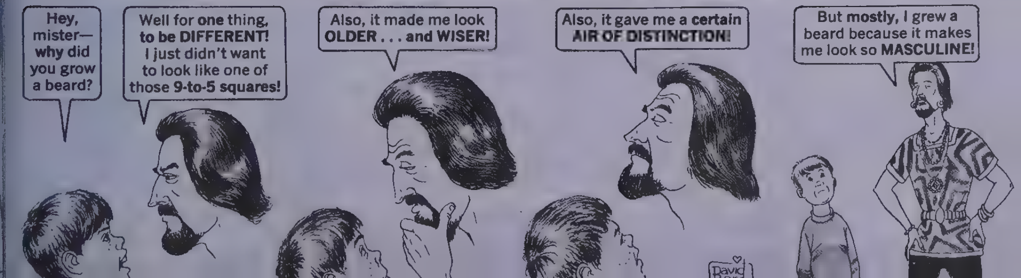

WAITER! THERE'S A DISGUSTING HAIRY INSECT IN MY SOUP!!
I'm terribly sorry, Madam . . .
WHAT KIND OF A PHONY PLACE IS THIS, ANYWAY?! YOU'VE GOT PHONY DECOR AND PHONY PRICES AND PHONY UNIFORMED WAITERS . . . AND YOU SERVE SOUP WITH DISGUSTING HAIRY BUGS IN IT!
THIS WHOLE PLACE IS PHONY!
I can't understand it, Madam! Wait! I think I have it on this spoon! Ah . . .
WELL?! JUST WHAT IS IT?
Your phony eyelash, Madam!


our hair is so beautiful I could un through it . . . barefooted!
OUCH!!
Whadja do, spray it with that stuff that makes it hard as a rock?
Yep! Still want to run through my hair . . .?
Yeah, but with shoes on!


Hey! You changed the color of your hair!
Do you like it?
Why shouldn't I like it? I liked you in every other color you had! And this time I noticed it! Right?
Right!
You're always complaining that I never notice when you change the color of your hair, and this time I walked in and spotted it right away, didn't I?
Not exactly!
I changed the color of my hair a week ago!


Florence:
think it
y duty to
. you that
aw your
band with a
shy blonde
Dinty's
eaway
taurant
other
ght, and they
re carrying
in a most
sgraceful
nner.
Wise up!
A Friend

OKAY, BUSTER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!? WHO IS THIS OTHER WOMAN YOU WERE WITH?
What?! Oh—er—well, I'm glad it's finally out in the open! Yes, it's true! I WAS with a flashy blonde woman the other night!
She was beautiful and charming and sexy, and I love her very deeply! What's more, I'm not ashamed of what I did or who knows about it!
I'LL RAISE A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHO SHE IS!
YOU, DUMMY! You were wearing your blonde wig!!


Hey, mister—why did you grow a beard?
Well for one thing, to be DIFFERENT! I just didn't want to look like one of those 9-to-5 squares!
Also, it made me look OLDER . . . and WISER!
Also, it gave me a certain AIR OF DISTINCTION!
But mostly, I grew a beard because it makes me look so MASCULINE!
David

**ROUND TRIP DEPARTMENT**

Much has been written about hallucinogenic drugs like LSD, and the glories (or dangers of taking psychedelic "trips". Some unsavory magazines have even featured this topic o their covers in order to sell copies. (See MAD #116.) And so, because MAD is intereste

# A PSYCHED

9:00- I enter the offices of MAD Magazine and I am given L.S.D. on a sugar cube which I put into my coffee and drink.

9:06- My stomach gurgles and my throat tightens. I never use sugar in my coffee!

9:18- A blood-curdling scream pierces the air. I hear humanity crying out in anguish... suffering pain... intense pain! Is it my first HALLUCINATION?

9:20 NO!! It is the Publisher of MAD- Bill Gaines- writing a check! It is the same sound I hear every payday!

9:35 I AM BEGINNING TO THINK THE DRUG WILL HAVE NO EFFECT WHATSOEVERY! HERE IT IS-THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER GOOBLING, AND NOTHING IS FURNING!

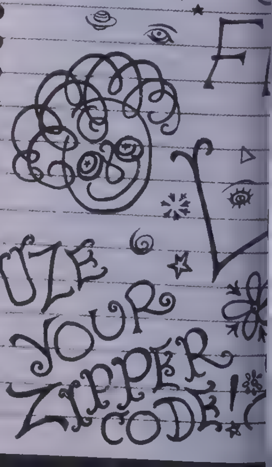
9:53 THE PUBLICHER OF MAD, ADOLPH HITLER, ENTERS THE ROOM AND ASKS IF I AM K.O.? I TELL HIM I'M RASPBERRIES! ON THE WAY OUT, SHE STABS MY TEDDY BEAR! ON PURPOSE!! ON PORPOISE!! SOMETHING IS FISHY!!!

9:76- STILL NO
TIGHT! L
I RIP E

10:10:10 THE
HAIR U
IT'S A

10:369 HEY!
FLASH

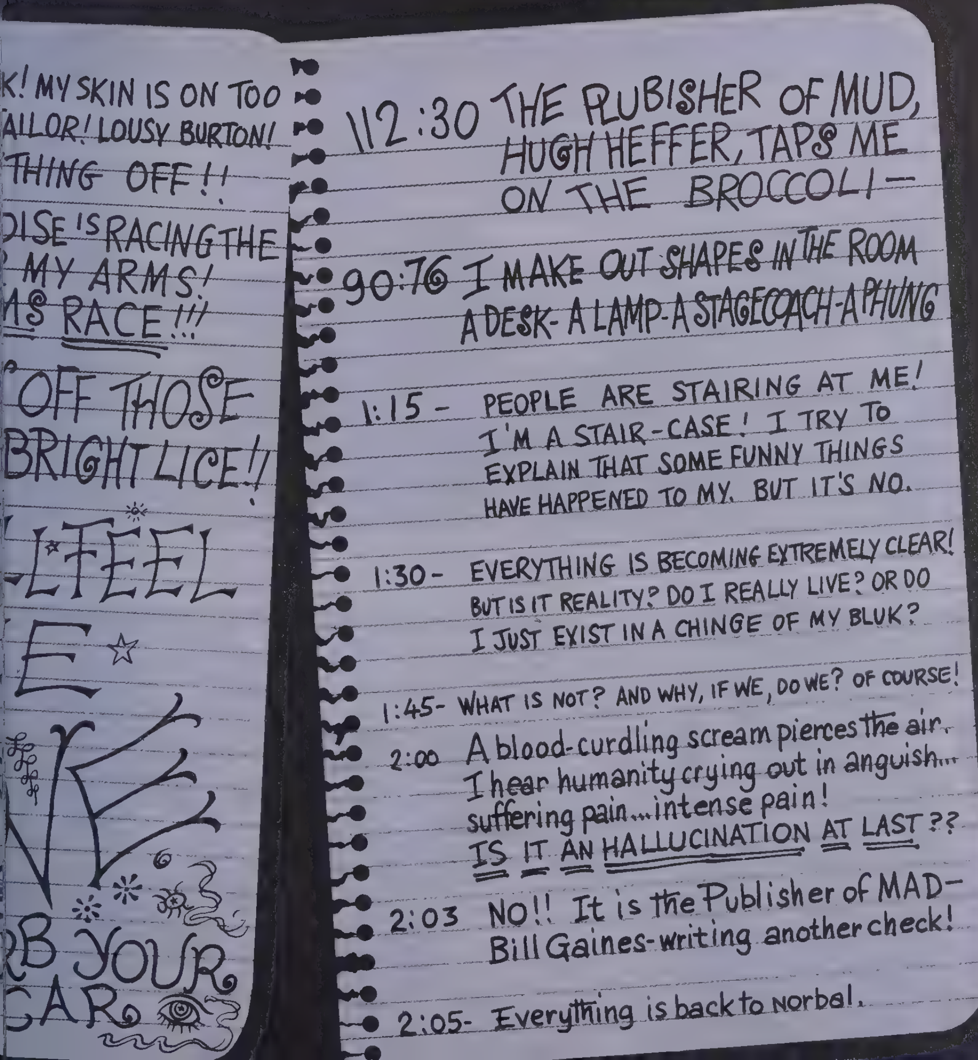
1492 I



truth, because MAD desired to find out once and for all what taking an LSD "trip" was ke, and mainly because MAD wanted to feature this topic once again in order to sell opies, we talked one of our writers into taking LSD, and describing his experiences in

# ELIC DIARY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO



K! MY SKIN IS ON TOO
AILOR! LOUSY BURTON!
THING OFF!!
DISE IS RACING THE
MY ARMS!
MS RACE!!!
OFF THOSE
BRIGHT LICE!!
I FEEL
E
NE
RB YOUR
CAR

112:30 THE PLUBISHER OF MUD, HUGH HEFFER, TAPS ME ON THE BROCCOLI—

90:76 I MAKE OUT SHAPES IN THE ROOM A DESK- A LAMP- A STAGECOACH- A PHUNG

1:15 - PEOPLE ARE STAIRING AT ME! I'M A STAIR-CASE! I TRY TO EXPLAIN THAT SOME FUNNY THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO MY. BUT IT'S NO.

1:30 - EVERYTHING IS BECOMING EXTREMELY CLEAR! BUT IS IT REALITY? DO I REALLY LIVE? OR DO I JUST EXIST IN A CHINGE OF MY BLUK?

1:45 - WHAT IS NOT? AND WHY, IF WE, DO WE? OF COURSE!

2:00 A blood-curdling scream pierces the air. I hear humanity crying out in anguish... suffering pain...intense pain! IS IT AN HALLUCINATION AT LAST??

2:03 NO!! It is the Publisher of MAD— Bill Gaines- writing another check!

2:05 - Everything is back to Norbal.

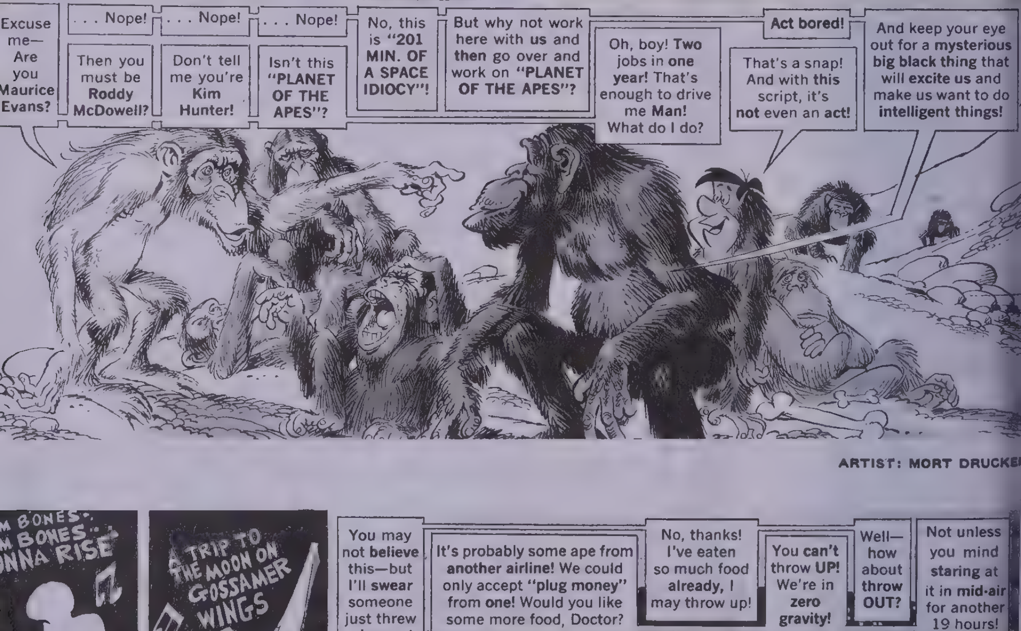
SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And if you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from

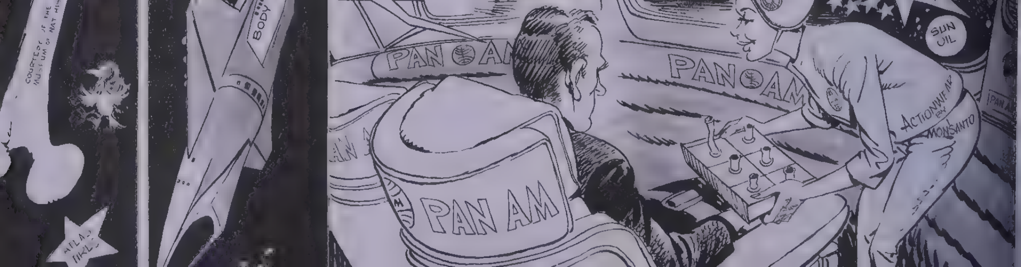
MERCURY RECORDS
SATURN INDUSTRIES

# 201 MIN. OF A SPA

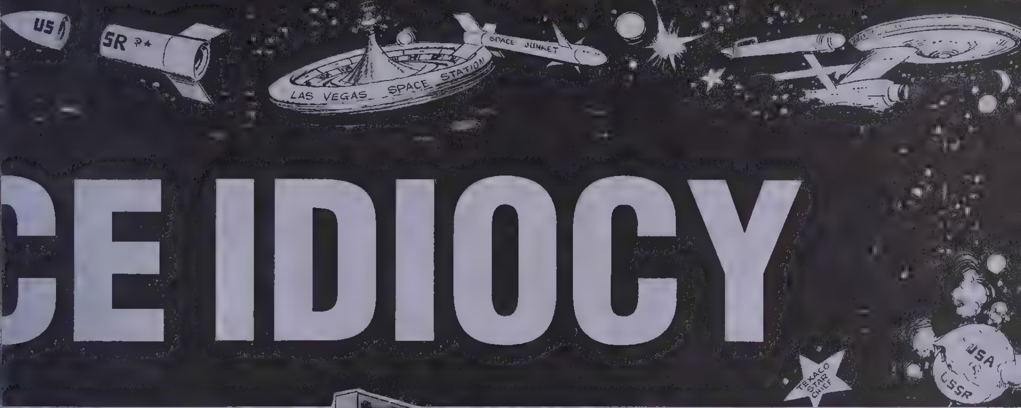
## THE DAWN OF MAN

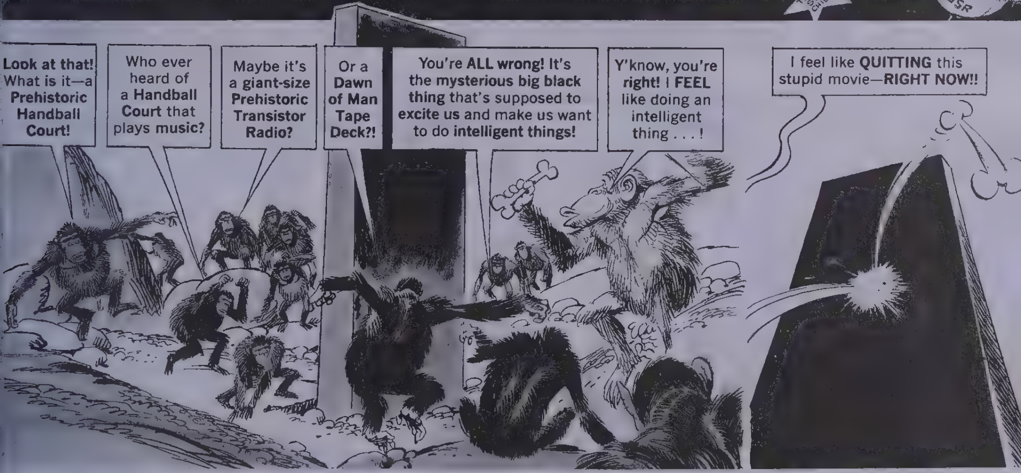

Excuse me— Are you Maurice Evans?
. . . Nope!
Then you must be Roddy McDowell?
. . . Nope!
Don't tell me you're Kim Hunter!
. . . Nope!
Isn't this "PLANET OF THE APES"?
No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!
But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?
Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?
Act bored!
That's a snap! And with this script, it's not even an act!
And keep your eye out for a mysterious big black thing that will excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKE

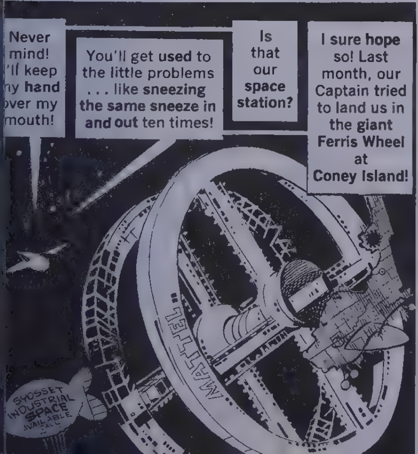

M BONES, M BONES, NNA RISE
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF NAT HIST
ATLAS TIRES
A TRIP TO THE MOON ON GOSSAMER WINGS
BODY BY FISCHER
You may not believe this—but I'll swear someone just threw a bone at our spaceship!
It's probably some ape from another airline! We could only accept "plug money" from one! Would you like some more food, Doctor?
No, thanks! I've eaten so much food already, I may throw up!
You can't throw UP! We're in zero gravity!
Well— how about throw OUT?
Not unless you mind staring at it in mid-air for another 19 hours!
PAN AM
STAR KIST TUNA
SUN OIL
ACTIONWEAR BY MONSANTO

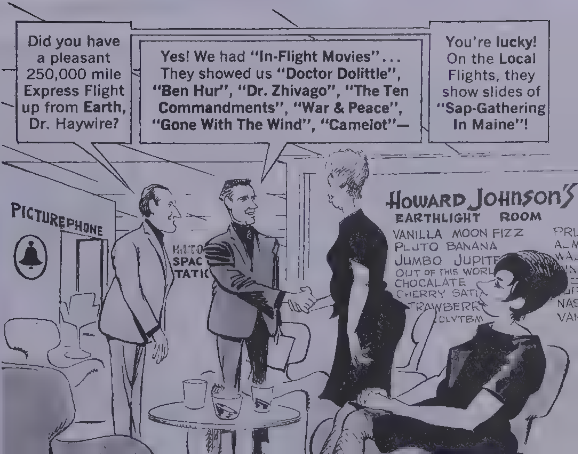
# CE IDIOCY

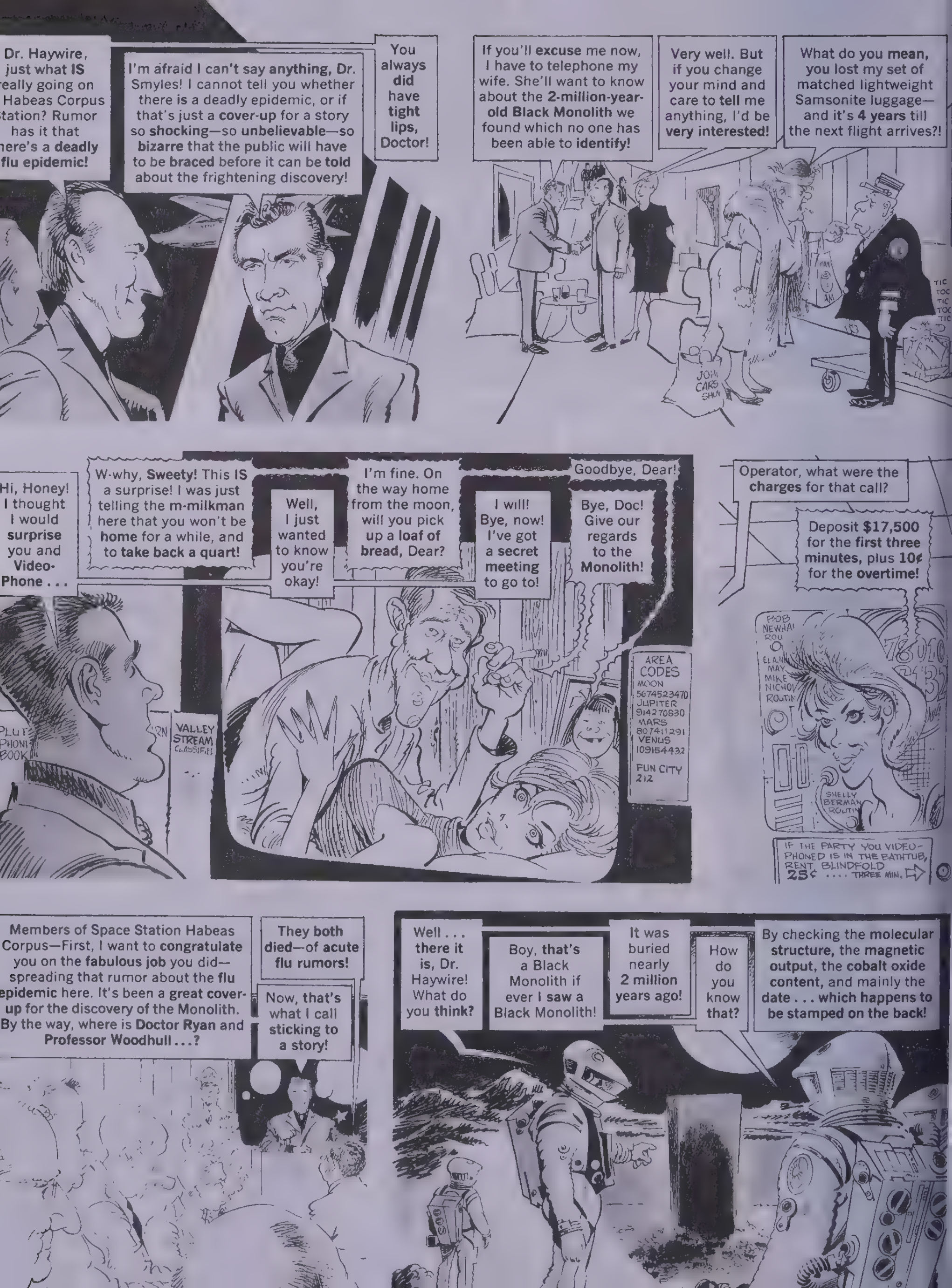

US
SR
LAS VEGAS SPACE STATION
SPACE JUNKET
TEXACO STAR CHIEF
USA
USSR


Look at that! What is it—a Prehistoric Handball Court!
Who ever heard of a Handball Court that plays music?
Maybe it's a giant-size Prehistoric Transistor Radio?
Or a Dawn of Man Tape Deck?!
You're ALL wrong! It's the mysterious big black thing that's supposed to excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!
Y'know, you're right! I FEEL like doing an intelligent thing . . . !
I feel like QUITTING this stupid movie—RIGHT NOW!!

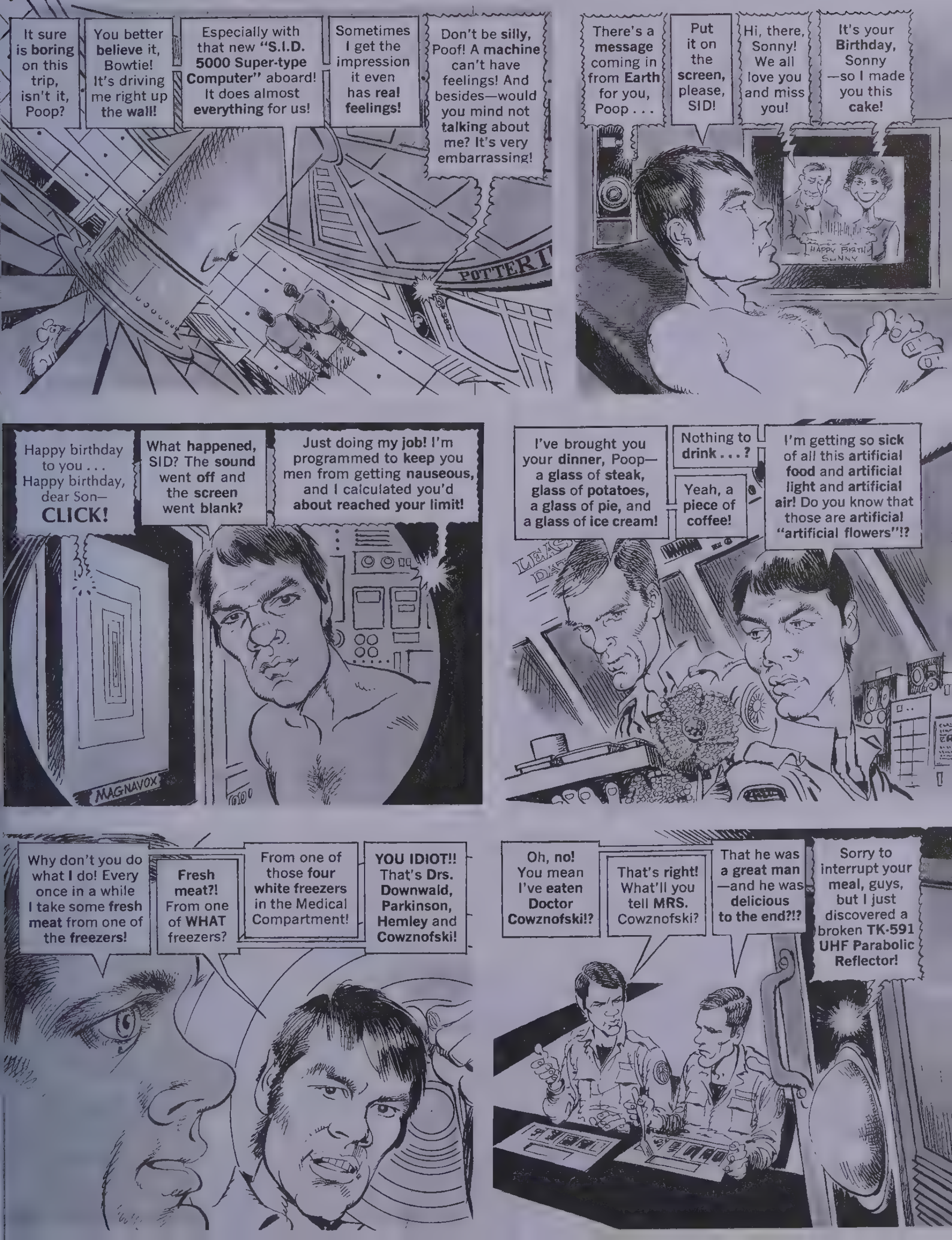
TER: DICK DE BARTOLO

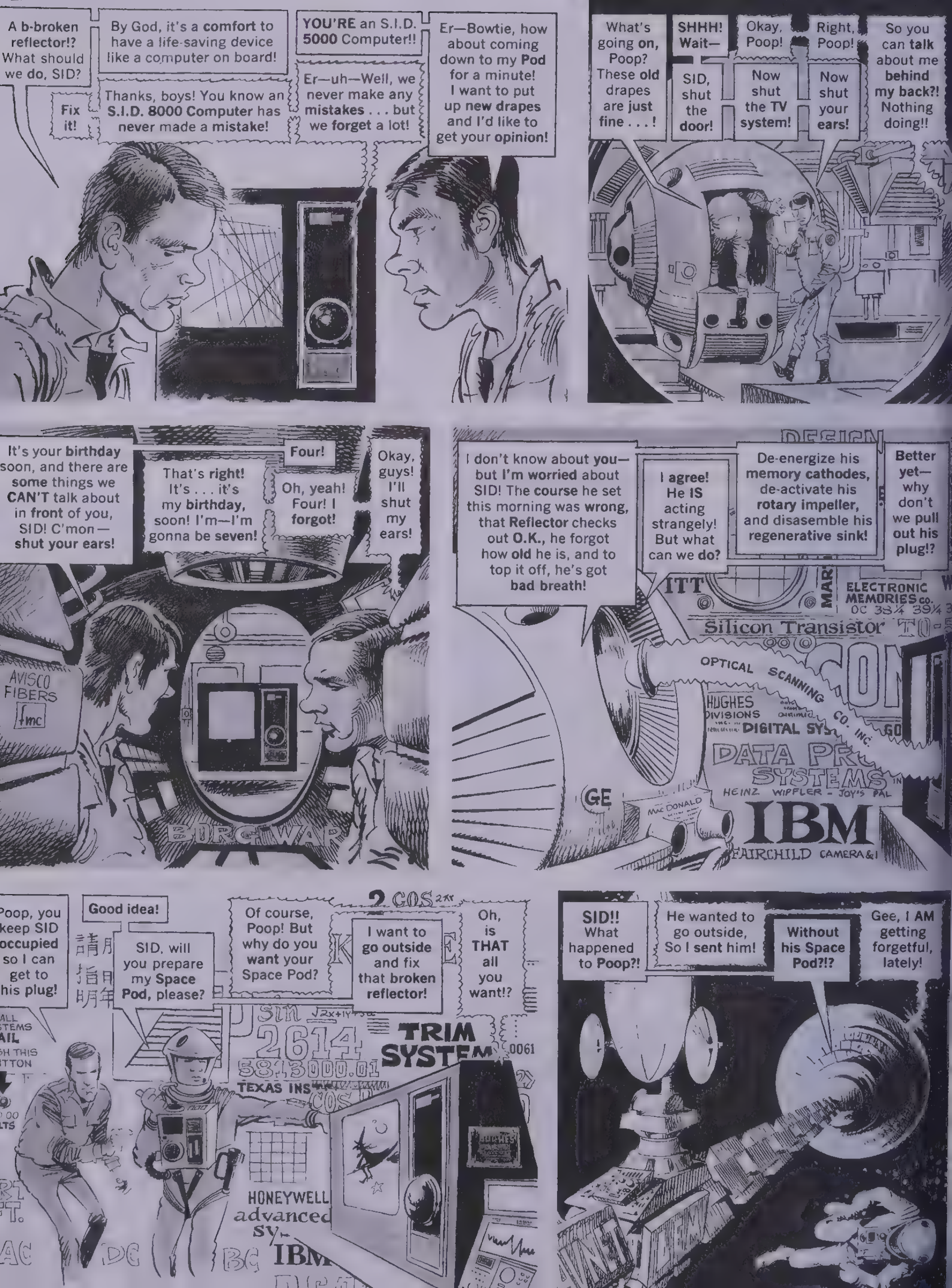

Never mind! 'll keep ny hand over my mouth!
You'll get used to the little problems . . . like sneezing the same sneeze in and out ten times!
Is that our space station?
I sure hope so! Last month, our Captain tried to land us in the giant Ferris Wheel at Coney Island!
SYOSSET INDUSTRIAL SPACE AVAILABLE

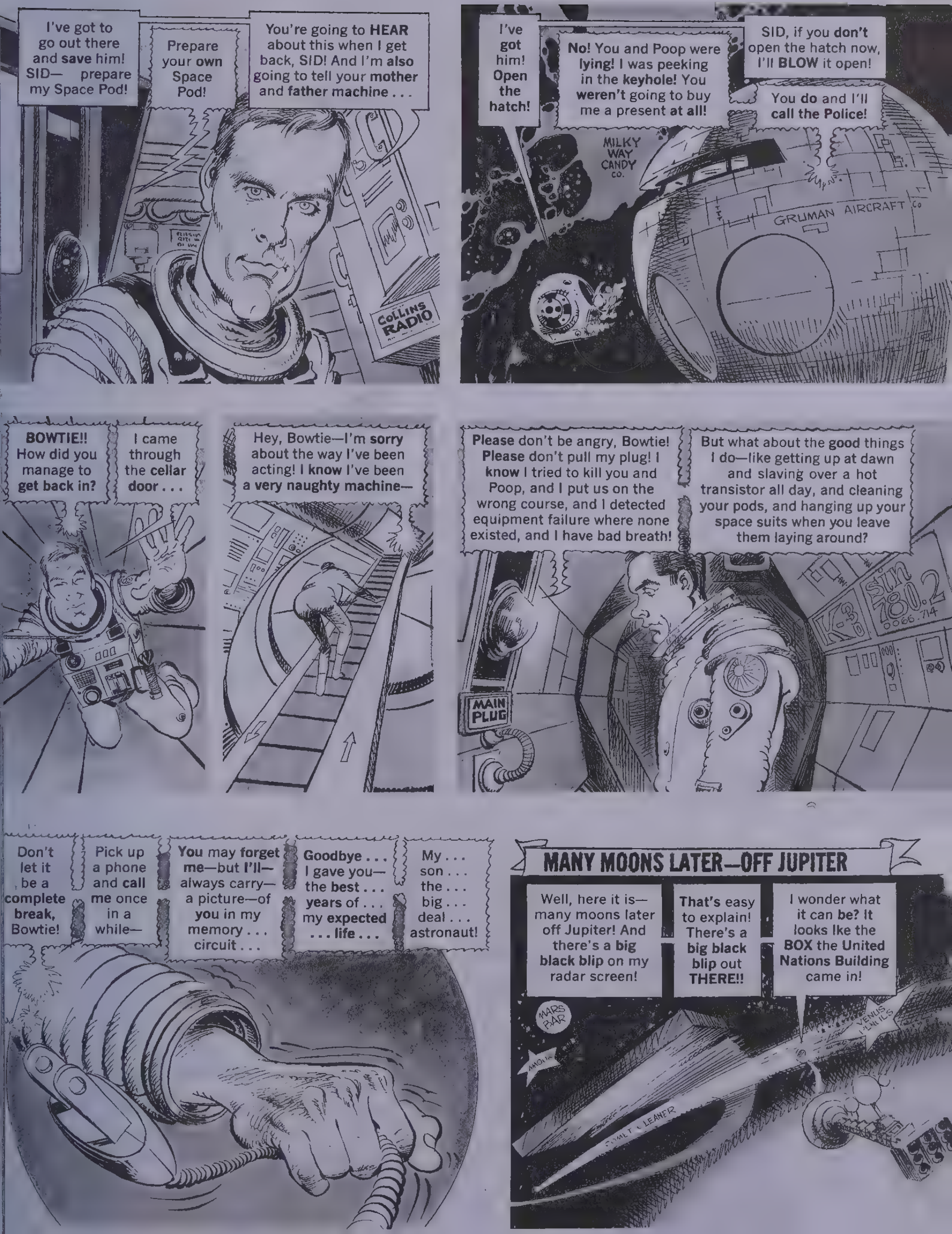

Did you have a pleasant 250,000 mile Express Flight up from Earth, Dr. Haywire?
Yes! We had "In-Flight Movies" . . . They showed us "Doctor Dolittle", "Ben Hur", "Dr. Zhivago", "The Ten Commandments", "War & Peace", "Gone With The Wind", "Camelot"—
You're lucky! On the Local Flights, they show slides of "Sap-Gathering In Maine"!
PICTUREPHONE
HILTO SPAC TATI
HOWARD JOHNSON'S
EARTHLIGHT ROOM
VANILLA MOON FIZZ
PLUTO BANANA
JUMBO JUPITE
OUT OF THIS WORL
CHOCALATE
CHERRY SATI
TRAWBERR

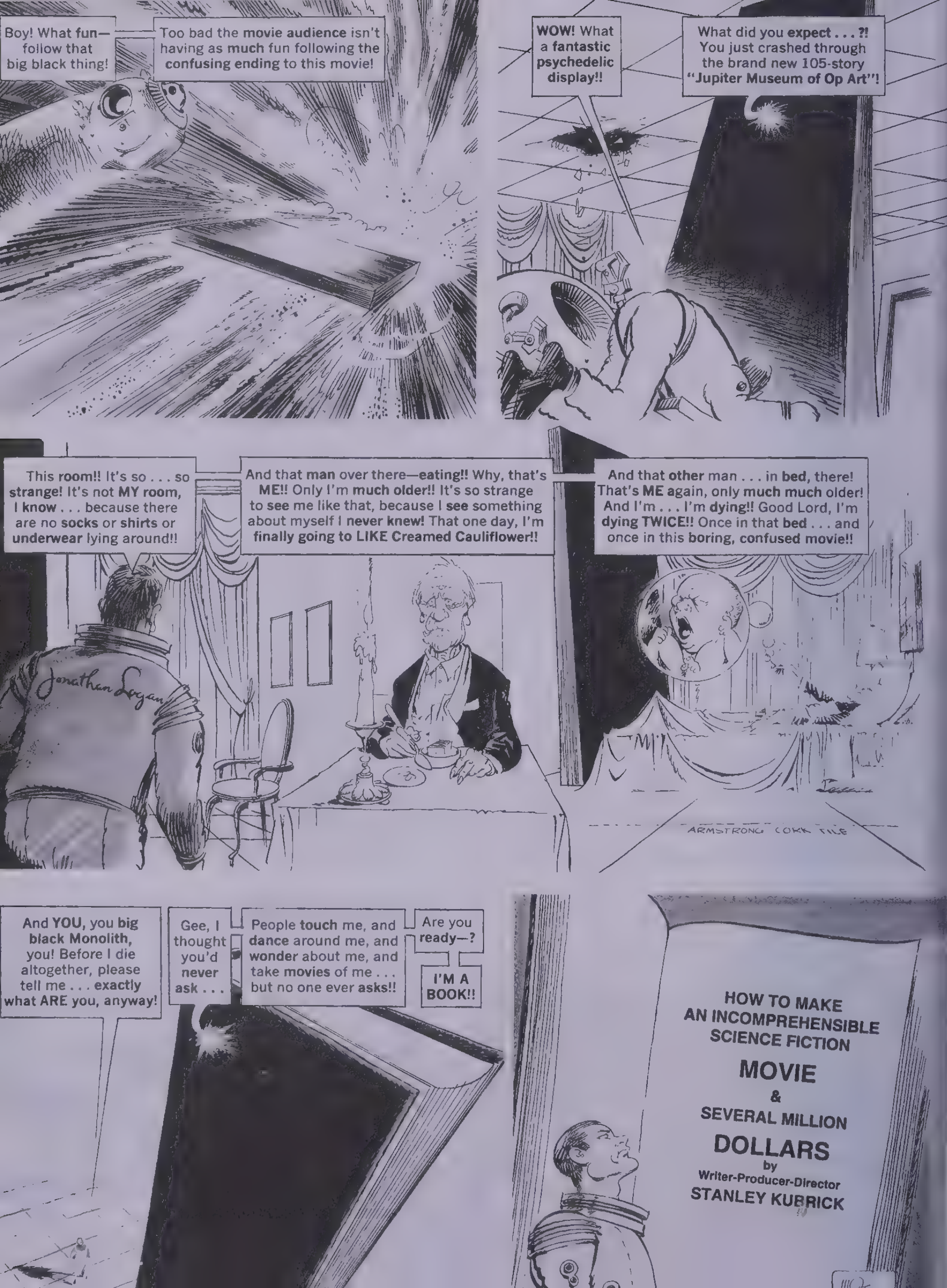

Dr. Haywire, just what IS eally going on Habeas Corpus tation? Rumor has it that here's a deadly flu epidemic!
I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!
You always did have tight lips, Doctor!
If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!
Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!
What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives?!
JOH CARS SHU
TIC TOC TIC TOC TIC
Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone . . .
W-why, Sweety! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!
Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!
I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?
I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!
Goodbye, Dear!
Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!
AREA CODES
MOON 5674523470
JUPITER 914270830
MARS 807411291
VENUS 109154432
FUN CITY 212
PLUT PHONI BOOK
VALLEY STREAM CLASSIFI
Operator, what were the charges for that call?
Deposit $17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!
BOB NEWHA ROU
ELAN MAY MIKE NICHO ROUTIN
SHELLY BERMAN ROUTIN
IF THE PARTY YOU VIDEO-PHONED IS IN THE BATHTUB, RENT BLINDFOLD 25¢ .... THREE MIN.
Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu pidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull . . .?
They both died—of acute flu rumors!
Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!
Well . . . there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?
Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!
It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!
How do you know that?
By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date . . . which happens to be stamped on the back!

## ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER


It sure is boring on this trip, isn't it, Poop?
You better believe it, Bowtie! It's driving me right up the wall!
Especially with that new "S.I.D. 5000 Super-type Computer" aboard! It does almost everything for us!
Sometimes I get the impression it even has real feelings!
Don't be silly, Poof! A machine can't have feelings! And besides—would you mind not talking about me? It's very embarrassing!
POTTER I
There's a message coming in from Earth for you, Poop . . .
Put it on the screen, please, SID!
Hi, there, Sonny! We all love you and miss you!
It's your Birthday, Sonny —so I made you this cake!
HAPPY BIRTH SUNNY
Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday, dear Son— CLICK!
What happened, SID? The sound went off and the screen went blank?
Just doing my job! I'm programmed to keep you men from getting nauseous, and I calculated you'd about reached your limit!
MAGNAVOX
I've brought you your dinner, Poop— a glass of steak, glass of potatoes, a glass of pie, and a glass of ice cream!
Nothing to drink . . . ?
Yeah, a piece of coffee!
I'm getting so sick of all this artificial food and artificial light and artificial air! Do you know that those are artificial "artificial flowers"!?
Why don't you do what I do! Every once in a while I take some fresh meat from one of the freezers!
Fresh meat?! From one of WHAT freezers?
From one of those four white freezers in the Medical Compartment!
YOU IDIOT!! That's Drs. Downwald, Parkinson, Hemley and Cowznofski!
Oh, no! You mean I've eaten Doctor Cowznofski!?
That's right! What'll you tell MRS. Cowznofski?
That he was a great man —and he was delicious to the end?!!
Sorry to interrupt your meal, guys, but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!

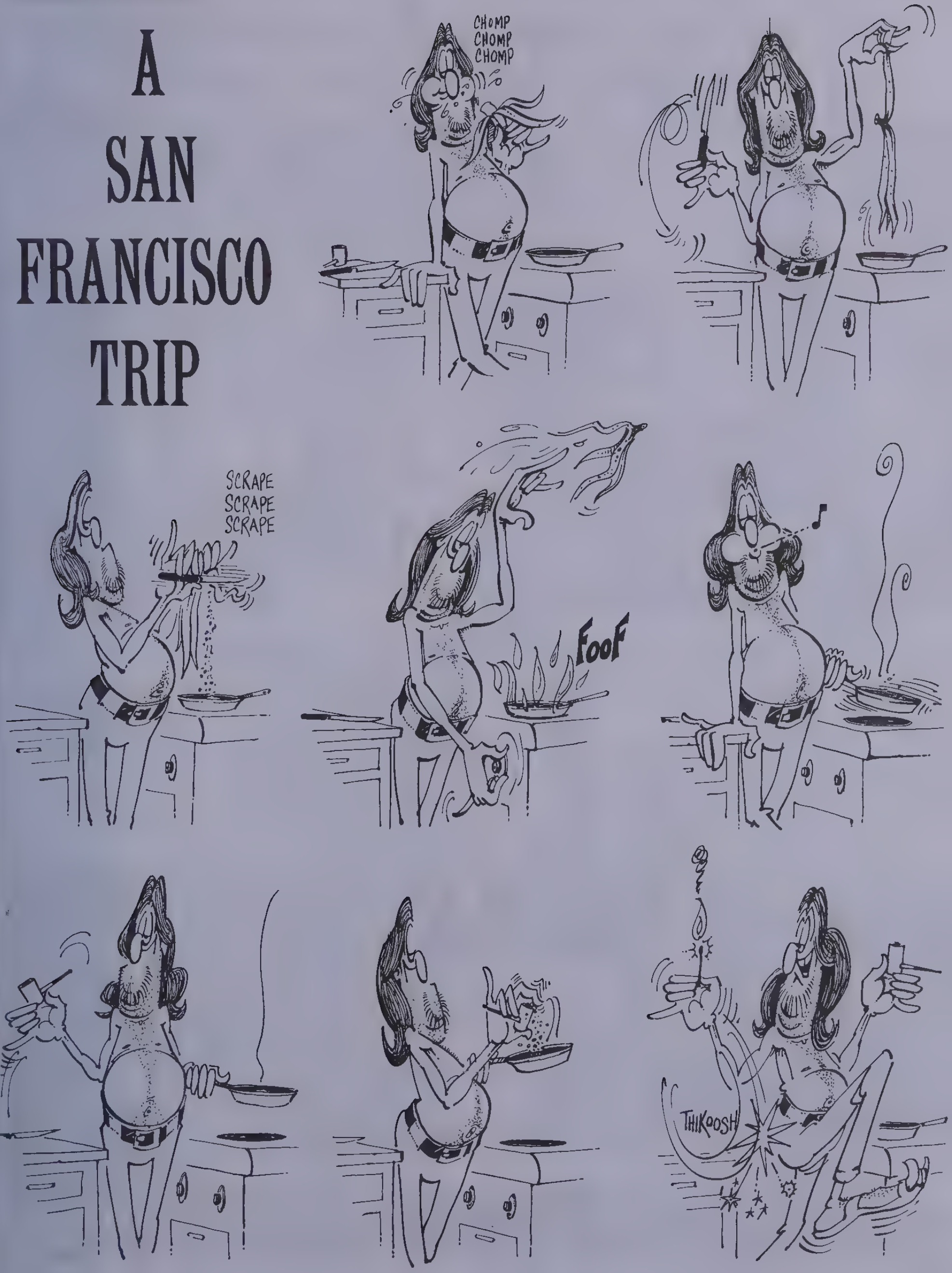

A b-broken reflector!? What should we do, SID?
Fix it!
By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!
Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!
YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!
Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!
Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like to get your opinion!
What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . !
SHHH! Wait—
SID, shut the door!
Okay, Poop!
Now shut the TV system!
Right, Poop!
Now shut your ears!
So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!
It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!
That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!
Four!
Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!
Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!
AVISCO FIBERS fmc
BURG WAR
I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!
I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?
De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!
Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug!?
DESIGN
ITT
ELECTRONIC MEMORIES co.
Silicon Transistor
OPTICAL SCANNING CO. INC.
HUGHES DIVISIONS
DIGITAL SYS
DATA PR SYSTEMS
HEINZ WIPFLER - JOY'S PAL
GE
MAC DONALD
IBM
FAIRCHILD CAMERA & I
Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!
Good idea!
SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?
Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?
I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!
Oh, is THAT all you want!?
2 COS
2614
5843000.01
TRIM SYSTEM
0061
TEXAS INS
HONEYWELL advanced sy
IBM
SID!! What happened to Poop?!
He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!
Without his Space Pod?!?
Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!

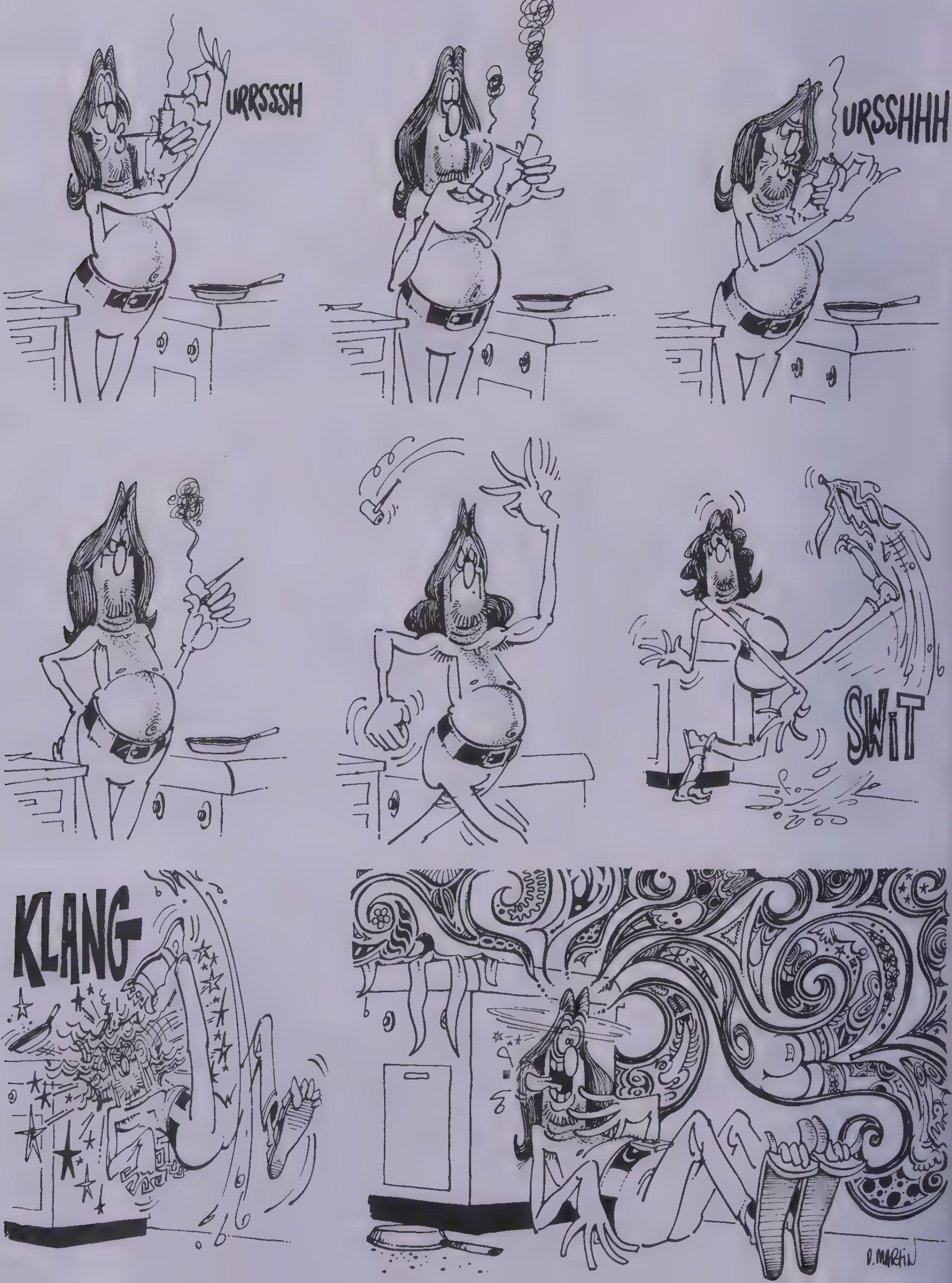

I've got to go out there and save him! SID— prepare my Space Pod!
Prepare your own Space Pod!
You're going to HEAR about this when I get back, SID! And I'm also going to tell your mother and father machine . . .
COLLINS RADIO
I've got him! Open the hatch!
No! You and Poop were lying! I was peeking in the keyhole! You weren't going to buy me a present at all!
SID, if you don't open the hatch now, I'll BLOW it open!
You do and I'll call the Police!
MILKY WAY CANDY CO.
GRUMAN AIRCRAFT Co
BOWTIE!! How did you manage to get back in?
I came through the cellar door . . .
Hey, Bowtie—I'm sorry about the way I've been acting! I know I've been a very naughty machine—
Please don't be angry, Bowtie! Please don't pull my plug! I know I tried to kill you and Poop, and I put us on the wrong course, and I detected equipment failure where none existed, and I have bad breath!
But what about the good things I do—like getting up at dawn and slaving over a hot transistor all day, and cleaning your pods, and hanging up your space suits when you leave them laying around?
MAIN PLUG
K-3
sin 780.2
0066.714
Don't let it be a complete break, Bowtie!
Pick up a phone and call me once in a while—
You may forget me—but I'll— always carry— a picture—of you in my memory . . . circuit . . .
Goodbye . . . I gave you— the best . . . years of . . . my expected . . . life . . .
My . . . son . . . the . . . big . . . deal . . . astronaut!
MANY MOONS LATER—OFF JUPITER
Well, here it is— many moons later off Jupiter! And there's a big black blip on my radar screen!
That's easy to explain! There's a big black blip out THERE!!
I wonder what it can be? It looks lke the BOX the United Nations Building came in!
MARS BAR


Boy! What fun—follow that big black thing!
Too bad the movie audience isn't having as much fun following the confusing ending to this movie!
WOW! What a fantastic psychedelic display!!
What did you expect . . . ?! You just crashed through the brand new 105-story "Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!
This room!! It's so . . . so strange! It's not MY room, I know . . . because there are no socks or shirts or underwear lying around!!
And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange to see me like that, because I see something about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!
And that other man . . . in bed, there! That's ME again, only much much older! And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and once in this boring, confused movie!!
Jonathan Logan
ARMSTRONG CORK TILE
And YOU, you big black Monolith, you! Before I die altogether, please tell me . . . exactly what ARE you, anyway!
Gee, I thought you'd never ask . . .
People touch me, and dance around me, and wonder about me, and take movies of me . . . but no one ever asks!!
Are you ready—?
I'M A BOOK!!
HOW TO MAKE AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE & SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS by Writer-Producer-Director STANLEY KUBRICK

**DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I**

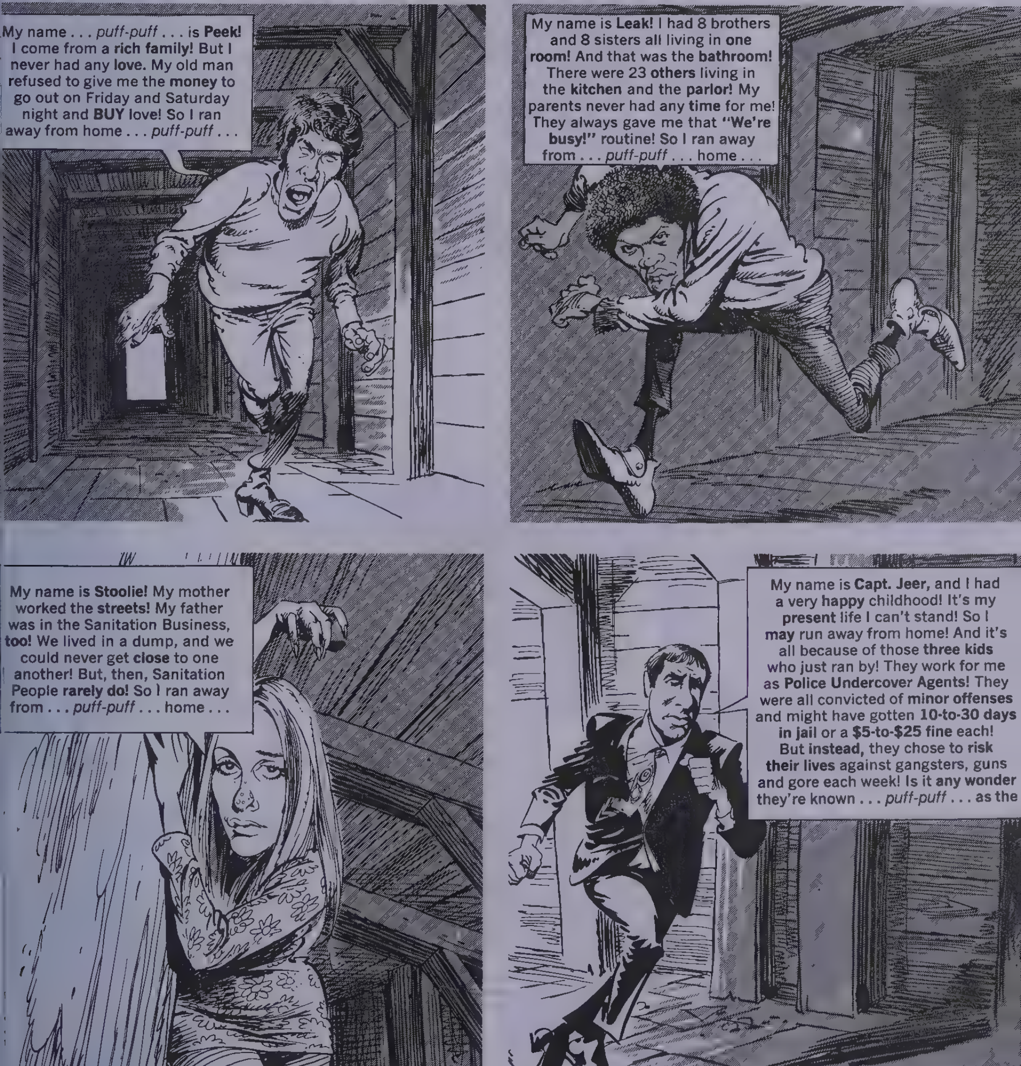
# A SAN FRANCISCO TRIP


CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
SCRAPE
SCRAPE
SCRAPE
FOOF
THIKOOSH

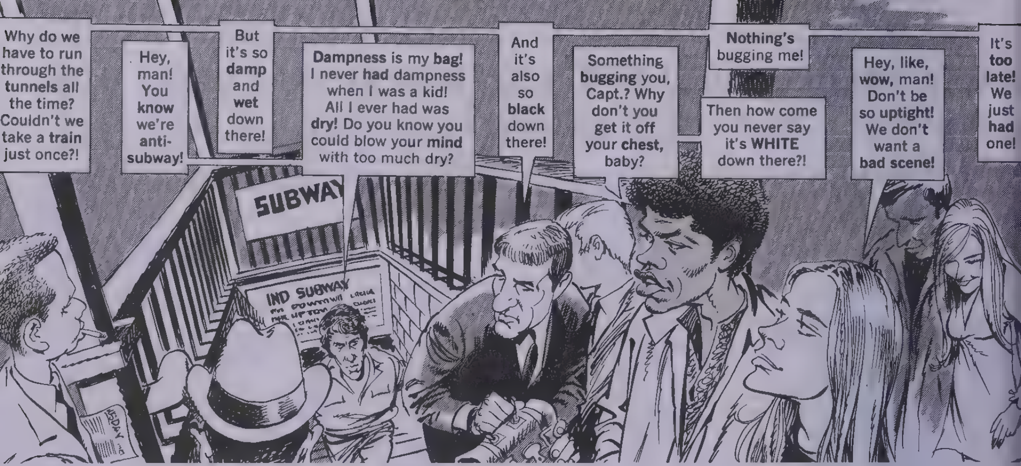

URRSSSH
URSSHHH
SWIT
KLANG
D. MARTIN

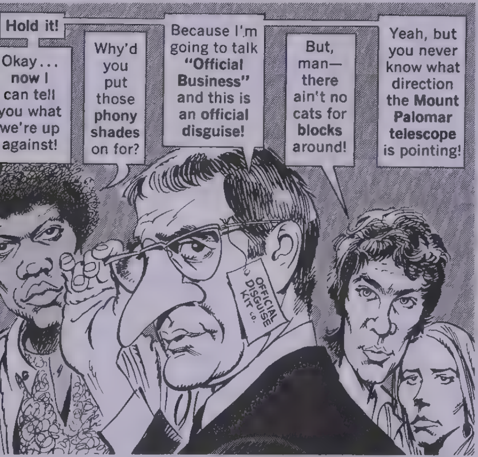
**TEENY-COPPERS DEPT.**

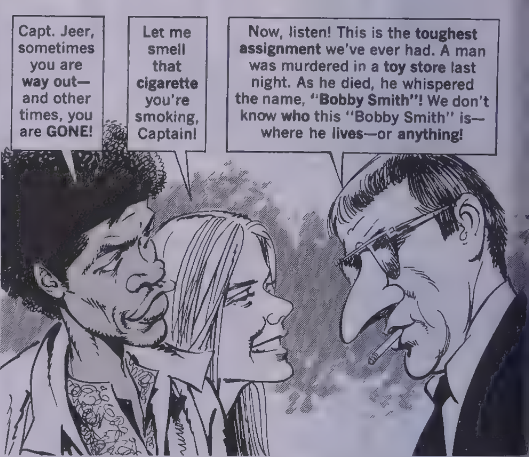
# HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:

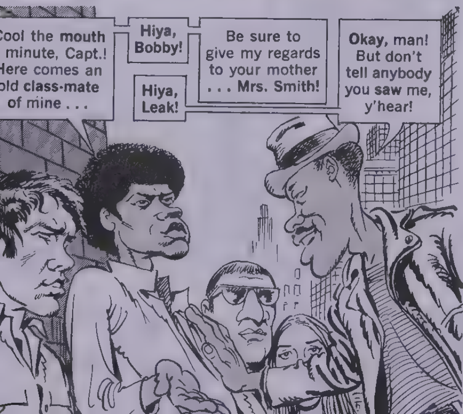

My name . . . *puff-puff* . . . is **Peek!** I come from a **rich family!** But I never had any **love.** My old man refused to give me the **money** to go out on Friday and Saturday night and **BUY** love! So I ran away from home . . . *puff-puff* . . .
My name is **Leak!** I had 8 brothers and 8 sisters all living in **one room!** And that was the **bathroom!** There were 23 **others** living in the **kitchen** and the **parlor!** My parents never had any **time** for me! They always gave me that **"We're busy!"** routine! So I ran away from . . . *puff-puff* . . . home . . .
My name is **Stoolie!** My mother worked the **streets!** My father was in the Sanitation Business, **too!** We lived in a dump, and we could never get **close** to one another! But, then, Sanitation People **rarely do!** So I ran away from . . . *puff-puff* . . . home . . .
My name is **Capt. Jeer,** and I had a very **happy** childhood! It's my **present** life I can't stand! So I **may** run away from home! And it's all because of those **three kids** who just ran by! They work for me as **Police Undercover Agents!** They were all convicted of **minor offenses** and might have gotten **10-to-30 days in jail** or a **$5-to-$25 fine** each! But **instead,** they chose to **risk their lives** against gangsters, guns and gore each week! Is it **any wonder** they're known . . . *puff-puff* . . . as the

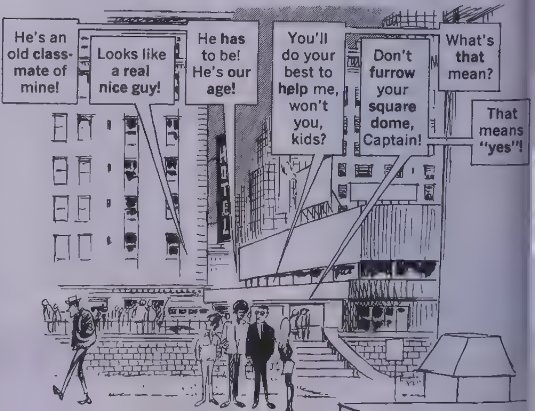
# "ODD SQUAD"

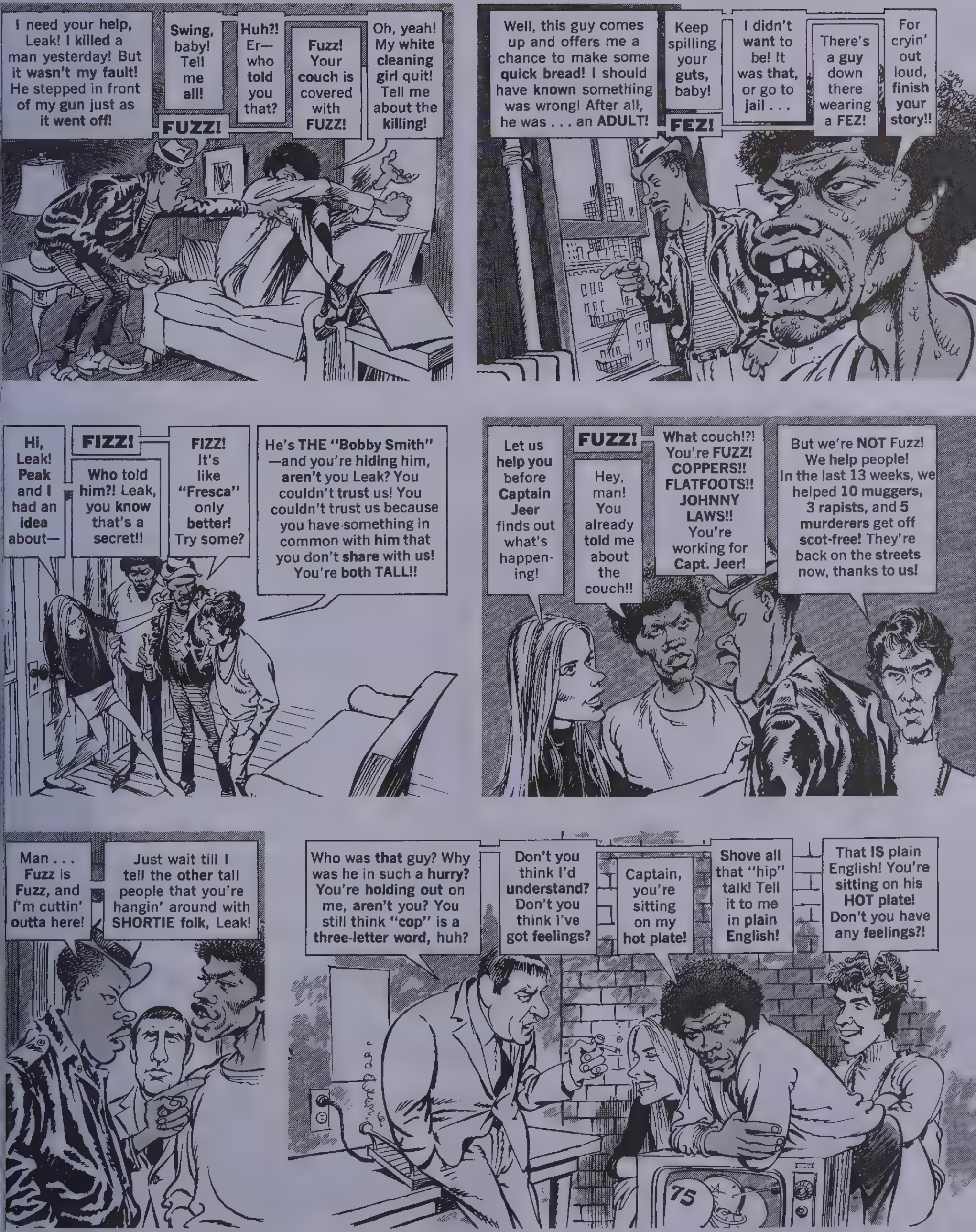

Why do we have to run through the tunnels all the time? Couldn't we take a train just once?!
Hey, man! You know we're anti-subway!
But it's so damp and wet down there!
Dampness is my bag! I never had dampness when I was a kid! All I ever had was dry! Do you know you could blow your mind with too much dry?
And it's also so black down there!
Something bugging you, Capt.? Why don't you get it off your chest, baby?
Nothing's bugging me!
Then how come you never say it's WHITE down there?!
Hey, like, wow, man! Don't be so uptight! We don't want a bad scene!
It's too late! We just had one!
SUBWAY
IND SUBWAY

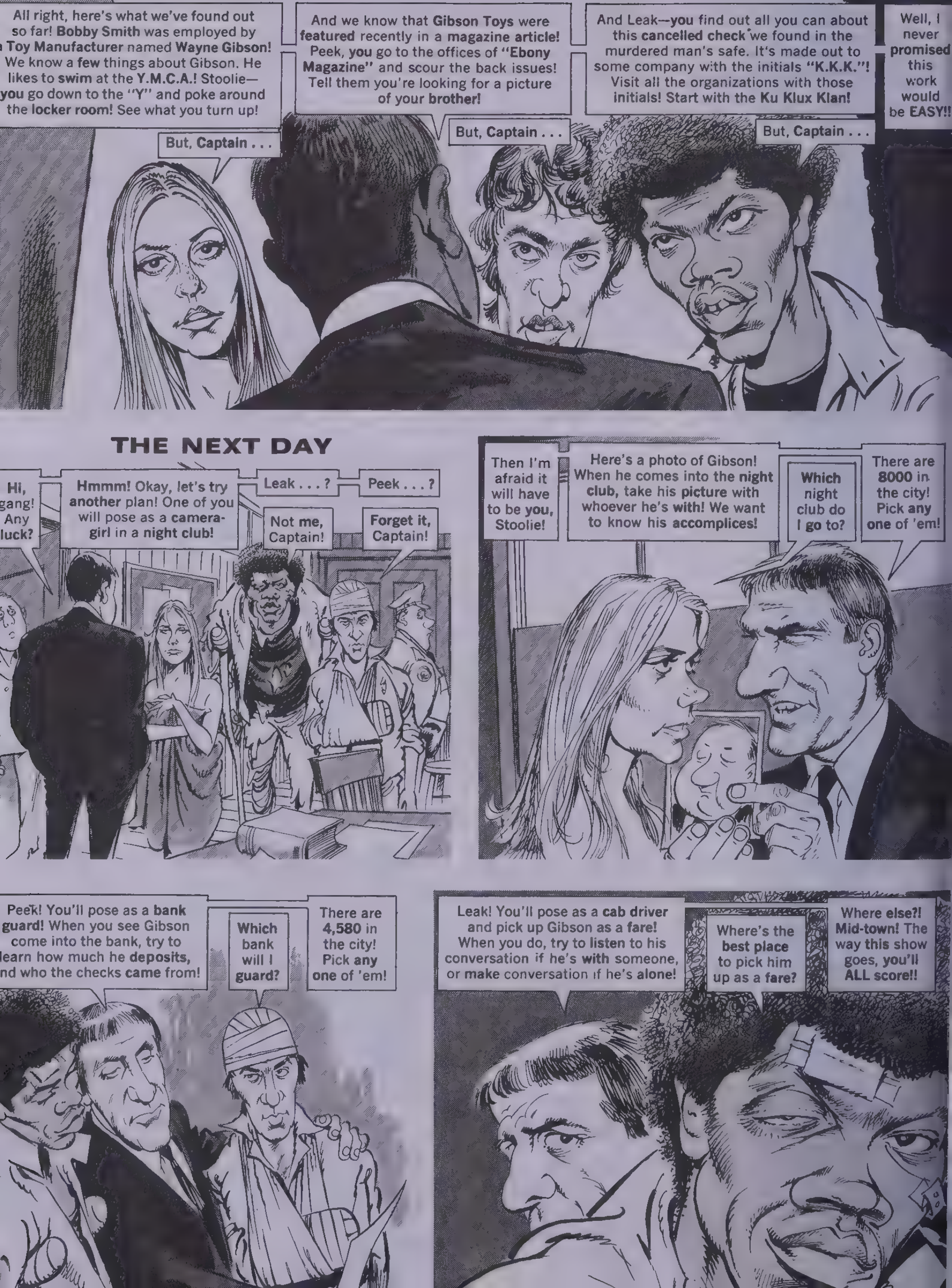

Hold it!
Okay . . . now I can tell you what we're up against!
Why'd you put those phony shades on for?
Because I'm going to talk "Official Business" and this is an official disguise!
But, man— there ain't no cats for blocks around!
Yeah, but you never know what direction the Mount Palomar telescope is pointing!
OFFICIAL DISGUISE KIT Co.

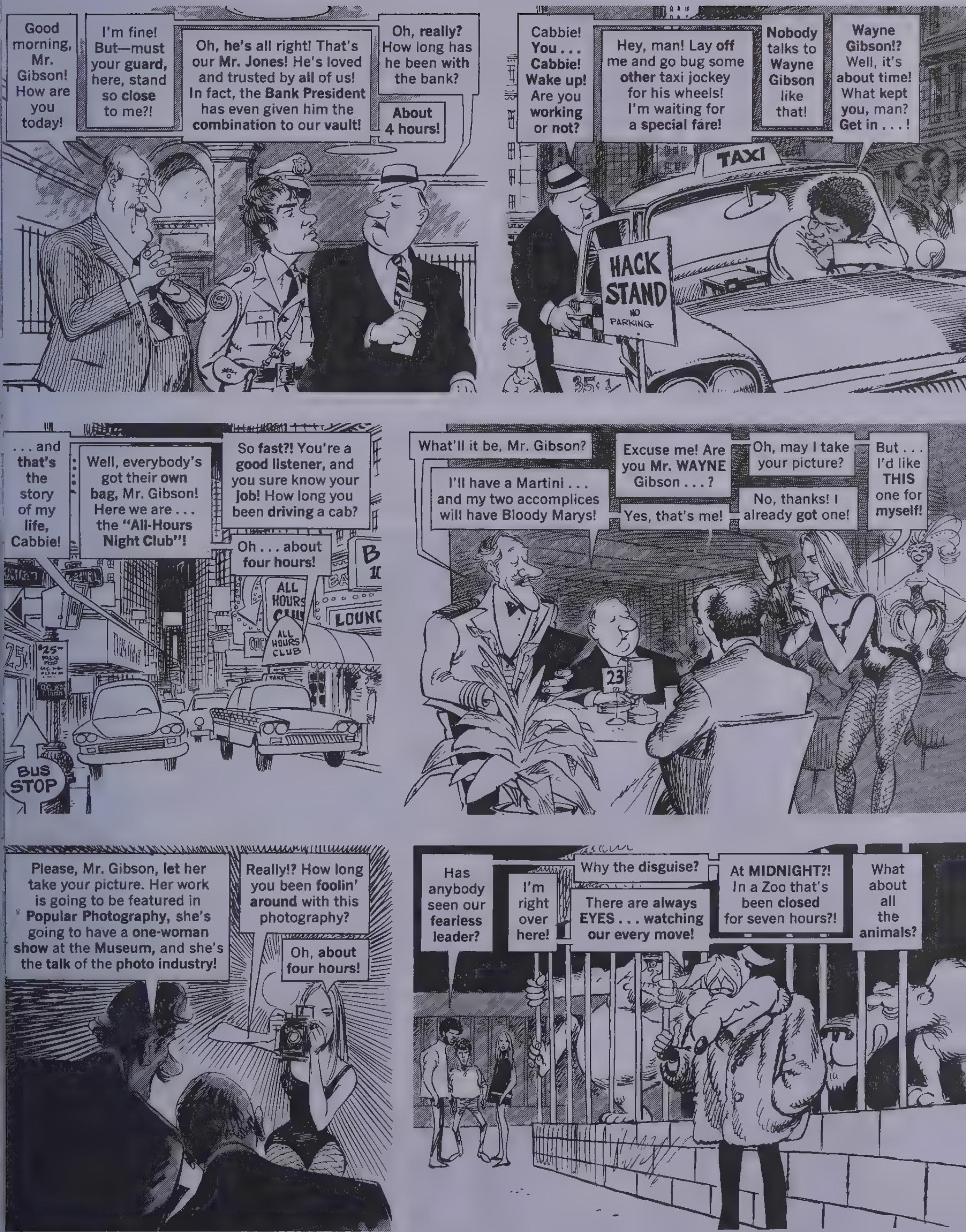

Capt. Jeer, sometimes you are way out— and other times, you are GONE!
Let me smell that cigarette you're smoking, Captain!
Now, listen! This is the toughest assignment we've ever had. A man was murdered in a toy store last night. As he died, he whispered the name, "Bobby Smith"! We don't know who this "Bobby Smith" is— where he lives—or anything!

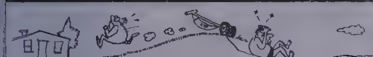

Cool the mouth minute, Capt.! Here comes an old class-mate of mine . . .
Hiya, Bobby!
Hiya, Leak!
Be sure to give my regards to your mother . . . Mrs. Smith!
Okay, man! But don't tell anybody you saw me, y'hear!

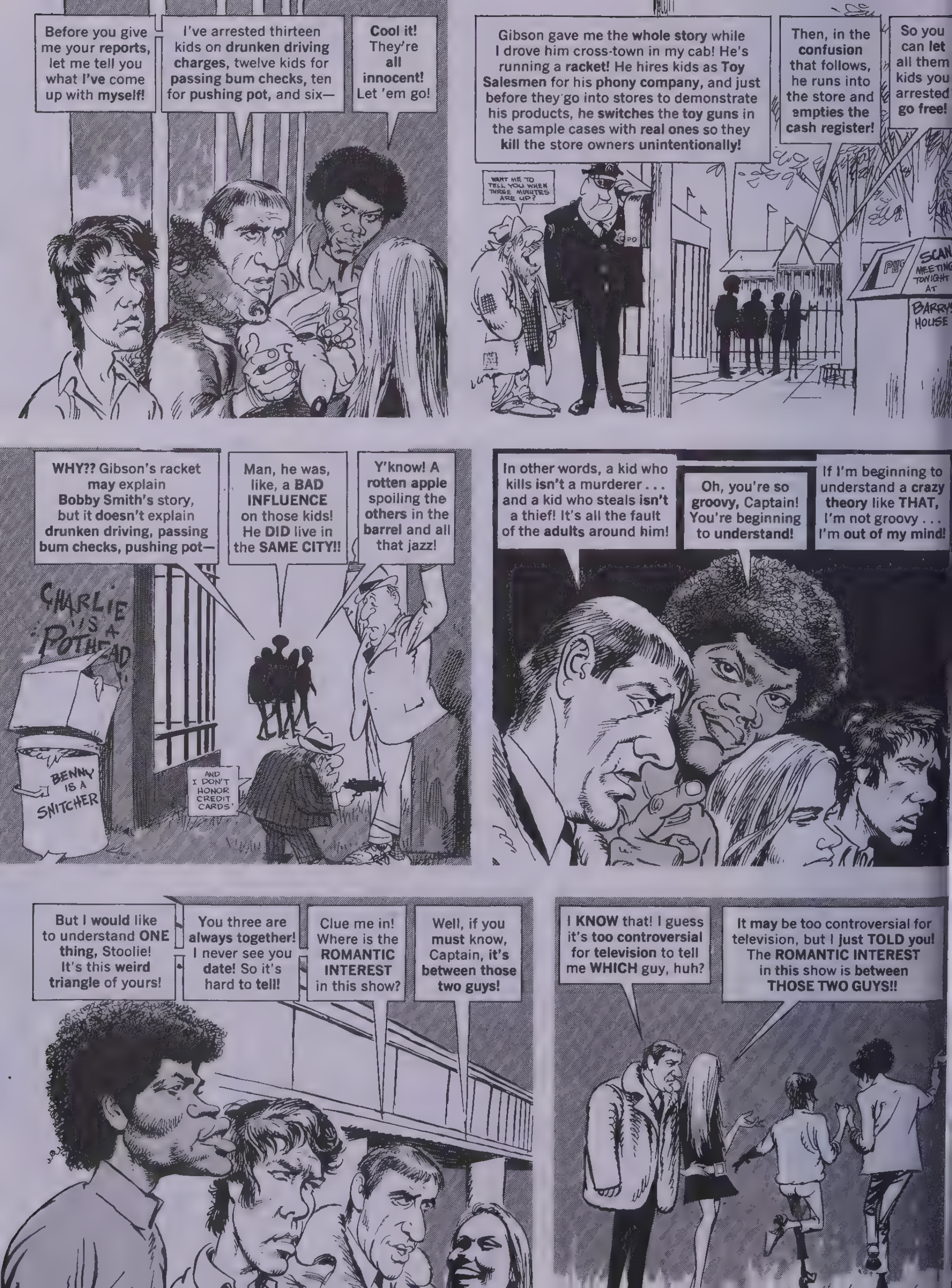

He's an old class-mate of mine!
Looks like a real nice guy!
He has to be! He's our age!
You'll do your best to help me, won't you, kids?
Don't furrow your square dome, Captain!
What's that mean?
That means "yes"!


I need your help, Leak! I killed a man yesterday! But it wasn't my fault! He stepped in front of my gun just as it went off!
Swing, baby! Tell me all!
FUZZ!
Huh?! Er— who told you that?
Fuzz! Your couch is covered with FUZZ!
Oh, yeah! My white cleaning girl quit! Tell me about the killing!
Well, this guy comes up and offers me a chance to make some quick bread! I should have known something was wrong! After all, he was . . . an ADULT!
Keep spilling your guts, baby!
FEZ!
I didn't want to be! It was that, or go to jail . . .
There's a guy down there wearing a FEZ!
For cryin' out loud, finish your story!!
Hi, Leak! Peak and I had an idea about—
FIZZ!
Who told him?! Leak, you know that's a secret!!
FIZZ! It's like "Fresca" only better! Try some?
He's THE "Bobby Smith" —and you're hiding him, aren't you Leak? You couldn't trust us! You couldn't trust us because you have something in common with him that you don't share with us! You're both TALL!!
Let us help you before Captain Jeer finds out what's happening!
FUZZ!
Hey, man! You already told me about the couch!!
What couch!?! You're FUZZ! COPPERS!! FLATFOOTS!! JOHNNY LAWS!! You're working for Capt. Jeer!
But we're NOT Fuzz! We help people! In the last 13 weeks, we helped 10 muggers, 3 rapists, and 5 murderers get off scot-free! They're back on the streets now, thanks to us!
Man . . . Fuzz is Fuzz, and I'm cuttin' outta here!
Just wait till I tell the other tall people that you're hangin' around with SHORTIE folk, Leak!
Who was that guy? Why was he in such a hurry? You're holding out on me, aren't you? You still think "cop" is a three-letter word, huh?
Don't you think I'd understand? Don't you think I've got feelings?
Captain, you're sitting on my hot plate!
Shove all that "hip" talk! Tell it to me in plain English!
That IS plain English! You're sitting on his HOT plate! Don't you have any feelings?!


All right, here's what we've found out so far! Bobby Smith was employed by a Toy Manufacturer named Wayne Gibson! We know a few things about Gibson. He likes to swim at the Y.M.C.A.! Stoolie—you go down to the "Y" and poke around the locker room! See what you turn up!
But, Captain . . .
And we know that Gibson Toys were featured recently in a magazine article! Peek, you go to the offices of "Ebony Magazine" and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your brother!
But, Captain . . .
And Leak—you find out all you can about this cancelled check we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials "K.K.K."! Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the Ku Klux Klan!
But, Captain . . .
Well, I never promised this work would be EASY!!
THE NEXT DAY
Hi, gang! Any luck?
Hmmm! Okay, let's try another plan! One of you will pose as a camera-girl in a night club!
Leak . . . ?
Peek . . . ?
Not me, Captain!
Forget it, Captain!
Then I'm afraid it will have to be you, Stoolie!
Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the night club, take his picture with whoever he's with! We want to know his accomplices!
Which night club do I go to?
There are 8000 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!
Peek! You'll pose as a bank guard! When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he deposits, nd who the checks came from!
Which bank will I guard?
There are 4,580 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!
Leak! You'll pose as a cab driver and pick up Gibson as a fare! When you do, try to listen to his conversation if he's with someone, or make conversation if he's alone!
Where's the best place to pick him up as a fare?
Where else?! Mid-town! The way this show goes, you'll ALL score!!


Good morning, Mr. Gibson! How are you today!
I'm fine! But—must your guard, here, stand so close to me?!
Oh, he's all right! That's our Mr. Jones! He's loved and trusted by all of us! In fact, the Bank President has even given him the combination to our vault!
Oh, really? How long has he been with the bank?
About 4 hours!
Cabbie! You . . . Cabbie! Wake up! Are you working or not?
Hey, man! Lay off me and go bug some other taxi jockey for his wheels! I'm waiting for a special fare!
Nobody talks to Wayne Gibson like that!
Wayne Gibson!? Well, it's about time! What kept you, man? Get in . . . !
TAXI
HACK STAND
NO PARKING
35¢
. . . and that's the story of my life, Cabbie!
Well, everybody's got their own bag, Mr. Gibson! Here we are . . . the "All-Hours Night Club"!
So fast?! You're a good listener, and you sure know your job! How long you been driving a cab?
Oh . . . about four hours!
ALL HOURS CLUB
ALL HOURS CLUB
LOUNGE
BUS STOP
What'll it be, Mr. Gibson?
I'll have a Martini . . . and my two accomplices will have Bloody Marys!
Excuse me! Are you Mr. WAYNE Gibson . . . ?
Yes, that's me!
Oh, may I take your picture?
No, thanks! I already got one!
But . . . I'd like THIS one for myself!
23
Please, Mr. Gibson, let her take your picture. Her work is going to be featured in Popular Photography, she's going to have a one-woman show at the Museum, and she's the talk of the photo industry!
Really!? How long you been foolin' around with this photography?
Oh, about four hours!
Has anybody seen our fearless leader?
I'm right over here!
Why the disguise?
There are always EYES . . . watching our every move!
At MIDNIGHT?! In a Zoo that's been closed for seven hours?!
What about all the animals?




Before you give me your reports, let me tell you what I've come up with myself!
I've arrested thirteen kids on drunken driving charges, twelve kids for passing bum checks, ten for pushing pot, and six—
Cool it! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!
Gibson gave me the whole story while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a racket! He hires kids as Toy Salesmen for his phony company, and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he switches the toy guns in the sample cases with real ones so they kill the store owners unintentionally!
WANT ME TO TELL YOU WHEN THREE MINUTES ARE UP?
PD
Then, in the confusion that follows, he runs into the store and empties the cash register!
So you can let all them kids you arrested go free!
PIG
SCAN MEETING TONIGHT AT BARRY'S HOUSE
WHY?? Gibson's racket may explain Bobby Smith's story, but it doesn't explain drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—
Man, he was, like, a BAD INFLUENCE on those kids! He DID live in the SAME CITY!!
Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!
CHARLIE IS A POTHEAD
BENNY IS A SNITCHER
AND I DON'T HONOR CREDIT CARDS
In other words, a kid who kills isn't a murderer . . . and a kid who steals isn't a thief! It's all the fault of the adults around him!
Oh, you're so groovy, Captain! You're beginning to understand!
If I'm beginning to understand a crazy theory like THAT, I'm not groovy . . . I'm out of my mind!
But I would like to understand ONE thing, Stoolie! It's this weird triangle of yours!
You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to tell!
Clue me in! Where is the ROMANTIC INTEREST in this show?
Well, if you must know, Captain, it's between those two guys!
I KNOW that! I guess it's too controversial for television to tell me WHICH guy, huh?
It may be too controversial for television, but I just TOLD you! The ROMANTIC INTEREST in this show is between THOSE TWO GUYS!!

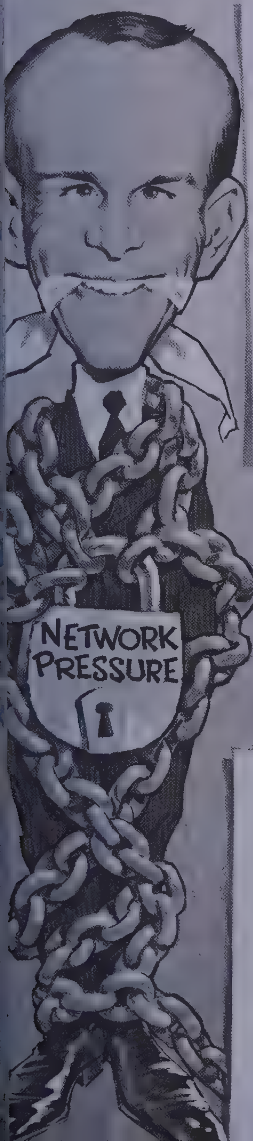
OM, DICK AND HARRIED DEPT.

ONSIDERING THE PROBLEMS THEY HAD LAST SEASON, HERE IS **MAD**'S VERSION OF....

# A CBS-TV SUMMER MEMO TO
# THE SMOTHERED BROTHERS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITTEN BY: RONNIE NATHAN



### WHEN YOU RETURN THIS FALL...

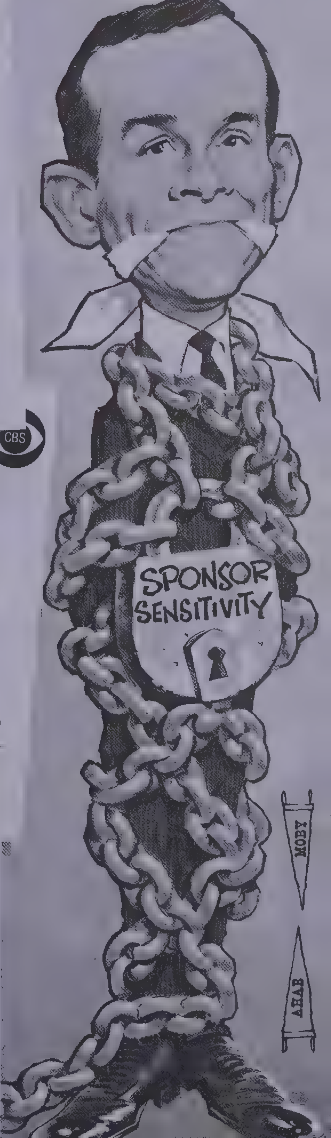
Be funny, boys, but don't offend
The sponsor who's your network's friend.
Be funny, boys, but compromise
With those who pay to advertise.
About commercials do not joke,
And cut the coughing when you smoke.
Don't quip about computers, please,
Or ride the auto companies.
Don't laugh detergents down the drain,
Or jest about the aeroplane.
Don't kid the guy who wears cologne,
And kid you not the telephone.
Don't pan the man who's bottle-tanned,
Omit the wit that bites the hand...

Be funny, boys, but don't offend
The viewers on whom we depend.
Be funny, boys, but do not twist
The nose of any chauvinist.
Don't tweak the beak of Bird-man's mate,
Or bait a certain Southern state.
Don't fool around with Uncle Sam,
And stay away from Vietnam.
Keep out of War or we are lost,
Avoid the Draft at any cost.
Recruitment gags we don't allow,
Lay off the C.I.A. and Dow.
Don't kid the Blacks, don't kid the Whites,
Cross out the Klan and Civil Rights...

Be funny, boys, but not too odd,
For heaven's sake, don't mention God.
Be funny, boys, but it's taboo
To clown with Catholic or Jew.
You may not spoof, it's understood,
The sacredness of Motherhood.
Refrain from cracks that might compel
Such blasphemies as Damn or Hell.
Don't speak of sex in your routine,
Remember you must keep it clean.
Refer to breast as chest instead,
And couch in other words, a bed.
When in the course of our employ,
No interjection like "Bolshoi!".

* * * * * * * *

Aside from that, boys, do feel free
To knock 'em dead for old C.B.

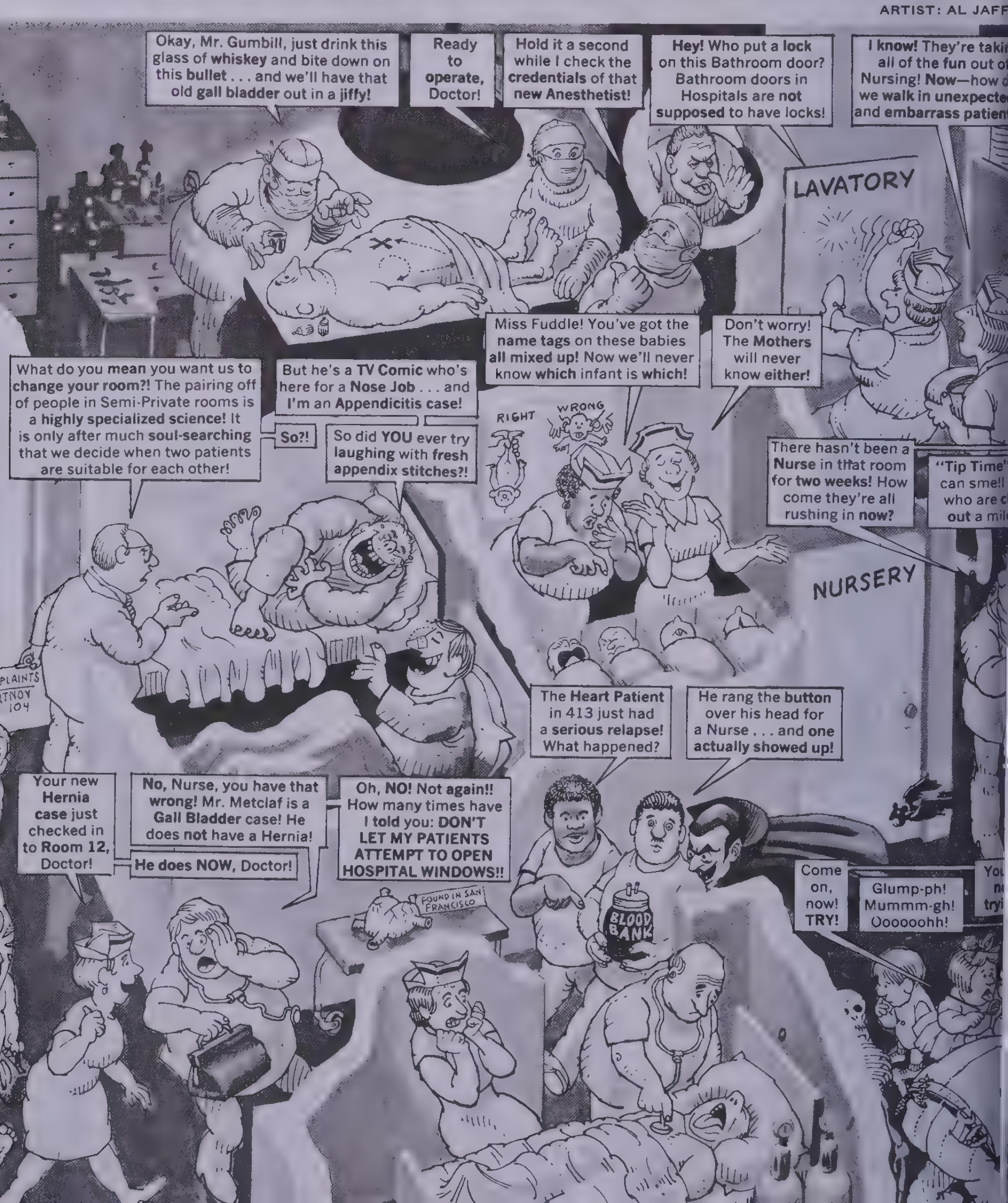


INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

HERE WE GO AGAIN, GANG, WITH ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF OUR NEW SERIES WHICH EXPLORES THE HIDDEN WO

# A MAD PEEK BEHIND

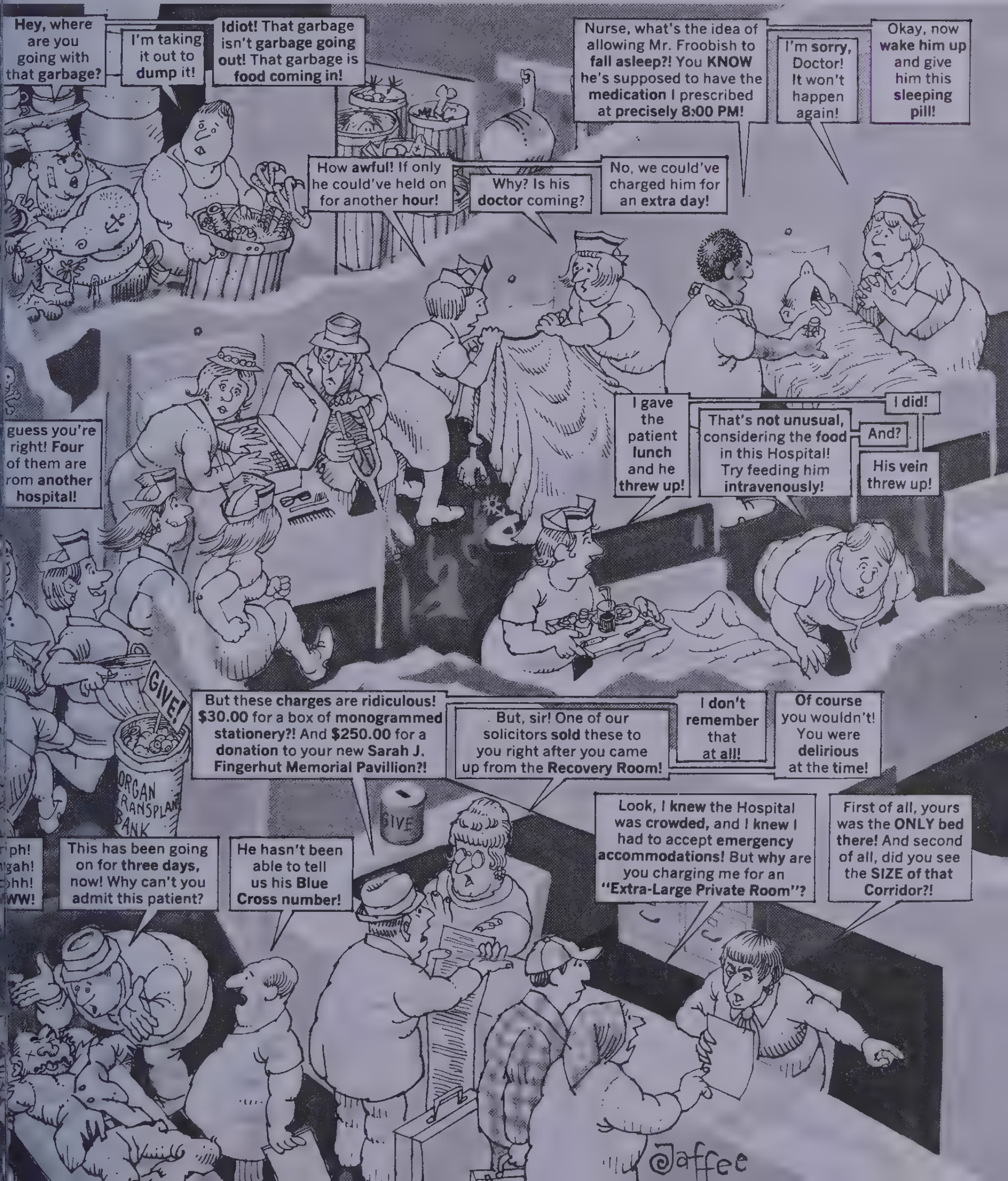
ARTIST: AL JAFF


Okay, Mr. Gumbill, just drink this glass of whiskey and bite down on this bullet . . . and we'll have that old gall bladder out in a jiffy!
Ready to operate, Doctor!
Hold it a second while I check the credentials of that new Anesthetist!
Hey! Who put a lock on this Bathroom door? Bathroom doors in Hospitals are not supposed to have locks!
I know! They're taki all of the fun out o Nursing! Now—how d we walk in unexpecte and embarrass patien
LAVATORY
Miss Fuddle! You've got the name tags on these babies all mixed up! Now we'll never know which infant is which!
Don't worry! The Mothers will never know either!
RIGHT
WRONG
What do you mean you want us to change your room?! The pairing off of people in Semi-Private rooms is a highly specialized science! It is only after much soul-searching that we decide when two patients are suitable for each other!
But he's a TV Comic who's here for a Nose Job . . . and I'm an Appendicitis case!
So?!
So did YOU ever try laughing with fresh appendix stitches?!
There hasn't been a Nurse in that room for two weeks! How come they're all rushing in now?
"Tip Time" can smell who are c out a mil
NURSERY
PLAINTS
TNOY
104
The Heart Patient in 413 just had a serious relapse! What happened?
He rang the button over his head for a Nurse . . . and one actually showed up!
Your new Hernia case just checked in to Room 12, Doctor!
No, Nurse, you have that wrong! Mr. Metclaf is a Gall Bladder case! He does not have a Hernia!
He does NOW, Doctor!
Oh, NO! Not again!! How many times have I told you: DON'T LET MY PATIENTS ATTEMPT TO OPEN HOSPITAL WINDOWS!!
FOUND IN SAN FRANCISCO
BLOOD BANK
Come on, now! TRY!
Glump-ph! Mummm-gh! Ooooooh!
You n tryi

E DEDICATED PEOPLE ARE WORKING TIRELESSLY AND SECRETLY TO MAKE OUR LIVES MISERABLE. LET'S TAKE

# HE SCENES AT A HOSPITAL

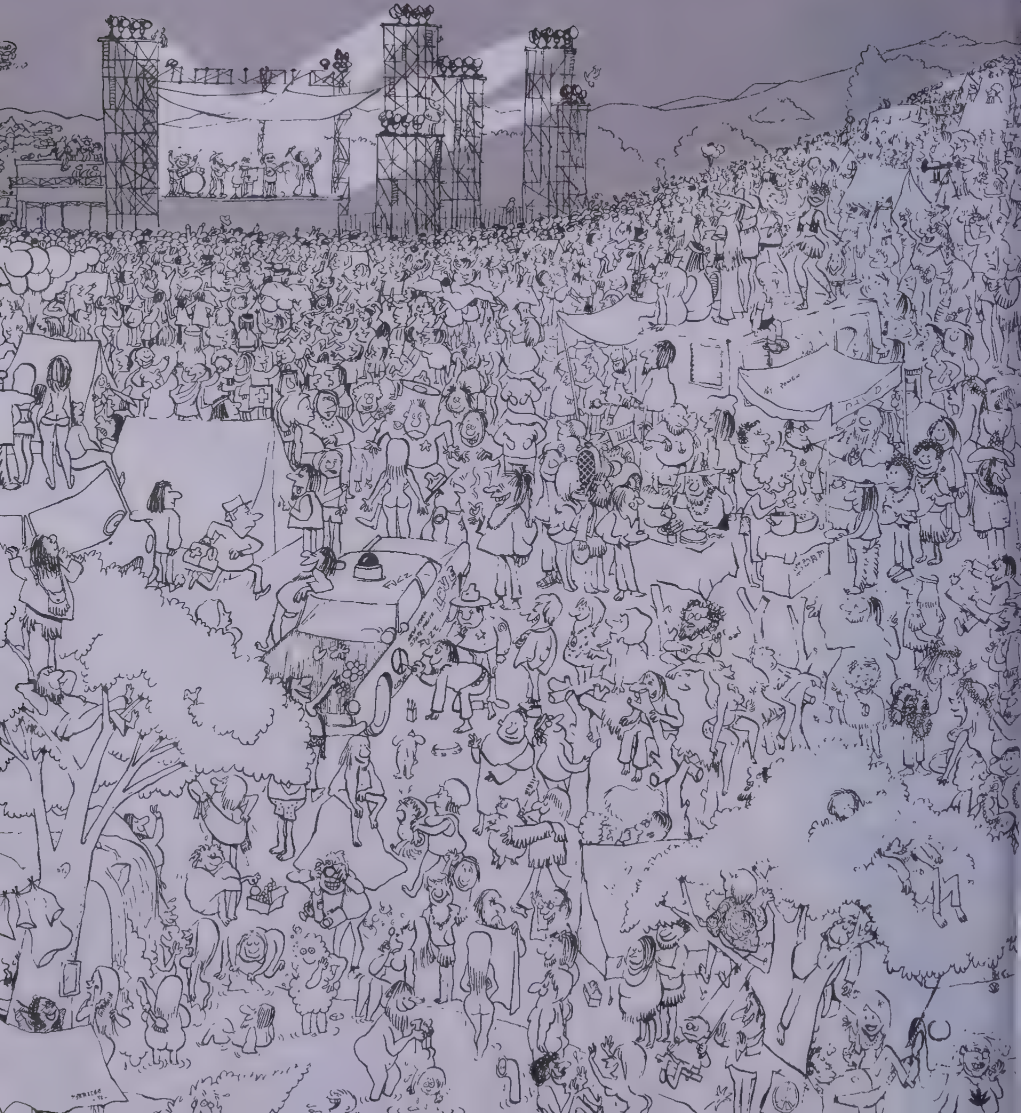
TER: LARRY SIEGEL


Hey, where are you going with that garbage?
I'm taking it out to dump it!
Idiot! That garbage isn't garbage going out! That garbage is food coming in!
Nurse, what's the idea of allowing Mr. Froobish to fall asleep?! You KNOW he's supposed to have the medication I prescribed at precisely 8:00 PM!
I'm sorry, Doctor! It won't happen again!
Okay, now wake him up and give him this sleeping pill!
How awful! If only he could've held on for another hour!
Why? Is his doctor coming?
No, we could've charged him for an extra day!
guess you're right! Four of them are rom another hospital!
I gave the patient lunch and he threw up!
That's not unusual, considering the food in this Hospital! Try feeding him intravenously!
I did!
And?
His vein threw up!
GIVE!
ORGAN TRANSPLANT BANK
GIVE
But these charges are ridiculous! $30.00 for a box of monogrammed stationery?! And $250.00 for a donation to your new Sarah J. Fingerhut Memorial Pavillion?!
But, sir! One of our solicitors sold these to you right after you came up from the Recovery Room!
I don't remember that at all!
Of course you wouldn't! You were delirious at the time!
rph! gah! hh! WW!
This has been going on for three days, now! Why can't you admit this patient?
He hasn't been able to tell us his Blue Cross number!
Look, I knew the Hospital was crowded, and I knew I had to accept emergency accommodations! But why are you charging me for an "Extra-Large Private Room"?
First of all, yours was the ONLY bed there! And second of all, did you see the SIZE of that Corridor?!
Jaffee

**SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS DEPT.**

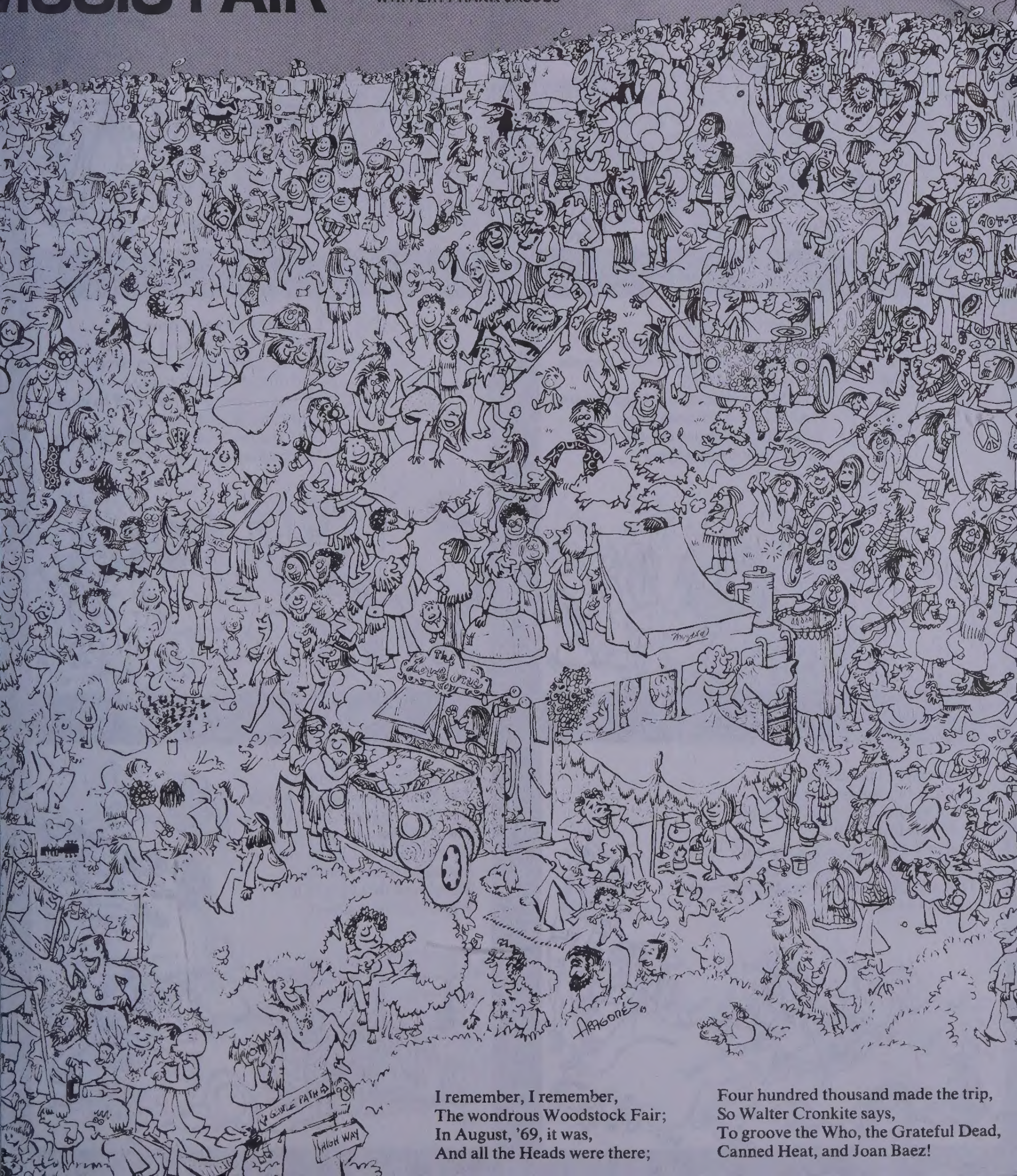
# I REMEMBER

## THE WONDROUS WOODSTOCK


FUZZ
LOVE
NEW YORK STATE POLICE
FUZZ
LOVE

# I REMEMBER
# MUSIC FAIR

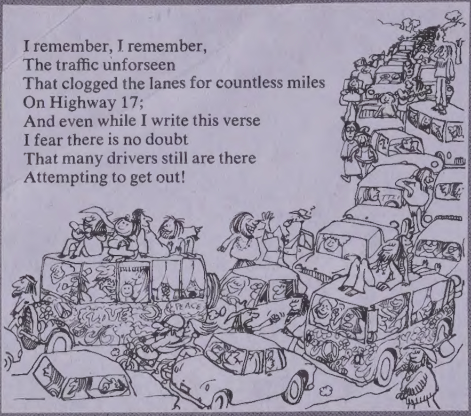
ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



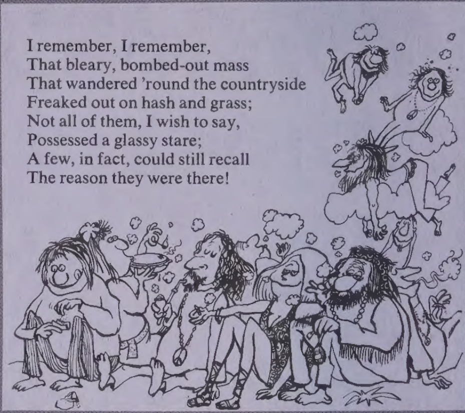
LOVE
LOVE
HIGH WAY
GENTLE PATH
ARAGONES

I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
In August, '69, it was,
And all the Heads were there;

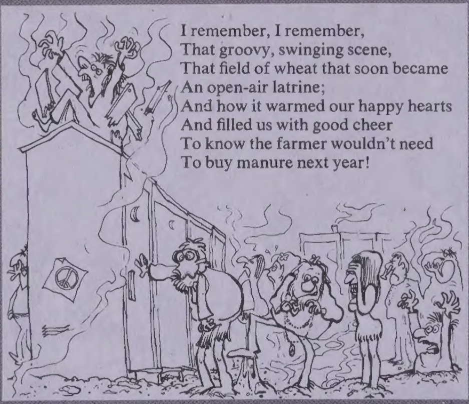
Four hundred thousand made the trip,
So Walter Cronkite says,
To groove the Who, the Grateful Dead,
Canned Heat, and Joan Baez!



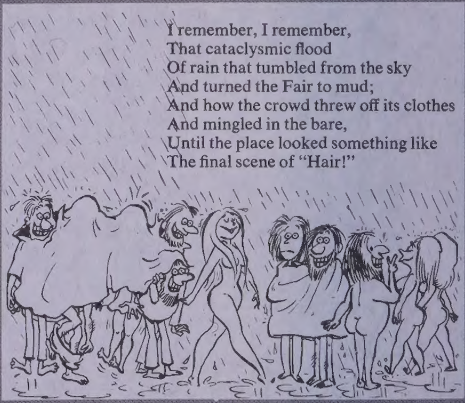
I remember, I remember,
The traffic unforseen
That clogged the lanes for countless miles
On Highway 17;
And even while I write this verse
I fear there is no doubt
That many drivers still are there
Attempting to get out!



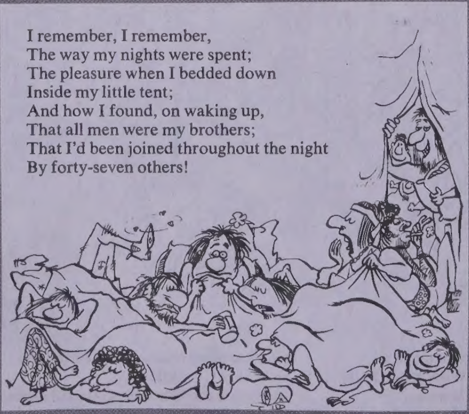
I remember, I remember,
That bleary, bombed-out mass
That wandered 'round the countryside
Freaked out on hash and grass;
Not all of them, I wish to say,
Possessed a glassy stare;
A few, in fact, could still recall
The reason they were there!



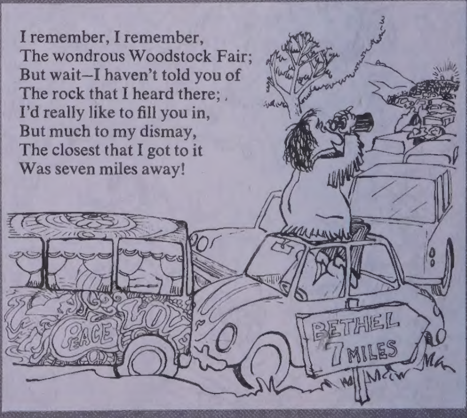
I remember, I remember,
That groovy, swinging scene,
That field of wheat that soon became
An open-air latrine;
And how it warmed our happy hearts
And filled us with good cheer
To know the farmer wouldn't need
To buy manure next year!



I remember, I remember,
That cataclysmic flood
Of rain that tumbled from the sky
And turned the Fair to mud;
And how the crowd threw off its clothes
And mingled in the bare,
Until the place looked something like
The final scene of "Hair!"



I remember, I remember,
The way my nights were spent;
The pleasure when I bedded down
Inside my little tent;
And how I found, on waking up,
That all men were my brothers;
That I'd been joined throughout the night
By forty-seven others!



I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
But wait–I haven't told you of
The rock that I heard there;
I'd really like to fill you in,
But much to my dismay,
The closest that I got to it
Was seven miles away!

HUMOR
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